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THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

IN REDUCED FACSIMIL

FROM THE FAMOUS FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF

1623.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

NEW YORK:

FUNK & WAGNALLS, PUBLISHERS, 18 & 20 ASTOR PLACE.

1887.

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REPLACING

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PREFACE.

IT may be safely asserted, without fear of the writer being accused of exaggeration, that the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare is the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature. There is no work in that literature at all approaching near to it in critical value. When it is mentioned that this volume is the sole authority for the texts of such masterpieces as the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*—were the rest of the book waste-paper, enough will have been said to confirm its unrivalled importance. And its value increases every day, for day by day it is more clearly ascertained that many of the subtler meanings of passages in the works of Shakespeare depend upon minute indications and peculiarities which are alone to be traced in the original printed text.

A few of the dramas in the First Folio were possibly edited from Shakespeare's original manuscripts. This may be conjectured to have been probably the case with some of the author's latest

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productions, single copies of which might have sufficed for some years for the necessities of the theatres; but there can be no doubt that most of the autographs of the plays had been lost some time before the writer's decease, many possibly having been destroyed by the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613. The editors of the Folio, however, boldly assert that they "have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it; his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This evidently is meant to imply that the whole of the volume was carefully edited from the author's manuscripts, whereas it is certain that in several instances Heminge and Condell used printed copies of the old quarto editions, in which were certain manuscript alterations, some of the latter being valuable, but others the re-

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verse. Horne Tooke, indeed, inconsiderately followed by numerous others, goes so far as to say that "the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding;" adding,—"it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the First Folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press." Horne Tooke was not so well read as were the commentators, none of whom could have exhibited such an entire ignorance of the value of the Quartos. Every one, however, who has really studied the question, must admit that his opinion is correct in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the Folio volume, and that, even in those cases in which the texts of the Quartos are on the whole to be preferred, no student of Shakespeare could possibly dispense with incessant references to the collective edition. The value of the First Folio is so unequivocal, that there is no necessity for its wildest partizan to resort to exaggeration.

The reader will more readily understand the

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purport of these observations, if we add a list of the plays in the order in which they are here printed, with observations on the relative authorities of the texts. It will, of course, be understood that the mention of the circumstance of any drama in this volume being a first edition, conveys also the fact that it is the only authoritative text: — 1. *The Tempest.* First edition. Perhaps edited from the author's own manuscript, which we know was not amongst those destroyed in the fire at the Globe Theatre. 2. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* First edition. 3. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* First edition of the play in its complete state. A surreptitious quarto appeared in 1602, but it is merely an imperfect copy of the author's first sketch of the comedy. 4. *Measure for Measure.* First edition. 5. *Comedy of Errors.* First edition. 6. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Printed from a quarto edition which appeared in 1600, with a few omissions and variations. 7. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Printed from a quarto edition published in 1598, with a few alterations of slight consequence. 8. *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Printed from Roberts's quarto edition of 1600. 9. *The Merchant of Venice.* Printed from Heyes's quarto of 1600,

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with a number of variations and corrections. 10. *As You Like It.* First edition. 11. *The Taming of the Shrew.* First edition. 12. *All's Well that Ends Well.* First edition. 13. *Twelfth Night.* First edition. 14. *The Winter's Tale.* First edition. 15. *King John.* First edition. 16. *Richard the Second.* Mainly printed from the quarto edition of 1615. 17. *First Part of Henry the Fourth.* Chiefly taken from the quarto edition of 1613. 18. *Second Part of Henry the Fourth.* There was a quarto edition issued in 1600, but the editors of the Folio appear to have used a manuscript playhouse transcript of the comedy. 19. *Henry the Fifth.* First complete edition. The earlier quartos were surreptitiously printed, and are very imperfect. 20. *First Part of Henry the Sixth.* First edition. This play could not have been written by Shakespeare, though he may possibly have added a few touches to it. 21. *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.* First edition. It is an alteration of an older play called the "First part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey," 1594. 22. *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth.* First edition. It is an altera-

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tion of the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses, Lancaster and York," 1595. 23. *Richard the Third.* Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1602, which must, however, have had numerous manuscript alterations and additions. 24. *Henry the Eighth.* First edition. 25. *Troilus and Cressida.* Printed from the quarto of 1609, with certain omissions and some valuable additions. 26. *Coriolanus.* First edition. 27. *Titus Andronicus.* Edited from a playhouse transcript. It is nearly impossible to believe that this drama could have been written by Shakespeare, and I rather incline to conjecture that the editors of the First Folio inserted the older play on the subject, first printed in 1594, through either mistake or ignorance, knowing that Shakespeare had written a drama on the same theme, and finding no other version of it in their collection of plays. 28. *Romeo and Juliet.* Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1609. 29. *Timon of Athens.* First edition. 30. *Julius Cæsar.* First edition. 31. *Macbeth.* First edition. 32. *Hamlet.* Edited from a playhouse transcript. 33. *King Lear.*

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Edited from a playhouse transcript, certainly not from the author's manuscript. 34. *Othello.* Edited from a playhouse transcript. 35. *Antony and Cleopatra.* First edition. 36. *Cymbeline.* First edition.

The First Folio was originally issued at the selling price of twenty shillings. The present average value of a perfect copy is £500, and one very fine example in the possession of Lady Burdett-Coutts cost that lady, at the Daniel sale, no less a sum than £714. There is no doubt that these prices will be largely exceeded in the future. It is scarcely necessary to say that the volume has been for generations the almost exclusive property of wealthy collectors, and a sealed book to the generality of readers and students. By the aid of modern science it is now placed in a conveniently reduced form within the reach of all. It is not of course pretended that any facsimile of any old book will in all cases of minute research entirely supersede the necessity of a reference to copies of the ancient impression, but for all usual practical objects of study this cheap reproduction will place its owner on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original.

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

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SHAKESPEARE:

THE FIRST FOLIO.

[1623.]

A Reduced Facsimile.

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To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut:
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that was euer writ in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

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Mr. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the *Kings moſt Excellent Maieſty.*

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maieſties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and our ſingular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilſt we ſtudie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L we are ſaine vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt diuerſe things that can bee, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. ſuſtaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our ſelues of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſome-thing, heeretofore; and haue proſequuted both them, and their Authour liuing, with ſo much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vſe the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

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vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse, it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

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To the great Variety of Readers.

Rom the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well! It is now publique, & you wil ſtand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and cenſure. Do ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoeuer your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your fiue ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the iuſt rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenſure will not driue a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, theſe Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and ſtood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeſſe, worthie to haue bene wiſhed, that the Author himſelfe had liu'd to haue ſet forth, and ouerſeen his owne writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to haue publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of iniurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: euen thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee haue ſcarſe receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to vnderſtand him. And ſo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your ſelues, and others And ſuch Readers we wiſh him.

Iohn Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

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To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR Mr. William Shakespeare: And what he hath left vs.

I Do draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these waies
were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:
For seelie Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise, I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeares,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst'e our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the comparison

Of all, that insolent Greece, *or haughtie* Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, *thou hast one to showe,*
To whom all Scenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
when like Apollo *he came forth to warme*
Our eares, or like a Mercury *to charme!*
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, *tart* Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not please;*
But antiquated, and deserted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, *must enjoy a part.*
For though the Poets *matter, Nature be,*
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the Lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as borne.*
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares *minde, and manners brightly shines*
In his well turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! *what a sight it were*
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, *and our* James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.

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Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Hoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for doone are *Shakeſpeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuntius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about.
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

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TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceaſed Authour Maiſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-ſpeare, *at length thy pious fellowes giue*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolues thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-ſpeares; *eu'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once inuade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) vntill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtraine t'out-do
Paſſions of Iuliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans *ſpake.*
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, *thou canſt neuer dye,*
But crown'd with Laurell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

VVEE *wondred* (Shake-ſpeare) *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a ſecond part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie,*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

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The Workes of William Shakeſpeare,

containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies: Truely ſet forth, according to their firſt ORIGINALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all theſe Playes.

William Shakeſpeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Auguſtine Phillips
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Groſſe.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleſtone.
Joſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinſon.
Iohn Shancke.
Iohn Rice.

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A CATALOGVE

of the ſeuerall Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

COMEDIES.

The Tempeſt.	Folio 1.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.	20
The Merry Wiues of Windſor.	38
Meaſure for Meaſure.	61
The Comedy of Errours.	85
Much adoo about Nothing.	101
Loues Labour loſt.	122
Midſummer Nights Dreame.	145
The Merchant of Venice.	163
As you Like it.	185
The Taming of the Shrew.	208
All is well, that Ends well.	230
Twelfe-Night, or what you will.	255
The Winters Tale.	304

HISTORIES.

The Life and Death of King John.	Fol. 1.
The Life & death of Richard the ſecond.	23
The Firſt part of King Henry the fourth.	46
The Second part of K. Henry the fourth.	74
The Life of King Henry the Fift.	69
The Firſt part of King Henry the Sixt.	96
The Second part of King Hen. the Sixt.	120
The Third part of King Henry the Sixt.	147
The Life & Death of Richard the Third.	173
The Life of King Henry the Eight.	205

TRAGEDIES.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.	Fol. 1.
Titus Andronicus.	31
Romeo and Juliet.	53
Timon of Athens.	80
The Life and death of Julius Cæſar.	109
The Tragedy of Macbeth.	131
The Tragedy of Hamlet.	152
King Lear.	283
Othello, the Moore of Venice.	310
Anthony and Cleopater.	346
Cymbeline King of Britaine.	369

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THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswaine.

Master.

BOate-swaine.

Boats. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo and others.

Alon. Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now keepe below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Boson?

Boats. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the stormе.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boats. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboord.

Boats. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd so long, and make your rest readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Gonz. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boatswaine.

Boats. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague——— *A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebast. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Boats. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Boats. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebast. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou might'st lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water sweare against it.
And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Roare; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell

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(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Have sunck the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting Soules within her.
Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart
there's no harme done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Pros. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did never medle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I have with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther. [downe,
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.
Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute bids thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mai'st.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Pros. Twelve yere since, (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse issued.
Mira. O the heavens,
What foule play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By foule-play (as thou saist) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, further.
Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the Signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Government I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, most heedefully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suites,
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Pros. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-prix'd all popular rate in my false brother
Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my revenew yeelded,
But what my power might else exact. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of lie,
Made such a tyrronor his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.
Pros. To have no Screene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So dric he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.
Mira. Oh the heavens:
Pros. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Nobly of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fraught to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Milan*, and i'th' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe
Did vs but loosing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnished me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heauens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspitious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dine into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ship; now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beseige, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With hayre vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perished:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Mariners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou call'dst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Mariners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

(Which I diſpers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day?
Ar. Past the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix & now
Muſt by vs both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since ỹ doſt giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy ſeruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promiſe
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'ſt: & thinkſt it much to tread ỹ Ooze
Of the ſalt deepe;
To run vpon the ſharpe winde of the North,
To doe me buſineſſe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: haſt thou forgot
The foule Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? haſt thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe borne? ſpeak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt
Once in a moneth recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgeteſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefes manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my ſlaue, (child,
As thou reportſt thy ſelfe, was then her ſeruant,
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groanes
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike: Then was this Iſland
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her ſonne.
Pro Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice, thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelue winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command
And doe my ſpryting, gently.
Pro. Doe ſo: and after two daies
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy ſelfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be ſubiect to no ſight but thine, and mine: inuiſible
To euery eye-ball elſe: goe take this ſhape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory, put
Heauineſſe in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde anſwere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſſe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: ſlaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: ſpeake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-Nymph.*
Fine apparition: my quicke *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poyſonous ſlaue, got by ỹ diuell himſelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam: come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholeſome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweſt blow on yee,
And bliſter you all ore.
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt haue cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner:
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtrok'ſt me, & made much of me: would'ſt giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſſe
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did ſo: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which firſt was mine owne King: and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reſt o'th' Iſland.
Pro. Thou

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Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlaue,
Whom ſtripes may moue, not kindneſs: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done:
Thou didſt preuent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Ile with *Calibans*.
Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodneſſe wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took paines to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſeruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt
Deſerv'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: (Shrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Cramps,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee roare,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuiſible playing & ſinging.

Ariel Song. *Come vnto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curſ'ſied when you haue, and kiſſ
the wilde waues whiſt:
Foote it featly here, and there, and ſweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Harke harke, bough wough: the watch-Dogges barke,
bough-wough.
Ari. Hark, hark, I heare, the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere
cry cock-adidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhould this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes vpon
Some God o'th'Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke,
This Muſicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone,
No, it begins againe.
Ariel Song. *Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me ſir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we haue: ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With greeſe (that's beauties canker) y might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend: Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What were't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my ſelfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue ſonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your ſelfe ſome wrong: A word.
Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw; the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft ſir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſines
I muſt vneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt heere vſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple
If the ill-ſpirit haue ſo fayre a houſe,
Good things will ſtriue to dwell with't
Pro. Follow me.

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Pro. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Muscles, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He draws, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
Pro. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can here disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you Father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir have pity,
Ile be his surety.
Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impostor? Hush;
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seene but him and *Caliban:*) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th'syllable.
Pro. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonsalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you have cause,
(so have we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Sailors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preservation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.
Alons. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When every greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer than you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I prethee spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, o'he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not miss't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperature.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True, save meanes to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.
Seb. As many vouche rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drenched
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de than stain'd with salt
water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say he lyes?
Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon.

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Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had ſaid Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. Carthage? *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath reard the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and giue it his ſonne for an Apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Ilands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rareſt that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt the ſtomacke of my ſenſe: would I had never Married my daughter there: For comming thence My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too, Who is ſo farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue, I ſaw him beate the ſurges vnder him, And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breſted The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him: his bold head 'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke To th'ſhore; that ore his waue-worne baſis bowed As ſtooping to releeue him: I not doubt He came alriue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone..

Seb. Sir you may thank your ſelfe for this great loſſe, That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter, But rather loſe her to an Affrican, Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye, Who hath cauſe to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe By all of vs: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe Weigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we haue loſt your ſonne, I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making, Then we bring men to comfort them: The faules your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'ſt o'th'loſſe

Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*, The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe, And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore, When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is ſoule weather in vs all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foule weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd ſow't with Nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate: Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, pouerty, And vſe of ſeruice, none: Contract, Succeſſion, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none: No vſe of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all: And Women too, but innocent and pure: No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce Without ſweat or endeuour: Treaſon, felony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature ſhould bring forth Of it owne kinde, all foyſon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I would liue with ſuch perfection gouerne Sir: T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maieſty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to

Gon. I do well beleeue your Highneſſe, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettals: you would lift the Moone out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go ſleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes Would (with themſelues) ſhut vp my thoughes, I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you Sir, Do not omit the heauy offer of it: It ſildome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

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Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanks you: Wondrous heauy.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſines poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebaſtian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving:
And yet ſo faſt aſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious then my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebbe
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cherriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in ſtripping it
You more inueſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For he's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's alliue,
'Tis as impoſſible that he's vndrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That he's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt diſcouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?
Seb. *Claribell*.
Ant. Shee that is Queene of *Tunis*: ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,
(And by that deſtiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's paſt is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceſſarily
As this *Gonzalo*: I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a ſleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderſtand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do..
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Prоſpero*.
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments ſit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſeruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twenticonſciences
That ſtood 'twixt me, and *Milaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they moleſt: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for eye might put
This ancient morſell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Milaine*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tributе which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
Seb. O, but one word.
Enter Ariel with Muſicke and Song.
Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keepe them liuing.
Sings in Gonzalos eare.
While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:

If

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If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawne?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I ſaw their weapons drawne: there was a noyſe,
That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further ſearch
For my poore ſonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th' Iſland.

Alo. Lead away. (done.

Ariell. Proſpero my Lord, ſhall know what I haue
So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noiſe of Thunder heard)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleſſe he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they ſet vpon me.
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloues & tongues
Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not mande me.

Tri. Heere's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it ſing i'th' winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot choooſe but fall by pailfuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or aliue? a fiſh, hee ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer: there, would this Monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o' my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcorury tune to ſing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*
Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the ſauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcurny tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell ſhould he learne our language? I will giue him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt: hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: If I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes. open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,

But

But hoe is drownd; and theſe are diuels: O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake well of his friend: his backward voice, is to vtter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: If all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome to thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monſter: I will leaue him. I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano* touch me, and ſpeake to me. for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'ſt *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legges: If any be *Trinculo's* legges, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ſtroke; but art thou not drownd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not drownd: Is the Storme ouer-blowne: I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?.
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt aſhore.

Cal. Ile ſweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Ducke: I can ſwim like a Ducke; I'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come, ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monſter:
The Man ith Moone?
A moſt poore credulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Iſland: and I will kiſſe thy foote. I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's a ſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then; downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcuruie Monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ſerue; I'le beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being drownd, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.
Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh,
'Ban' ban' Cacal, ban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them ſet off: Some kindes of baſeneſſe Are nobly vndergon; and moſt poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but The Miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours, pleaſures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remoue Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them vp, Vpon a ſore iniunction; my ſweet Miſtris Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, & ſayes, ſuch baſenes Had neuer like Executor: I forget: But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe euen refreſh my labours, Moſt buſie leſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Prospero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightning had Burne vp thoſe Logs that you are enioynd to pile: Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes 'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt your ſelfe,

He's

Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.
Fer. O moſt deere Miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtriue to do.
Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crackes my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonour vndergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd ſeuerall women, never any
VVith ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſſe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beſt.
Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe: no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor haue I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This wodden ſlauerie, then to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart flie to your ſeruice, there reſides
To make me ſlaue to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you loue me?
Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde euent
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.
Fer. VVherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine vnworthineſſe, that dare not offer
VVhat I deſire to giue; and much leſſe take
VVhat I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but Ile be your ſeruant
VVhether you will or no.
Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble euer.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are ſurpris'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & board 'em' Seruant Monſter, drinke to me.
Trin. Seruant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but fiue vpon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.
Ste. Drinke ſeruant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eies are almoſt ſet in thy head.
Trin. VVhere ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a braue Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.
Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recouer the ſhore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.
Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.
Ste. VVeel not run Monſieur Monſter.
Trin. Nor go neither; but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.
Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerue him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to iuſtle a Conſtable: why, thou debosh'd Fiſh thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh, and halfe a Monſter?
Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

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Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree · the poore Monſter's my ſubiect, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inuiſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou ieſting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why. I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certaine.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerue thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe, Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcuruy patch: I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him Where the quicke Freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monſter, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha,ha,ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou maiſt braine him, Hauing firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake, Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember Fuſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, o He ha's braue Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them) Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall. And that moſt deeply to conſider, is The beautie of his daughter. he himſelfe Cals her a non-pareill: I never ſaw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe; But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*. As great'ſt do's leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo braue a Laſſe?

Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſaue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes: Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand. I am ſorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe, Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure, Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon, Any reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs ſing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and ſcout 'em, and flout 'em.
Thoughts is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likeneſe: If thou beeſt a diuell, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgiue me my ſinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No Monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes, Sounds, and ſweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments Will hum about mine eares; and ſometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe, Will make me ſleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me, Where I ſhall haue my Muſicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtorie.

Trin. The ſound is going away. Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monſter, Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come? Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena

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Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience
I needes muſt reſt me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe ſeaz'd with wearineſſe
To th'deafing of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thers we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſs'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot uſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.

Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the Kinge to eate, they depart.

Seb. I ſay to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marueilous ſweet Muſicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heauen: what were theſe?

Seb. A liuing *Drolerie*: now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do'e elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile beſwoorne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Ilands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent:
Are worſe then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe in departing.

Fr. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince (macks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for we haue ſto-
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Al. Not I. (Boyes

Gon. Faith Sir, you needs not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whoſe throates had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quaint deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.

Ari. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wrachs to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but heartes-ſorrow,
And a cleere life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke.) Enter the ſhapes againe, and dannce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bleauely the figure of this *Harpie*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Young *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Al. O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

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Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits: I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler ioynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrongely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her of,
For thou ſhalt finde ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleeue it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch loue, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall neuer melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*, my induſtrious ſeruant *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*
Ar. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſeruice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt vſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ar. Preſently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Maſter? no?
Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.
Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes; be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. Ceres, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which ſpongie *April*, at thy beſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes; & thy broome-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loues, (grooues;
Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ſterrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue theſe, & with her ſoueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnſhrubd downe,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort graſ'd Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſ'd Louers.
Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that dunkie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I haue forſworne.
Ir. Of her ſocietie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Mars hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will ſhoote no more, but play with Sparrowes,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honourd in their Iſſue. *They Sing.*
Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and increaſing,
Hourely ioyes, be ſtill vpon you,
Iuno

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Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, foyſon plenty,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthеſt,
In the very end of Harveſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt maieſticke viſion, and Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold To thinke theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art I haue from their confines call'd to enact My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer. So rare a wondred Father, and a wife Makes this place Paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence: *Iuno* and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly, There's ſomething elſe to doe: hush, and be mute Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of ỹ windring brooks, With your ſedg'd crownes, and euer-harmleſſe lookes, Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land Anſwere your ſummons. *Iuno* do's command. Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary, Come hether from the furrow, and be merry, Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on, And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter euery one In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Prospero *ſtarts ſodainly and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heauily vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conſpiracy Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confederates Againſt my life: the minute of their plot Is almoſt come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your fathers in ſome paſſion That workes him ſtrongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my ſon) in a mou'd ſort, As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir, Our Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors, (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre, And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces, The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe, Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue, And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe As dreames are made on; and our little life Is rounded with a ſleepe: Sir, I am vext, Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled: Be not diſturb'd with my infirmitie, If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell, And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke To ſtill my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit: We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres* I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd Leaſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leaue theſe varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking, So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre For breathing in their faces: beate the ground For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwaies bending Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor, At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares, Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noſes As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through Tooth'd briers, ſharpe firzes, prickiog goſſe, & thorns, Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell, There dancing vp to th'chins, that the ſowle Lake Ore-ſtunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird) Thy ſhape inuiſible retaine thou ſtill: The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither For ſtale to catch theſe theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whoſe nature Nurture can neuer ſticke: on whom my paines Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt, And, as with age, his body ouglier growes, So his minde cankers: I will plague them all, Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, *loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monſter, your Fairy, which you ſay is a harmles Fairy, Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monſter: If I ſhould Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy faiour ſtill, Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly, All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to looſe our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that Monſter, but an infinite loſſe.

Trin. That's more to me then my wetting: Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.

Ste. I will ſtretch off my bottle, Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter: Do that good miſchiefe, which may make this Iſland Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban* For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*, Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monſter: wee know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano*.

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Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Trn. Thy grace ſhall haue it. (meane

Cal. The dropſie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on ſuch luggage? let's alone And doe the murther firſt: if he awake, From toe to crowne hee'l fill our ſkins with pinches, Make vs ſtrange ſtuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to loſe your haire, & prooue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we ſteale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that ieſt; here's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paſſe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we ſhall looſe our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noiſe of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Conuultions, ſhorten vp their ſinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-ſpotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they roare.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me ſeruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Proſpero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes crackle not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the ſixt hower, at which time, my Lord You ſaid our worke ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo, When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay my Spirit, How fares the King, and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together In the ſame faſhion, as you gaue in charge, Juſt as you left them; all priſoners Sir In the *Lime-grone* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your releaſe: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eaues of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou thinke ſo, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine ſhall. Haſt thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelfe, One of their kinde, that reliſh all as ſharpely, Paſſion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to th'quick, Yet, with my nobler reaſon, gainſt my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, releaſe them *Ariell*, My Charmes Ile breake, their ſenſes Ile reſtore, And they ſhall be themſelues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ſtanding lakes & groues, And ye, that on the ſands with printleſſe foote Doe chaſe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-ſhine doe the greene ſowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whoſe paſtime Is to make midnight-Muſhrumps, that reioyce To heare the ſolemne Curfewe, by whoſe ayde (Weake Maſters though ye be) I haue bedymm'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes, And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread rattling Thunder Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Iouis* ſtowre Oke With his owne Bolt: The ſtrong baſs'd promontorie Haue I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my ſo potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heauenly Muſicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Senſes, that This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my ſtaffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummet ſound Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne muſicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before: Then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeakes.*

A ſolemne Ayre, and the beſt comforter, To an vnſettled fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vſeleſſe) boile within thy ſkull: there ſtand For you are Spell-ſtope.

Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme diſſolues apace, And as the morning ſteales vpon the night (Melting the darkeneſſe) ſo their riſing ſenſes Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reaſon. O good *Gonzallo* My true preſerver, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Moſt cruelly

Didſt

Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian*. Flesh, and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now lyes foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles do cry,
On the Bats backe I do flie
after Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now,
Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Mariners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place:
And preſently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou be'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
(As late I haue beene) I dot know: thy Pulſe
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt crane
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.

Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th'Iſle, that will not let you
Beleeue things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could pluck his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell ſpeakes in him:

Pro. No?

For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wracke vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere-ſonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſouereigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

Alo. You the like loſſe?

Pro As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In theſe laſt Tempeſts. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breake-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, play ing at Cheſſe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.

Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, ſhe's mine;
I chooſe her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduiſe: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,
But never ſaw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe?

Pro. There Sir ſtop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauineſſe that's gon.

Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,
When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands;
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you ioy.

Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophеſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Boa. The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and braſely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this ſeruice
Haue I done ſince I went.

Pro. My trickſey Spirit.

Alo. Theſe are not naturall euents, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?

Boa. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.

Alo. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery
Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.

Ste. Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Coraſo*.

Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be braue Spirits indeede
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs
And deale in her command, without her power:
Theſe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinche to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will never out of my bones:
I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Who how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?

Ste. I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.

Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,

And

And ſeeke for grace: what a thicke double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away. (found it
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highneſſe, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Ile: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to ſee the nuptiall
Of theſe our deere-belou'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the eare ſtrangely.
Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſaile, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royall fleet farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,
ſpoken by *Proſpero.*

NOw my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what ſtrength I haue's mine owne.
Which is moſt faint: now 'tis true
I muſt be here confinde by you,
Or ſent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your Spell,
But releaſe me from my bands
with the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill, or elſe my project failes,
which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Vnleſſe I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Iſland

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, K. of Naples:
Sebaſtian his Brother.
Proſpero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Antonio his brother, the vſurping Duke of Millaine
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Councellor.
Adrian, & Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, a ſauage and deformed ſlaue.
Trinculo, a Ieſter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maſter of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Proſpero.
Ariell, an ayrie ſpirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno } *Spirits.*
Nymphes
Reapers

FINIS.

THE

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THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ceaſe to perſwade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits.
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with ſhapeleſſe idleneſſe.
But ſince thou lou'ſt; loue ſtill, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile.
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſſe,
When thou do'ſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy greiuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadſ-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my ſucceſſe?

Pro. Vpon ſome booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow Storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* croſt the *Hellеſpont*.

Pro That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-ſhooes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer ſwom the *Hellеſpont*.

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro What? (grones:

Val. To be in loue; where ſcorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-ſore ſighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapleſſe gaine,
If loſt, why then a grieuous labour won,
How euer · but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit, by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro So, by your circumſtance, you call me foole

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I feare you'll proue

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue

Val. Loue is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro Yet Writers ſay; as in the ſweeteſt Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; ſo eating Loue
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And Writers ſay; as the moſt forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen ſo by Loue, the young, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the Bud,
Looſing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſaile thee
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to ſee me ſhip'd.

Pro And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no; Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy ſucceſſe in loue; and what newes elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy Friend:
And I likewiſe will viſite thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſſe bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and ſo farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my ſelfe, my friends, and all for loue.
Thou *Iulia* thou haſt metamorphis'd me.
Made me neglect my Studies, looſe my time;
Warre with good counſaile, ſet the world at nought;
Made Wit with muſing, weake; hart ſick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: ſaue you: ſaw you my Maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ſhip'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loſing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often ſtray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Maſter is a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or ſleepe.

Pro. A ſilly anſwere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. Thus proues me ſtill a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Maſter a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp The Shepheard ſeekes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I ſeeke my Maſter, and my
Maſter ſeekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baa.

Pro. But do'ſt thou heare· gau'ſt thou my Letter
to *Iulia*?

Sp. I

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Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a hac'd-Mutton) and ſhe (a hac'd-Mutton) gaue me (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were beſt ſticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leſſe then a pound ſhall ſerue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You miſtooke Sir: I ſay ſhe did nod; And you aske me if ſhe did nod, and I ſay I.

Pro. And that ſet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. Bleſſe, ſo, you ſhall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly, Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what ſaid ſhe.

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceiue ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her; No, not ſo much as a ducket for deliuering your letter: And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde; I feare ſhe'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde. Giue her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteele.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy paines: (me; To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceſtern'd In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your ſelfe; And ſo Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſaue your Ship from wrack, Which cannot periſh hauing thee aboarde, Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore: I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger, I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines, Receiuing them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now we are alone) Would'ſt thou then counſaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not vnheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen, That euery day with par'le encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthieſt loue?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, ile ſhew my minde, According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Iul. What think'ſt thou of the faire ſir *Eglamoure*?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine; But were I you he neuer ſhould be mine.

Iul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo, ſo.

Iul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Proteus*?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to ſee what folly raignes in vs.

Iul. How now? what meanes this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paſſing ſhame, That I (vnworthy body as I am) Should cenſure thus on louely Gentlemen

Iul. Why not on *Proteus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.

Iul. Your reaſon?

Luc. I haue no other but a womans reaſon: I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo.

Iul. And would'ſt thou haue me caſt my loue on him?

Luc. I: if you thought your loue not caſt away.

Iul. Why he, of all the reſt, hath neuer moy'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke beſt loues ye.

Iul. His little ſpeaking, ſhewes his loue but ſmall.

Luc. Fire that's cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not ſhew their loue.

Luc. Oh, they loue leaſt, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruſe this paper Madam.

Iul. To *Iulia*: ſay, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will ſhew.

Iul. Say, ſay: who gaue it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentines* page: & ſent, I think from *Proteus*; He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way, Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iul. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker: Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines? To whiſper, and conſpire againſt my youth? Now truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place: There, take the paper: ſee it be return'd, Or elſe returne no more into my ſight.

Luc. To plead for loue, deſerues more fee, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Luc. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Iul. And yet I would I had o're-look'd the Letter; It were a ſhame to call her backe againe, And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her. What foole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid, And would not force the letter to my view? Since Maides, in modeſty, ſay no, to that, Which they would haue the profferer conſtrue, I. Fie, fie: how way-ward is this fooliſh loue; That (like a teſtie Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe, And preſently, all humbled kiſſe the Rod? How churliſhly, I chid *Lucetta* hence, When willingly, I would haue had her here? How angerly I taught my brow to frowne, When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to ſmile? My penance is, to call *Lucetta* backe And aske remiſſion, for my folly paſt. What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Luc. What would your Ladiſhip

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Luc. I would it were, That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meate,

And

And not vpon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didst thou stoope then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Iul. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.
Iul. Some louers of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set.
Iul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue.*
Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.
Iu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Iu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Iu. Let's see your Song
How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Iu You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
Iu. You (Minion) are too saucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The meane is drowned with you vnruly base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus.*
Iu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
Iu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words:
Iniurious Wasps, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeilde it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here's in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready. and your father stayes.
Iu. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Iu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
Iu. I see you haue a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you iudge I winke.
Iu. Come, come, will's please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well. (thither.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are iourneying, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their seruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here in her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors pawne;

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O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To ſeale our happineſſe with their conſents.
Pro. Oh heauenly *Iulia*.
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me ſee what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am reſolu'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readineſſe, to goe,
Excuſe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be ſo ſoone prouided,
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ſt ſhalbe ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay: to morrow thou muſt goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you ſhall be imployd,
To haſten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I ſhund the fire, for feare of burning
And drencht me in the ſea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to ſhew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my loue.
Oh, how this ſpring of loue reſembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now ſhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haſt, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwer's no.
Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus ſecundus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one
Val. Ha? Let me ſee: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine.
Ah *Siluia*, *Siluia*.
Speed. Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia*.
Val. How now Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why ſir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip ſir, or elſe I miſtooke.
Val. Well; you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Goe to, ſir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that your worſhip loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by theſe ſpeciall markes: firſt, you haue learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to relliſh a Loue-ſong, like a *Robin*-redbreaſt: to walke alone like one that had the peſtilence: to ſigh, like a Schoole-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to faſt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to ſpeake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Maſſe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner: when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miſtris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Maſter.
Val. Are all theſe things perceiu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to comment on your Malady.
Val. But tell me: do'ſt thou know my Lady *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?
Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? euen ſhe I meane.
Speed. Why ſir, I know her not.
Val. Do'ſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?
Speed. Is ſhe not hard-fauour'd, ſir?
Val. Not ſo faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What do'ſt thou know?
Speed. That ſhee is not ſo faire, as (of you) well-fauour'd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry ſir, ſo painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.
Val. How long hath ſhe beene deform'd?
Speed. Euer ſince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautifull.
Speed. If you loue her, you cannot ſee her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Becauſe Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vngarter'd.
Val. What ſhould I ſee then?
Speed. Your owne preſent folly, and her paſſing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.
Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laſt morning You could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.
Speed. True ſir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you ſwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours

Val. In conclusion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enioyn'd me,
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet: Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: here's a million of manners

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſeruant, to you two thouſand

Speed. He ſhould giue her intereſt: & ſhe giues it him.

Val. As you inioyn'd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the ſecret, nameleſs friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiſhip. (done.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly.

Val. Now truſt me (Madam) it came hardily-off:
For being ignorant to-whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No (Madam) ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much:
And yet ——

Sil. A pretty period: well: I gheſſe the ſequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning heneeforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet,

Val. What meanes your Ladiſhip?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (ſince vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my requeſt,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my ſake read it ouer.
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not: why ſo:

Val. If it pleaſe me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

Speed. Oh Ieſt vnſeene: inſcrutible: inuiſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Weathercocke on a ſteeple
My Maſter ſues to her: and ſhe hath taught her Suitor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuiſe, was there euer heard a better?
That my maſter being ſcribe,
To himſelfe ſhould write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reaſon.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokeſ-man from Madam *Siluia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your ſelfe: why, ſhe woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay

Val. Why ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhee hath made you write to your ſelfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the Ieſt?

Val. No, beleeue me.

Speed. No beleeuing you indeed Sir:
But did you perceiue her earneſt?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why ſhe hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y letter hath ſhe deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, y might her mind diſcouer
Her ſelf hath taught her Loue himſelf, to write vnto her
All this I ſpeak in prime, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why muſe you Sir, 'tis dumber time.

Val. I haue dyn'd

Speed. I, but hearke en Sir: though the Camelion Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourith'd by my victuals: and would faine haue meate: oh be not like your Miſtreſſe, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:

Iul. I muſt where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the ſooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* ſake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Iul. And ſeale the bargaine with a holy kiſſe.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie:
And when that howre ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Iulia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing howre, ſome foule miſchance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulneſſe:
My father ſtaies my comming: anſwere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will ſtay me longer then I ſhould,
Iulia, farewell: what, goe without a word?
I, ſo true loue ſhould doe: it cannot ſpeake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poore Louers dumbe.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſonne,

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Seame, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court : I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the ſowreſt natured dogge that liues : My Mother weeping : my Father wayling : my Siſter crying : our Maid howling : our Cate wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre ſhedde one teare : he is a ſtone, a very pibble ſtone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge : a Iew would haue wept to haue ſeene our parting : why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her ſelfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile ſhew you the manner of it. This ſhooe is my father : no, this left ſhooe is my father ; no, no, this left ſhooe is my mother : nay, that cannot be ſo neyther : yes ; it is ſo : it is ſo : it hath the worſer ſole : this ſhooe with the hole in it, is my mother : and this my father : a veng'unce on't, there 'tis : Now ſir, this ſtaffe is my ſiſter : for, looke you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand : this hat is *Nan* our maid : I am the dogge : no, the dogge is himſelfe, and I am the dogge : oh, the dogge is me, and I am my ſelfe : I ; ſo, ſo : now come I to my Father ; Father, your bleſſing : now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeake a word for weeping : now ſhould I kiſſe my Father ; well, hee weepes on : Now come I to my Mother : Oh that ſhe could ſpeake now, like a would-woman : well, I kiſſe her : why there 'tis ; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe : Now come I to my ſiſter ; marke the moane ſhe makes : now the dogge all this while ſheds not a teare : nor ſpeakes a word : but ſee how I lay the duſt with my teares.

Pauth. Launce, away, away : a Boord : thy Maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oares : what's the matter ? why weep'ſt thou man ? away ſir, you loſe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loſt, for it is the vnkindeſt Tide, that euer any man tide.

Pauth. What's the vnkindeſt tide ?

Laun. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man : I meane thou'lt loſe the flood, and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage, and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy Maſter, and in loſing thy Maſter, loſe thy ſeruice, and in loſing thy ſeruice : —— why doſt thou ſtop my mouth ?

Laun. For feare thou ſhouldſt loſe thy tongue.

Pauth. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue ?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pauth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loſe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Maſter, and the Seruice, and the tide : why man, if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares : if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my ſighes.

Pauth. Come : come away man, I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir : call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou goe ?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Miſtris.

Spee. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Miſtreſſe then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeeme ſo.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not ?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What ſeeme I that I am not ?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly ?

Val. I quote it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour ?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue ſaid Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well ſir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly ſhot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant ?

Val. Your ſelfe (ſweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiſhips lookes, And ſpends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well ſir : you haue an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treaſure to giue your followers: For it appeares by their bare Liueries That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beſet. Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health, What ſay you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes ?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman ?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation, And not without deſert ſo well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne ?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deſerues The honor, and regard of ſuch a father.

Duk. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as my ſelfe : for from our Infancie We haue conuerſt, and ſpent our howres together, And though my ſelfe haue beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the ſweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with Angel-like perfection : Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name) Made vſe, and faire aduantage of his dayes : His yeares but yong, but his experience old. His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe And in a word (for far behinde his worth Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
As meet to be an Emperors Counceller:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Lovers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Love can winke.
Sil. Have done, have done: here comes ỹ gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from.
Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.
Pro. My duetie will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duetie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.
Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,
When you have done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. We'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.
Val. Now tell me: how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are wel, & have the much commended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done pennance for contemning Love,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of love
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint
Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Summer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,
Forgive me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me dote vpon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st is full of jealousie.)
Pro. But she loves you? (howre,
Val. I, and we are betrothd: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth.
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
She is faire; and so is *Julia* that I love,

(That

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(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reaſon light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile vſe my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never vndone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

Speed. Come on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

Laun. Marry after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very ſeldome in aſſe.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſſe art thou, I vnderſtand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe vnderſtands me?

Speed. What thou ſaiſt?

Laun. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe vnderſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-vnder, and vnder-ſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if he ſay no, it will: if he ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou that that my maſter is become a notable Louer?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why Foole, I meane not thee, I meane thy Maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not, though he burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt go with me to the Ale-houſe: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſeruice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*, ſhall I be forſworne?
To loue faire *Siluia*, ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me firſt my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periure.
Loue bad me ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare;
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubiect) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolu'd will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſouereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe:
If I looſe them, thus finde I by their looſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia*, *Siluia*.
I to my ſelfe am dearer then a friend,
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Siluia* (witneſſe Heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot, no powre ſhall diſtract me ſo,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber window,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight.
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter.
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly croſſe
By ſome ſly tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scæna ſeptima.

Enter Iulia *and* Lucetta.

Iul Counſaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle aſſiſt me,
And euʳmaʳkʳde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who are the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Characʳter'd, and engrau'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearieſome and long
Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdomes with his feeble ſteps.
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*
Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'ſt ſ not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.
Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage
Leſt it ſhould burne aboue the bounds of reaſon
Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it vp, the more it burnes
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage.
But when his faire courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giuing a gentle kiſſe to euery ſedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nookes he ſtraies
With willing ſport to the wilde Ocean
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe.
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reſt, as after much turmoile
A bleſſed ſoule doth in *Elyſium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The looſe encounters of laſciuious men
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire
Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots
To be faſhioneſque, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be. (chen
Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your bree
Iul That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta*.)
Luc You muſt needs haue th'e with a cod-peece (Ma
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd (dam)
Luc. A round hoſe (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnleſſe you haue a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.
Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'ſt me let me haue
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking ſo vnſtaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And inſtances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſeruants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Baſe men, that vſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtarres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bands, his oathes are oracles,
His loue ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meſſengers, ſent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.
Luc. Pray heau'n he proue ſo when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lou'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deſerue my loue, by louing him,
And preſently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me vpon my longing iourney
All that is mine I leaue at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence.
Come; anſwere not: but to it preſently,
I am impatient of my tarriance

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue ſome ſecrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold diſcouer,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeſerued as I am)
My duties pricks me on to vtter that
Which elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot
I know you haue determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timeleſſe graue
Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs my ſelfe haue often ſeene
Haply when they haue iudg'd me faſt aſleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpoſ'd to forbid

Sir

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Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing left my iealous aymes might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hath now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuey'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this presence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duke. No, trust me. She is peeuish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor feeling me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cherish'd by her child-like duzie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne hers out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duke. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though neere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot winne a woman.

Duke. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept seuerely from resort of men,
That no man hath accesse by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duke. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

Val. When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By seuen a clock, Ile get you such a Ladder.

Duke. But harke thee: I will go to her alone,
How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

Duke. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? *To Siluia?*
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding.
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly,
And slaues they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and go as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge where (senceless) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure-bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe do want my seruants fortune.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.

What's here? *Siluia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*
'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

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Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment? To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Siluia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Siluia* be not seene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Siluia* in the night,
There is no muficke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
She is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Lan. So-ho, so-ho.

Pro. What seest thou?

Lan. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing

Lan. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Lan. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbeare.

Lan. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, vn-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Siluia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Siluia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Siluia* haue forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lan. Sir, there is a proc. uation, I you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Siluia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Siluia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tendred,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe groanes, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'ne, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more vnles the next word that thou speak'st
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Anthem of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lamentst.
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st *Siluia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Siluia*; hapelesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teene of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters-maid, and serues for wages. She hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Imprimis*, She can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The blacke'st newes that euer thou heardst.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

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Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come ſoole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Inprimis ſhe can milke.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo?*)

Sp. Item ſhe can knit.

La. What needs a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpeciall vertue: for then ſhee needs not be waſh'd, and ſcour'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheeles, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſſe vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, ſhee is not to be falling in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſoure breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhee ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that ſet this downe among her vices; To be ſlow in words, is a womans onely vertue.
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too:
It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: becauſe I loue cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhee ſhall not, for that ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, ſhee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then hayres, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: ile haue her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerue the turne.

Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly ſlaue, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that ſhe will loue you
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtayning her.

Du. This weake impreſſe of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Diſſolues to water, and doth looſe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.
How now ſir *Protheus*, is your countryman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And alſo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perſeuers, ſhe perſeuers ſo:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue ſir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*,
With falſehood, cowardize, and poore deſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt vndertake to ſlander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentlemen,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue loue to him.
But ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Leaſt it ſhould ravell, and be good to none,
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you, in worth diſpraiſe ſir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,
Where you, with *Siluia*, may conferre at large
For ſhe is lampiſh, heauy mellancholly,
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough.
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By wayleſull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be full fraught with ſeruiceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares
Moiſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining griefuance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue
Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practiſe.
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well skil'd in Muſicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ſerue the turne
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduiſe.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-laws.

1. *Out.* Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with 'em.
3. *Out.* Stand ſir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.
If not: we'll make you ſit, and riſle you.
Sp. Sir we are vndone; theſe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends.
1. *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to looſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie:
My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.
2. *Out.* Whether trauell you?
Val. To *Verona*.
1. *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine*.
3. *Out.* Haue you long ſoiourn'd there? (ſtand,
Val. Some ſixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe;
I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,
But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1. *Out.* Why were repent it, if it were done ſo;
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2. *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene often miſerable.
3. *Out* By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1. *Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2. *Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3. *Out.* Know then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men,
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, allide vnto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.
1. *Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe
But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe liues,
And partly ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2. *Out.* Indeede becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, aboue the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of neceſſity,
And liue as we doe in this wildernaſſe?
3. *Out.* What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out*

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1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curtaſie, thou dyeſt.
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not loſe, ſo long as we can ſee.
Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, ſir's d.
Prouided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhew thee all the Treaſure we haue got;
Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as vniuſt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue acceſſe my owne loue to prefer.
But *Siluia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe gifts;
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithſtanding all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtill;
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her windowe,
And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.
Th. How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in ſeruice, where is cannot go.
Th. I but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.
Th. Who, *Siluia*?
Pro. I, *Siluia*, for your ſake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and to it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now, my yong gueſt; me thinks your' allycholly
I pray you why is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: Ile bring you where
you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that
you aſk'd for.
Iu. But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.
Ho. I that you ſhall.
Iu. That will be Muſique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Siluia? what is ſhe?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beauty liues with kindneſſe:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe:
And being help'd, inhabites there.
Then to Siluia, let vs ſing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excells each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder than you were before;
How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
Iu. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies falſe (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings.
Iu. Not ſo; but yet
So falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings.
Ho. You haue a quicke eare (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a ſlow
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Muſique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars ſo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique.
Iu. I: that change is the ſpight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Hoſt doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often reſort vnto this Gentlewomen?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his
Lady.
Iu. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will ſo plead.
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thanke you for your Muſique (Gentlemen)
Who is it that ſpake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure heartes truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſſe yours.
Sil. You haue your wiſh: my will is euen this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man:
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I ſweare)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull faire,
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (ſweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Iu. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy falſe as wrongfull) vow
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his graue
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers, ſepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate:
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile ſpeake, to that ile ſigh and weepe:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe deuoted, I am but a ſhadow:
And to your ſhadow, will I make true loue.
Iul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceiue it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Iul. Hoſt, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry, at my houſe:
Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo: but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heauieſt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your ſeruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe:
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſeruice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I ſweare I doe not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd,
Thou art not ignorant what deare good will
I beare vnto the baniſh'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very ſoule abhor'd.)
Thy ſelfe haſt lou'd, and I haue heard thee ſay
No griefe did euer come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whoſe Graue thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie:
Sir *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes abode;
And for the waies are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)
But thinke vpon my griefe, (a Ladies griefe)
And on the inſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues.
I doe deſire thee, euen from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Eg. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances,
Which, ſince I know they vtterly are plac'd,
I giue conſent to goe along with you,
Recaking as little what beſideſhame,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you?
Sil. At *Friar Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans ſeruant ſhall play the Cure with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I ſau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliuer him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Siluia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies: I would haue (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily he had bin hang'd for't: ſure as I liue he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall iudge: Hee thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him vp (ſaies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Maſters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be ſworne I haue ſat in the ſtockes, for puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed: I haue ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffered for't: thou think'ſt not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you ſerv'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Siluia*: did

not

not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and doe as I do; when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke?

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name: I like thee well, And will employ thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.

Iu. In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whore-ſon pezant,
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell?

La. Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you currish thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiu'd my dog?

La. No indeede did ſhe not.

Here haue I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, dad'ſt thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me By the Hangmans boyes in the market place.

And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog As big as ten of yours, & therefore the gift is greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or ere returne againe into my ſight.

Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here;
A Slaue, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame:

Sebaſtian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe;
For 'tis no truſting to yond foolish Lowt,
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluia*;
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me

Iul. It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token: She is dead belike?

Pro. Not ſo: I thinke ſhe liues.

Iul. Alas

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

Iul. I cannot chooſe but pity her

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Iul. Becauſe, me thinkes that ſhe lou'd you as well As you do loue your Lady *Siluia*
She dreames on him, that has for got her loue,
You dote on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pity Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall This Letter: tell her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I ſtaine the promiſe for her heauenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie.

Iul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alaſpoore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs,
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pity him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will
And now am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine,
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed.
Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil From whom?

Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus* Madam.

Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?

Iul. I, Madam.

Sil. Vrſula, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Maſter this: tell him from me
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughes forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Iul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines.
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſily as I doe teare his paper.

Iul. Madam, he ſendes your Ladiſhip this Ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.

Iul. She thankes you.

Sil. What ſai'ſt thou?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'ſt thou know her?

Iul. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times:

Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her!

Iul. I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing faire?

Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The aire hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Iul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus* periury, and vniuſt flight;
Which I ſo liuely acted with my teares.
That my poore Miſtris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) deſolate, and left;
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke vpon thy words.
Here youth: there is my purſe; I giue thee this (well.
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her. Fare-
Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Maſters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers:
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*,
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a couloured Periywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe, and ſo are mine.
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall: O thou ſenceleſſe forme.
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Miſtris ſake
That vs'd me ſo: or elſe by *Ioue*, I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Maſter out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne skie
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes: Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.
Egl. Feare not: the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Dutie.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat rounder-
Pro. But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of loue and peace.
Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Iul. She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, I: and pittles them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iul. That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Iul. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now ſir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw *Eglamoure* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled vnto that peazant, *Valentine*,
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:
'Tis truſt for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him he knew well: and gueſs'd that it was ſhe,
But being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand, not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Siluias* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Iul. And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Siluia, Out-Lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:

We

We muſt bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentlewoman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Meyſter* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the Weſt end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beſet, he cannot ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captaines caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.
Val. How vſe doth breed a habit in a man?
This ſhadowy deſart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flouriſhing peopled Townes:
Here can I ſit alone, vn-ſeene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breſt,
Leaue not the Manſion ſo long Tenant-leſſe,
Leſt growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy preſence, *Siluia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cheriſh thy forlorne ſwaine.
What hallowing, and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue ſome vnhappy paſſenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam, this ſeruice I haue done for you
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſeruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchſafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A ſmaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leſſe then this, I am ſure you cannot giue)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I ſee, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
Sil. O miſerable, vnhappy that I am.
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt vnhappy.
Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I beene ſeized by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-faſt to the Beaſt,
Rather then haue falſe *Protheus* reskue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteſt falſe periur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curſe in Loue, and ſtill approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy firſt beſt Loue)
For whoſe deare ſake, thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oathes; and all thoſe oathes,
Deſcended into periury, to loue me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, vnleſſe thou'dſt two,
And that's farre worſe then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Loue,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme:
Ile woo'e you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you gainſt the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. Valentine.
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or loue,
For ſuch is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldſt diſproue me:
Who ſhould be truſted, when one's right hand
Is periured to the boſome? *Protheus*
I am ſorry I muſt neuer truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake:
The priuate wound is deepeſt: oh time, moſt accurſt:
'Mongſt all foes that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely ſuffer,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honeſt:
Who by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is not of heauen, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternall's wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Siluia*, I giue thee.
Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Looke to the boy.
Val. Why, Boy!
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? Look vp: ſpeak.
Iul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me to deliuer a ring to Madam *Siluia*: which (out of my neglect) was neuer done.
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me ſee.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy ſir, I haue miſtooke:
This is the ring you ſent to *Siluia*.
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.
Iul. And *Iulia* her ſelfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her ſelfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Iulia*?
Iul. Behold her, that gaue aime to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft haſt thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh.

Be thou aſham'd that I haue tooke vpon me
Such an immodeſt rayment ; if ſhame liue
In a diſguiſe of loue?
It is the leſſer blot modeſty findes,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heauen, were man
But Conſtant, he were perfect ; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'ſins ;
Inconſtancy falls-off, ere it begins
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may ſpie
More freſh in *Iulia's*, with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come : a hand from either .
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe
'Twere pitty two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wiſh for euer.
Iul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I ſay It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine*
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Siluia* : and *Siluia's* mine.
Val. Thurio giue backe ; or elſe embrace thy death :
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath
Doe not name *Siluia* thine : if once againe,
Verona ſhall not hold thee : heere ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her, with a Touch
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not :
I claime her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou
To make ſuch meanes for her, as thou haſt done,
And leaue her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Anceſtry
I doe applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And thanke thee worthy of an Empreſſe loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new ſtate in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe : Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thaank your Grace, thy gift hath made me happy:
I now beſeech you (for your daughters ſake)
To grant one Boone that I ſhall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities.
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile :
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haſt preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou knowſt their deſerts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe, to make your Grace to ſmile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile tell you, as we paſſe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your penance, but to heare
The ſtory of your Loues diſcouered.
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours
One Feaſt, one houſe, one mutuall happineſſe. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia
Valentine. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }
Anthonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a fooliſh riuall to Valentine.
Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her eſcape.
Hoſt: where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clownish ſeruant to Valentine
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: ſeruant to Antonio
Iulia: beloued of Protheus.
Siluia: beloued of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE

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THE Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Euans, *Maſter* Page, Followe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, *Miſtreſſe* Ford, *Miſtreſſe* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*. Iuſtice of Peace and *Shal.* I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Ratolorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white *Louſes* doe become an old Coate well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coate, there is but three Skuts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple conſciences; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my prains, which peradeuenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page* which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? ſhe has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Monyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his deathe-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euans. Seuen hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, ſee we ſee honeſt Mr *Page*: is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page*. What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euans. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, and heere yong Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Venſon Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Venſon better, it was ill killd: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

Mr. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

Mr. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

Mr. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: he's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

Mr. Pa. Sir, he is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Euans. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page*.)

Mr. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

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Shal. If it be confeſſ'd, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath; beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwere it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counſell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba, Sir *Iohn*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay: *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you; now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) & there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Eua. Ferry goo't, I will make a preeſe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards ork vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Eua. The Tewill and his Tom: what phraſe is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke *M. Slenders* purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Eua. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Biſbee: word of denyall in thy *labras* here; word of denyall: froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloues, then 't was he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo conclufions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Eua. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

M. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh hesuen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*.

Mr. Page How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Mr. Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venſon pafty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Shorts-cake* vpon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable; if it be ſo. I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Eua. Giue eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Coſen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eua. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers haue, that the lips is parcell of the mouth therfore preciſely, ca you carry your good will to the maid?

Sh. Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will do as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee. (*Sweet Coz*): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there bee an great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more contents: but if you ſay marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

Eu. It

Ex. It is a fery diſcretion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the'ord, diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Sl. I, or elſe I would I might be hang'd(la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him,(faire Miſtris *Anne*.)

Ex. Od's plefſed-will I wil not be abſẽce at the grace.

An. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forſooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth: goe Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Coſen *Shallow*: a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I faith, Ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhreekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Mr. Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Mr Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Mr Pa Come on, Sir.

Sl. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe firſt: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Ex. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way: and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his waſher, and his Ringer.

Sl. Well Sir.

Ex. Nay, it is better yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintace with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cæſar*, *Keiſer* and *Phezar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap: ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.

Ho. I haue ſpoke, let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him: a *Tapſter* is a good trade, an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin, a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd: I will thriue.

Piſ. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt thou the ſpigot wield

Ni. He was gotten in drinke: is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Theeues were too open: his filching was like an vnſkilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.

Piſ. Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſ. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſ. Yong Ravens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſ. I ken the wight: he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſ. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*: (Indeede I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhee diſcourſes: ſhee carues: ſhe giues the leere of inuitation I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, & the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffs*.

Piſ. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſ. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with moſt iudicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: ſometimes my portly belly.

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Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nim. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch me vp like a burning-glaſſe: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purſe too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Nim. I will run no baſe humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the haujor of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: ſeeke ſhelter, packe·
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and ſkirted *Page*.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Nim. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nim. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele:

Nim. With both the humors, I·
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue: his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nim. My humour ſhall not coole: I will incenſe *Ford* to deale with poyſon: I will poſſeſſe him with yellowneſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I ſecond thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worſt fault is that he is giuen to prayer; he is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I: ſee fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender's* your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Do'he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forſooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow beard: a Caine coloured Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſpirighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you: oh, I ſhould remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune: Tell Maſter Parſon *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh —

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Cloſſet: he will not ſtay long: what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn*: what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (*and down, down, adowne a. &c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſet, vnboyteene verd: a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I ſpeake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait fort chaudo, Je mon vat a le Court la grand affaire.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, depeche quickly:*
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my troth: I tarry too long: od's-me: *qu'ay ie oublie*: dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable*, *Diable*: vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet: dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth: to deſire her to —

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile ne're put my finger in the fire, and needs not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

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Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding man, I'le doe yor your Maſter what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne* Page: but notwithſtanding that I know *Anne* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Iack Nape: giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurray Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make: —— you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here. by gar I will cut all his two ſtones: by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter's ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I will kill de Iack-Prieſt: and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon: by gar, I will my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well: We muſt giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-ſoules head of your owne: No, I know *Anne* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windſor* knowes more of *Anne* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoe?

Qui. Who's there, I troe? Come neere the houſe I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aſke?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way. I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thighs't thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a booke ſhee loues you: haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer broke bread: we had an hours talke of that wart; I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) ſhee is giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing: but for you —— well —— goe too ——

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me ——

Qui. Will I? I ſeeth thee we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip: truely an honeſt Gentlemen: but *Anne* loues him not: for I know *Anne* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, *Miſtris* Ford, *Maſter* Page, *Maſter* Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſt. Page. What, haue ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee?

Aſke me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour. you are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I. ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo do I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt of the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night;
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a yong Gallant? What an vnweied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard picke (with The Deuills name) out of my converſation, that he dares In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. *Miſtris Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, Ile neare beleeue that; I haue to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome counſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O woman; if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mi. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour what is it? diſpence with trifles: what is it?

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo: I could be knighted.

Mi. Page. What thou liſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not ſweare; praiſe

praiſe womens modeſty: and gaue ſuch orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomlineſſe, that I would haue ſworne his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Pſalms to the tune of Greenſleeues: What tempeſt (I troe) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Windſor? How ſhall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine neuer ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blanche-ſpace for different names (ſure more): and theſe are of the ſecond edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Gianteſſe, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twenty laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man

Miſ. Ford. Why this is the very ſame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ. Page Nay I know not: it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty: Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Mi. Ford Boording, call you it? Ile bee ſure to keepe him aboue decke

Mi. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mi. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty: oh that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not ſo

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires.
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He woos both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Piſt. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Actæon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: he hath wronged mee in ſome humors: I ſhould haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a ſword: and it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie: he loues your wife; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I ſpeak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſt. Page. Whether goe you (*George!*) harke you.

Miſt Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ. Page. Haue with you you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſenger to this paltrie Knight.

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhee'll fit it.

Miſ. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne*?

Qu. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne*?

Miſ. Page. Go in with vs and ſee: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intents towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men: very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him; and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*.) Maſter *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand

Hoſt Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

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Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you go with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-Cauileire?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you go An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you foure tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Page*s houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*: if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labor: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue been content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Reprouues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Bryan* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: thinkeſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Manner of *Pict-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you ſtand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of *my* honoour preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your rags; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrazes, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſweare: what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and Ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this waies: I my ſelfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*:

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true: I pray your worſhip come a little nearer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well; heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*: come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue beene ſtrange her time: ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muſke, and ſo ruſtling, I warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I deſie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has been Earles: nay, (which is more) Penſioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? be briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhe giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Women

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere bee the other: and ſhee bade me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a ieſt indeed: they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed. But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a marueilous infection to the little Page: and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. never a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's. doe what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will: and truly ſhe deſerues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie

Fal. Why, I will

Qui. Nay, but doe ſo then and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: olde folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee well, commend mee to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter. Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me

Pag. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more ſailes, purſue: vp with your fights:
Giue fire: ſhe is my prime, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gamer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done. no matter

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in. ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes ſuch liquor: ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *vie.*

Ford. Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome.*

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I ſue for yours. not to charge you, for I muſt let you vnderſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal Sir, I know not how I may deſerue to bee your Porter

Ford. I will tell you ſir, if you will giue me the hearing

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer ſo good means as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vntolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that I may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well Sir

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her: followed her with a doating obſeruance: ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her: not only bought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſued mee, which hath been on the wing of all occaſions: but whatſoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am ſure I haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to ſay this,

"*Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,*
"*Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that I haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place, where I erected it

Fal. To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhe appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth her mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it. there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I haue, onely giue

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giue me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an vnfeele ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife: vſe your Art of wooing; win her to conſent to you: if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my drift: ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe: ſhee is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattailed againſt me: what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none: I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealous-ey'cally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſſed in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They ſay the iealous wittily-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauour'd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & there's my harueſt-houſe.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgell: it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horne: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ore the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford*'s a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to crack with impatience: who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the houre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a falſe woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbaſon*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee ruminates, then ſhee deuiſes: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bleſſe'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a minute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. *Iacke Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wiſe Sir: hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy punctio, thy ſtock, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion king-Vrinall: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that me haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree houres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, (M. *Page*:) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am ſworn of the peace: you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman: you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Par-

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Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Juſtice; a Monſieur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcurvy-lack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee will cut his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghoſt, and Mr. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, mee vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a lack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him diet his ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt wooe her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee danche you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, *my* patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs vag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Jack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slender's* ſeruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Evan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Evan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule! how full of Chollers I am, and trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Riuers: to whoſe falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:* 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſicions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: —— When as I ſate in Pa-bilon: and a thouſand vagrom Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls*: Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

Evan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Evan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Evan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. I haue liued fourſcore yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Evan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Evan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Evan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evan. Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Evan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable: Jack Rugby: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*: haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Evan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welſh*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I,

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Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay: heare mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politicke? Am I ſubtile? Am I a Machiauell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo. Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both. I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue: Come, lay their ſwords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-ſot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our prains together to be reuenge on this ſame ſcall-ſcurvy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceiue me too.

Eua. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a *Curt.* Well met miſtris *Page*, whether go you

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company. I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name *Rob.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*. (ſirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at *Ford.* Indeed ſhe is. (home indeed?

M. Pa. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, he hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, & *Falſtaffes* boy with her: A man may beare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our rauiſhed wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo-ſeeming Miſt. *Page*, diuulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Actheon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry ame. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, than mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Mr *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,

We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,

And I would not breake with her for more money

Then Ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue lingerd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my coſen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You haue Mr *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me. my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo mush.

Hoſt. What ſay you to yong Mr *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, hee ſpeakes holliday, he ſmels April and May, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gentleman is of no having, hee kept compayne with the wilde Prince, and *Poines*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply: the wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe home with me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall haue ſport, I will ſhew you a monſter: Mr Doctor, you ſhal go, ſo ſhall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We ſhall haue the freer woing at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mr. Ford, Mr. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falſtaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Miſt. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-baſket—

Miſ Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Miſt. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

M. Pag. Giue your men the charge, we muſt be briefe.

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn* & *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, & when I ſodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: y doue, trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the middle ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I haue told them over and ouer, they lacke no

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Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſt.Ford. How now my Eyas-Muſket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (*Miſt.Ford*, and requeſts your company.

M.Page. You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares he'l turne me away.

Miſt.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſt.Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Cue.*

Miſt.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſt.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vſe this vnwholeſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, *my* heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

Miſt.Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Miſt. Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſt.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſt.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*: My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou are a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt.Ford. Beleeue me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-many of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M.Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I feare you loue M.*Page.*

Fal. Thou might as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſt Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe; Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*: heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce me behinde the Arras.

M.Ford. Pray you do ſo, ſhe's a very talking woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt.Page. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done? You're ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M.Page. O weladay, miſt.*Ford*, hauing an honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M.Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

M.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence: you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his backe, to ſearch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleare, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend heere, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, is not a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw ſowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datcher*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't: Ile in. Ile in: Follow your friends counſell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*? Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe me away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M.Page. Helpe to conuey your maſter (Boy:) Call your men (*Miſt.Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Where's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in *Datchet* mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come neere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your aſſe, I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of the Buck: Buck, buck, buck, I buck: I warrant you Buck, And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare. Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heare, heare, here's my keyes, attend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: Ile warrant we'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentleman. You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is very fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France: It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Exeunt Page, Shallow, Slender.

Miſt. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſt. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Miſt. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband aſkt who was in the basket?

Miſt. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue need of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſt. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt. Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſt Ford Shall we ſend that foolliſhion Carion, *Miſt. Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſt. Page. We will do it: let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſt. Page. Heard you that?

Miſt. Ford. You ſhe me well, M. *Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo.

M. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts *Ford.* Amen.

M. Page. You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Eu. If there be any body in the houſe, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heauen forgoe my ſins at the day of iudgement

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not haue your diſtemper in this kind, for y welth of *Windſor caſtle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo.

Ford. Any thing.

Eu. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Compsone

Ca. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page*.

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Ca. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Eua. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fent. I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true

Fent. No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges,
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I aime at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*.
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, 'tis but venture. (ring.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Looke handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (M. *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him: pray you Vncle, tell Miſt. *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vncle.

Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glocesterſhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifte pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maiſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

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Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what would you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Mr *Fenton* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page*.

Fen. Good Mist. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M. Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nan*.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian: Looke on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris *Anne*, or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promiſd, and I'le bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Mistreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I ſay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toaſt in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and buttter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I ſhould downe. I had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould I haue beene, when I had beene ſwel'd? I ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy!
Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Chalices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from M. *Ford*.

Fal. Myſt. Ford! I haue had Ford enough. I was throwne into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection. (promiſe.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a fooliſh Womans

Qui. Well, ſhe laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it: her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'l make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo: and bidde her thinke what a-mans is: Let her conſider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſſe her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you,
I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome*.

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Cornuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of iealouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, &c (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſerch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one M^ſt. *Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke basket.

Ford

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Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Nappins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I haue ſuffer'd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hinders, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders: met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee; for a ſearch, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumſtance of a Peckre, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a Horſe-ſhoe; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſuffered all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conueniens leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enioying her: adieu: you ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford.*

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*: there's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Linnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my houſe: hee cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But leaſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make me mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Miſt. Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be preſently: but truely he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſt. Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſt Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*, hold vp your head; come.

Miſt. Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are faire things then Powlcats, ſure.

Eua. You are a very ſimplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Pebble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominativo hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eua. Nominativo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: *genitiuo hums*: Well, what is your *Accuſatiue-caſe*?

Will. Accuſativo hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accuſativo hing, hang, hog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue caſe* (*William*?)

Will. O, Vocativo, O.

Eua. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is *caret.*

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbeare.

Miſt. Pag. Peace.

Eua. What is your *Genitiue caſe plur all* (*William*?)

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitive horum, harum, horum.

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her, never name her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Eua. For ſhame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

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Euans. O'man, are thou Lunatics? Haſt thou no vnderſtanding for thy Caſes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Que's*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

Mi.Page. He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis.Page.*

Miſ.Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſt.Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. Miſt. Ford, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires breadth, not onely Miſt. *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the acceuſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ.Ford. Hee'e a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ.Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ.Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweete heart) whoſe at home beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ Ford Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ Page. Indeed?

Miſ.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Miſt. Pag. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt.Ford. Why?

Miſ Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankinde; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffeteth himſelfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Miſt.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſt.Page. Of none but him, and ſweares he was caried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

Miſt.Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page*?

Miſt.Pag. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Miſt.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt.Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, & he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt.Ford. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?.

Fal. No, Ile coune no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Miſt.Page. Alas: three of Mr. *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What ſhall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſt.Ford. There they alwaies vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſt.Ford. He will ſeeke there on my word: Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſt. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſt.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuiſe ſomething: any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſt. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Braineford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſt. Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſt.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſt.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſt.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Braineford; he ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſt.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſt Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſt.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the witch of *Braineford*.

Miſt. Ford. Ile firſt direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſt.Page Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doe,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if hee bid you ſet it downe, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

2 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

3 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

2 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket; Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt me: Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt

neſt clouches you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, thus paſſes M. *Ford*: you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shal. Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealous foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any dishonestie.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnconſionable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuy'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure he is: my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſt. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a Flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well *Mr. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. *Mr Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not here I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman's that?

M Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & ſuch dambry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſt. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him ſtrike the old woman.

Miſt. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile conjure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Miſt. Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I think you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſt. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow. See but the iſſue of my iealouſie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, never truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.

Miſt. Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſt. Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not: he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſt. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſt Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnreputatious fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ſtill bee the miniſters.

Miſt. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publikely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand
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(In him that was of late an Heretike).
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Eu. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come: Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue no deſires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him whē he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thether.

Miſ. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſt)
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?

Miſ. Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?

Miſ. Pa. That likewiſe haue we thought vpon: & that:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their handes; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pitruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazednes will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Miſ. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ horne the ſpirit,
And mocke him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'l nev'r do't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo, to burne the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Miſ. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall *M. Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Brooke*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe: ſure hee'l come.

Miſ. Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaueries.

Miſ. Page Go *Miſ. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Idiot:
And he, my husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he ſhall haue her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) ſpeake, breathe, diſcuſſe: breefe, ſhort, quicke, ſnap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from *M. Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: go, knock and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come downe: I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*: ſpeake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian calls.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Braineford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her

her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know

Hoſt. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germans* are honeſt men.

Sim. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Sim. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Vet'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull dilemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my troth: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoſt. Hay and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: hay, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſhd, and cudgeld, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-faine as a creſt-peare: I never proſper'd, ſince I forſware my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent. Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpeciouſly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me i'th'Stocks, i'th' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe, And (as I am a gentleman) Ile giue thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection, (So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer) Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter, That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe* Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*:) To night at *Hermes-Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one, Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Faerie-Queene*: The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe While other ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote, Her father hath commanded her to ſlip Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton* Immediately to Marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir, Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away, While other ſports are tasking of their minds, And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath Made promiſe to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it reſts, Her Father means ſhe ſhall be all in white; And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her goe, She ſhall goe with him: her Mother hath intended (The better to denote her to the *Doctor*, For they muſt all be maſk'd, and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-crosse'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe.
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prattling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lacke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odde Numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time wasters, hold up your head & mince. How now M. *Brooke?* Master *Brooke*, the matter will be knowne to night, or never. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master *Brooke*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Brooke*) like a poore-old-woman: that same knaue (*Ford* his husband) hath the finest mad diuell of Ielousie in him (Master *Brooke*) that euer gouern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beate me grieuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Brooke*) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haft, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *Brooke*:) since I plucke Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M. *Brooke*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Lights and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know what I haue to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deale of heart-breake.

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. We'l betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Pistoll, Caius, Fabell.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me: Remember Ioue, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast. You were also (*Iupiter*) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O

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conſequent Louſe, how were the God drew to the compoſition of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter me heere.

M. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Buck, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke: and my hornes I bequeath your husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd, Leaſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pyſ. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes Cricket, to Windſor-chimnies ſhalt thou leape: Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry. Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie, But thoſe are ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, & ſhins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good luckre (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome,
That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome,
In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing
Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring.
Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be,
More fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee:
And, *Hony ſoit Qui Mal-y-Penſe*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knights-hoods bending knee.
Fairies vſe Flowres for their charactarie.
Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (ſet:

Eua. Pray you lock hand in hand; your ſelues in order
And twenty glow-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leaſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.

Pyſ. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtare,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.

Pyſ. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinneſull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie:
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye. I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher. Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues? See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whoſe a Cuckold now? *Mr Broome*, *Falſtaffe*'s a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*: And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Ford*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to *Mr Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, *Mr Broome*.

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, drooue the groſſeneſſe of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euans. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and leaue your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.

Euans. And leaue you your Iealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford.

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Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Eu. Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your belly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſt. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though we would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flex?

Miſt. Page. A puffe-man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entralles?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satham?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſpirings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is a plummet ore me, vſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'l bring you to Windſor to one Mr *Brooke*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, wher I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſt. Page. Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctor *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee ſhould haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What needs you tell me that? I think ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and ſhe cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy

Miſt. Page. Good *Georze* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozened, I ha married oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

Mi. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bes gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.
How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Miſtris:
How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

Mi. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs.
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vnduteous title.
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtriketo me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.

Miſt. Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Mr *Fenton*, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire.
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*)
To Maſter *Brooke*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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MEASVRE,
For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Esc. My Lord. (fold,

Duke. Of Gouernment, the properties to vn-
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y'are as prregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke, Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedience to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remouse, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortalitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't vpon it.

Duke. No more euasion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke, My haste may not admit it,
Nor needs you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-
nesse. *Exit.*

Duke, I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to compositon with the King of *Hungery*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. *Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou concluds't like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thanks-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was said.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good velure; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lieue be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velure. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Cittics?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fiue thousand of you all.

2. *Gent.* Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: she promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides you know, it drawes something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon downe too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you needs not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam *Iulier*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iulier, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th'worlde?
Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Cla. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (so) yet still 'tis iust. (straine.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

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Like Rats that ravyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty evill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an Arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lechery?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend
Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got possession of *Iulietta*s bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a Dowre
Remayning in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on *Iuliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappily, euen so.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I stagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-scowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may sigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done so, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde seruice:
This day, my Sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand vnder grieuous imposition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a complete bosome: why, I desire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grace, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For so I haue strewed it in the common eare)
And so it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Lawes,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this fourteene yeares, we haue let slip
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their childrens sight
For terror, not to vse: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,
'T would be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the sight
To do in slander: And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Iſabell and Proteſtes a Nun.

Iſa. And haue you *Nuns* no further priuiledges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſa. Yes truely; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Vpon the Siſterſtood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare*.
Lucio within.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Iſa: Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Iſabella*
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnſworne:
When you haue vow'd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeake:
He cals againe: I pray you anſwere him.
Iſa. Peace and proſperitie: who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?
Iſa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his Siſter.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.
Iſa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,
He ſhould receiue his puniſhment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.
Iſa. Sir, make me not your ſtorie.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to ieſt
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and ſainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall ſpirit
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.
Iſa. You doe blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleeue it: Fewnes, and truth; 'tis thus,
Your Brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeednes, the bare fallow bringes
To teeming foyſon: euen ſo her plenteous wombe
Expreſſeth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
Iſa. Some one with childe by him? my cofen *Iuliet*?
Luc. Is ſhe your cofen?
Iſa. Adoptedly, as ſchoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Iſa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my ſelfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By thoſe that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigne: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton ſtings, and motions of the ſence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and faſt
He (to giue feare to vſe, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run by the hideous law,
As Mice, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act.
Vnder whoſe heauy ſence, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And followes cloſe the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnleſſe you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To ſoften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of buſineſſe
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Iſa. Doth he ſo,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Aſſay the powre you haue.
Iſa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs looſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens ſue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themſelues would owe them.
Iſa. Ile ſee what I can doe.
Luc But ſpeedily.
Iſa. I will about it ſtraite;
No longer ſtaying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoone at night
Ile ſend him certaine word of my ſucceſſe.
Luc. I take my leaue of you.
Iſa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſeruants, Iuſtice.
Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their perrech, and not their terror.
Eſc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and ſeuer cut a little
Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would ſaue, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeue to be moſt ſtraite in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time cohered with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood
Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull the Law vpon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)

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Another thing to fall: I not deny
The law paſſing on the Priſoners life
May in the ſworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iuſtice,
That Iuſtice ceazes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do paſſe on theeues? Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we ſtoope, and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we doe not ſee,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I haue had ſuch faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he muſt dye.

Enter Prouoſt.

Eſc. Be it as your wiſedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouoſt*?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmoſt of his pilgrimage.

Eſc. Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
Some riſe by ſinne, and ſome by vertue fall.
Some run from brakes of Ice, and anſwere none,
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poore Dukes Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iuſtice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: But preciſe villaines they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to haue.

Eſc. This comes off well: here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'ſt thou not ſpeake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapſter Sir: parcell Baud: one that ſerues a bad woman: whoſe houſe Sir was (as they ſay) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now ſhee profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I thinke is a very ill houſe too.

Eſc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detеſt before heauen, and your honour.

Eſc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honeſt woman.

Eſc. Do'ſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay ſir, I will deteſt my ſelfe alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a Bauds houſe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſc. How doſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry ſir, by my wife, who, if ſhe had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlineſſe there.

Eſc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I ſir, by Miſtris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honor, this is not ſo.

Elb. Proue it before theſe varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Eſc. Doe you heare how he miſplaces?

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with childe: and longing (ſauing your honors reuerence) for ſtewd prewyns; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were in a fruit diſh (a diſh of ſome three pence; your honours haue ſeene ſuch diſhes) they are not China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſc. Go too: go too: no matter for the diſh ſir.

Clo. No indeede ſir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow*, being (as I ſay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I ſaid) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Froth* here, this very man; hauing eaten the reſt (as I ſaid) & (as I ſay) paying for them very honeſtly: for, as you know Maſter *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewyns.

Fro. I, ſo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, vnleſſe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Eſc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cauſe to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honſor cannot come to that yet.

Eſc. No ſir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I beſeech you, looke into Maſter *Froth* here ſir, a man of foure ſcore pound a yeare; whoſe father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maſter *Froth*?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, ſitting (as I ſay) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to ſit, haue you not?

Fro. I haue ſo, becauſe it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*
When nights are longeſt there: Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping youle finde good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Eſc. I thinke no leſſe: good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honor, aske me.

Eſc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beſeech you ſir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Maſter *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpoſe: doth your honor marke his face?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Ouer-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, M. Tapster: what's your name M. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Esc. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Esc. How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawde what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawde.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is best heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Boy: If you liue to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seuen yeare, and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seuen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath been great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

Elb. Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring me in the names of some six or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a cloche, thinke you?

Iust. Eleuen, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iust. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

Iust. Lord *Angelo* is seuere.

Esc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight
Ile tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou aske againe?

Pro. Left I might be too rash:
Vnder your good correction, I have seene
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted.
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lauish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. Saue your Honour. (will?

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite.

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee moouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Isab. Oh iust, but severe Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Lu. Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the first, that did th' Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake.
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euills
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiv'd,
And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to have no succeslesse degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;
For then I pittie those I doe not know,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule

And

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be ſ first that giues this sentence,
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vſe it like a Giant.
Lucio. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himſelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vſe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the ſoft Myrtill: But man, proud man,
Dreſt in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most aſſur'd,
(His glaſſie Eſſence) like an angry Ape
Plaies ſuch phantaſticque tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe; who with our ſpleenes,
Would all themſelues laugh mortall.
Lucio. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.
Prou. Pray heauen ſhe win him.
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our ſelfe.
Great men may ieſt with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leſſe foule prophanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemie.
Lucio. Art aui's'd o'that? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put theſe ſayings vpon me?
Isab. Becauſe Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it ſelfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your boſome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confeſſe
A naturall guiltineſſe, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thoughte vpon your tongue
Againſt my brothers life.
Ang. Shee ſpeakes, and 'tis ſuch ſence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Iſa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſ. I, with ſuch gifts that heauen ſhall ſhare with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted-gold,
Or Stones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne riſe: prayers from preſerued ſoules,
From faſting Maides whoſe mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Lucio. Goe to: 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heauen keepe your honour ſafe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſſe.
Iſab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Iſab. 'Saue your Honour.
Ang. From thee: euen from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſins moſt? ha?
Not ſhe: nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous ſeaſon: Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneſſe? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doſt thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Doſt thou deſire her fowly, for thoſe things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges ſteale themſelues: what, doe I loue her,
That I deſire to heare her ſpeake againe?
And feaſt vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt baite thy hooke: moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good vs on
To ſinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once ſtir my temper; but this vertuous Maid
Subdoes me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I ſmild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouoſt.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouoſt*, ſo I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Prouoſt: whats your will, good Frier?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſite the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: doe me the common right
To let me ſee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull
Enter Iuſtice.
Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath bliſtered her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another ſuch offence,
Then dye for it his.
Duke. When muſt he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, ſtay a while
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the ſin you carry?
Iul. I doe; and beare the ſhame moſt patiently.
Duke. Ile teach you how you ſhal arraign your conſcience
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Iul. Ile gladly learne.
Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it ſeemes your moſt offence full eſt
Was mutually committed.
Iul. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your ſin of heauier kinde than his.
Iul. I doe confeſſe it, and repent it (Father.)
Duke. 'Tis

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Duke. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies towerd our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare.

Isa. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy.

Duke. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you, *Benedicte.* *Exit.*

Isa. Must die to morrow? oh iniurious Lawe
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Gravitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe-from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood.
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires accesse to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why does' my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnesse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which he should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a well-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. (me,

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?

Isab. Sir, beleeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number, then for account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heauen let me bee set: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me.
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorance, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth tax it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to saue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to saue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I vnder the terrmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body vp to shame.

Ang. That

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.
Iſa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a ſiſter, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue ſlander'd ſo?
Iſa. Ignomie in ranſome, and free pardon
Are of two houſes: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Iſa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft falls out
To haue, what we would haue,
We ſpeake not what we meane;
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Iſa. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a federie but onely he
Owe, and ſecreed thy weakneſſe.
Ang. Nay, women are frailes too.
Iſa. I, as the glaſſes where they view themſelues,
Which are as eaſie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen! men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are ſoft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this teſtimonie of your owne ſex
(Since I ſuppoſe we are made to be no ſtronger
Then faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all externall warrants) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Liuerie.
Iſa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you ſpeake the former language.
Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.
Iſa. My brother did loue *Iulietta*,
And you tell me that he ſhall die for't.
Ang. He ſhall not *Iſabell* if you giue me loue.
Iſa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeemes a little fouler then it is,
To plaſter on others.
Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expreſſe my purpoſe.
Iſa. Ha! Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe: Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Iſabell*?
My vnſpotted name, th' auſtereneſſe of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'th State,
Will ſo your accuſation ouerweigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your owne report,
And ſmell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my ſenſuall race, the reine,
Fit thy conſent to my ſharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or elſe he muſt not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneſſe ſhall his death draw out
To lingring ſufferance: Anſwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moſt.
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*
Iſa. To whom ſhould I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That bare in them, one and the ſelfeſame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approoſe,
Bidding the Law make curtſie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, he'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her bodie ſtoope
To ſuch abhord pollution.
Then *Iſabell* liue chaſte, and brother die;
More then our Brother, is our Chaſtitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* requeſt,
And fit his minde to death, for his ſoules reſt. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouoſt.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Cla. The miſerable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life:
If I do looſe thee, I do looſe a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,
That doſt this habitation where thou keepſt
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourſt by thy flight to ſhun;
And yet runſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearſt,
Are nurſt by baſeneſſe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou doſt feare the ſoft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy beſt of reſt is ſleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakſt, yet groſſely fearſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy ſelfe,
For thou exiſts on manie a thouſand graines
That iſſue out of duſt. Happie thou art not,
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriu'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt forgetſt. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Aſſe, whoſe backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearſt thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend haſt thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effuſion of thy proper loines
Do curſe the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners ſleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palſied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

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Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleaſant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deathes; yet death we feare
That makes theſe odds, all euen.
Cla. I humbly thanke you.
To ſue to liue, I finde I ſeeke to die,
And ſeeking death, finde life: Let it come on.
Enter Iſabella.
Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good compaſſe.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deſerues a welcome.
Duke. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.
Cla. Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.
Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio*.
Pro. And very welcom: looke Signior, heer's your ſiſter.
Duke. Prouoſt, a word with you.
Pro. As many as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.
Cla. Now ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſa. Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger:
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
Clau. Is there no remedie?
Iſa. None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine.
Clau. But is there any?
Iſa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a dreadfull choice in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life.
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Iſa. I iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtidity you had
To a determin'd ſcope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting to't,
Would bar me your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leſt thou a feaſterous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſix or ſeuen winters more reſpect
Than a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ſt thou die:
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why giue you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſſe? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conſerue a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*?
Iſa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſt bodie to inueſt, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doſt thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.
Iſa. Yes, he would giu't thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
Clau. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Iſabell*.
Iſa. Be ready *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeuen it is the leaſt.
Iſa. Which is the leaſt?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Iſabell*.
Iſa. What ſaies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weerieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
Iſa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Siſter, let me liue.
What ſinne you do, to ſaue a brothers life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deede ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſa. O you beaſt,
O faithleſſe Coward, o diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wildernes
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand prairs for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Iſabell*.
Iſa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinne's not accidentall, but a Trade:

Mercie

Mercy to thee would presse it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella.*

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denisall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. *Prouost*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my aduisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if perauenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not foule in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Frederick* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo.*

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely reserue your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: we shall aduise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and here, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he increst you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. fare you well good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.

Clow. 'Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law: a furr'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Fox and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry

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Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir. for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ſtrange Pick-lock, which we haue ſent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cramm a maw, or clothe a backe
From ſuch a filthie vice: ſay to thy ſelfe,
From theſe abhominable and beaſtly touches
I drinke, I eate away my ſelfe, and liue
Canſt thou beleeue thy liuing is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ſtinke in ſome ſort, Sir: but yet Sir I would proue

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for ſin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to priſon Officer:
Correction, and Inſtruction muſt both worke
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he has giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſt, a Cord Sir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pygmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Time, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What ſaiſt thou Troſt? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: ſtill worſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morſell, thy Miſtreſſe? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth Sir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd, an vnbaum'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith Sir

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Bawd borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the houſe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip wil be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie *Pompey*.
Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridgets* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Friar*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:
What newes *Friar* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereſoeuer, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to. Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him. Something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too generall a vice, and ſeueritie muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put downe. They ſay this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant ſir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent haue done this? Ere he would haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he would haue paide for the Nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, hee knew the ſeruice, and that inſtructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enelin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeue I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a ſecret muſt bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderſtand, the greater file of the ſubiect held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee ſhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statеſman, and a Soldier: therefore you ſpeake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

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Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know

Duke. I can hardly beleeue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not

Duke. O you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me too vnhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first. Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his houseeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darke-lie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrussing. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortalitie
Can censure scape: Back wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and treble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-down* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Lacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licenſe: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and admis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'euen, good Father

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vse it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarse truth enough aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisdome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that abouse all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioycing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioyce. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a prayer they may prouse prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceiuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue laboured for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

Duke. If hee owne life,
Answere the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am gaung to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you,
He who the sword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as seuere:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with idle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betrothed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, falsse exacting,
And performe an olde contracting. *Exit*

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Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that do mislead the Morne
But my kisses bring againe, bring again
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe

Duke. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good: and good provoke to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to
meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after. I haue seene
here all day

Enter Isabell.

Duke. I doe constantly believe you: the time is come
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be
I will call vpon you anone for some advantage to your
selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circumcurd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue ta'ne a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke.
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Servant comes with me along
That stayes vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*
A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,

Enter Mariana.

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duke. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit*

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And rack thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprise vpon her father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duke. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe.
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost and Clowne.

Pro Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can.
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping: for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, use him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you weigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favor. for surely sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

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Abh. I Sir, a Misterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Misterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, vsing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Misterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie trade semes apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner ask forgiuenesse.

Pro. You Iaylor, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clock.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* & *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*.

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then ere't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirranous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouost, flidome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noise? That spirit's possest with haste,
That wounds th'vnsisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntil the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You something know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no such example haue we:
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lordes man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you swerue not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults losse, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke and in the afternoone Barnardine: For my better satisfaction, let mine house (Claudios head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer. Thus fayle not to doe your Office, as you will answeare it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, careleslie, wreakelesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, he would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many dayes entirely drunke. We haue very oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not mooued him at all.

Duke.

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Duke. More of him anon : There is written in your brow Prouoſt, honeſty and conſtancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me : but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my ſelfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to executte, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you vnderſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I craue but foure daies reſpit : for the which, you are to do me both a preſent, and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it. Having the houre limited, and an expreſſe command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſſe this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my inſtructions may be your guide, Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeene them both, And will diſcouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bar'de before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſſe, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iuſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to pluck all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke : you know the Characther I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you ſhall anon ouer-reade it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall finde within theſe two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for heere this very day receiues letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your ſelfe into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a preſent ſhrift, and aduiſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolue you : Come away, it is almoſt cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion : one would thinke it were Miſtris *Ouer-dons* owne houſe, for heere be many of her olde Cuſtomers. Firſt, here's yong Mr *Raſh*, he's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine ſcore and ſeuenteene pounds, of which hee made fiue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in requeſt, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the ſuite of Maſter *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for ſome foure ſuites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue we heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepevow*, and Mr *Copper-ſpurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild luſtie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthright* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shoote* the great Trauceller, and wilde *Haſt-Caſtle* that ſtabb'd Pots, and I thinke forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangmen: You muſt be ſo good Sir to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepie.

Abh. Tell him he muſt awake, And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleepe afterwards.

Abh. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruſſle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, ſirrah?

Clo. Very readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*? What's the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleepe the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghoſtly Father: do we ieſt now, thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to aduiſe you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my braines with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh Sir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you Looke forward on the iourny you ſhall go.

Bar. I ſweare I will not die to day for any mans perſwaſion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouoſt.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnprepar'd, vnmeet for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father. There died this morning of a cruell Feuor, One *Rogerson*, a most notorious Pirate, A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head Iust of his colour. What if we do omit This Reprobate, till he were well inclin'd, And satisfie the Deputie with the visage Of *Rogerson*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides. Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done, And sent according to command, whiles I Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently: But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone, And how shall we continue *Claudio*, To saue me from the danger that might come, If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*, Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting To yond generation, you shal finde Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo* Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*, (The Prouost he shall beare them) whose contents Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home: And that by great Iniunctions I am bound To enter publikely: him Ile desire To meet me at the consecrated Foune, A League below the Citie: and from thence, By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme, We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne, For I would commune with you of such things, That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know, If yet her brothers pardon be come hither: But I will keepe her ignorant of her good, To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man, Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him, *Isabell*, from the world, His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duke. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*, Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot, Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen, Marke what I say, which you shal finde By euery syllable a faithful veritie. The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dri'e your eyes, One of our Conuent, and his Confessor Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*, Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (doome, There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wit In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart, And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Frier *Peter* giue, 'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne: Say, by this token, I desire his companie At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo* Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe, I am combined by a sacred Vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter: Command these fretting waters from your eies With a light heart; trust not my holie Order If I pervert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good'euen; Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set me too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: ye'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee, I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already Sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disauouch'd other.

Ang.

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An. In moſt vneuen and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhew much like to madneſſe, pray heauen his wiſedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliuer our authorities there?

Eſc. I ghеſſe not.

Ang. And why ſhould wee proclaime it in an houre before his entring, that if any craue redreſſe of iniuſtice, they ſhould exhibite their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſc. He ſhowes his reaſon for that: to haue a diſpatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices hereafter, which ſhall then haue no power to ſtand againſt vs.

Ang. Well: I beſeech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your houſe: giue notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuite as are to meete him.

Eſc. I ſhall ſir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnſhapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law againſt it? But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaime againſt her maiden loſſe,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her no
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular ſcandall once can touch
But it confoundes the breather. He ſhould haue liu'd
Some that haue riotous youth with dangerous ſenſe
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By ſo receiuing a diſhonor'd life
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame: would yet he had laued
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. Theſe Letters at fit time deliuer me.
The Prouoſt knowes our purpoſe and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your inſtruction
And hold you euer to our ſpeciall drift,
Though ſometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cauſe doth miniſter: Goe call at *Flauia's* houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: giue the like notice
To *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flauius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. *Exit.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou haſt made good haſt,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Iſabella and Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath,
I would ſay the truth, but to accuſe him ſo
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doo it.
He ſaies, to vaile full purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He ſpeake againſt me on the aduerſe ſide,
I ſhould not thinke it ſtrange, for 'tis a phyſicke
That's bitter, to ſweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Iſab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may haue ſuch vantage on the *Duke*
He ſhall not paſſe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets ſounded.
The generous and graueſt Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeuerall doores.

Duke. My very worthy Coſen, fairely met.
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to ſee you

Ang. Eſc. Happy returne be to your royall grace

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneſſe of your Iuſtice, that our ſoule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud, & I ſhould wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert boſome
When it deſerues with characters of braſſe
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblitiion: Giue me your hand
And let the Subiect ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*.
You muſt walke by vs, on our other hand.
And good ſupporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Iſab. Iuſtice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue ſaid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaine,
And giuen me Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs:
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall giue you Iuſtice,
Reueale your ſelfe to him.

Iſab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me ſeeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your ſelfe: for that which I muſt ſpeake
Muſt either puniſh me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redreſſe from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a ſuitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by courſe of Iuſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of Iuſtice.

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeake moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truely will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?
Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*.
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this in th'infirmity of sence.
Isa. Oh Prince, I conjure thee as thou beleev'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.
Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeve no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.
Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?
Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd upon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*.
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Isab. That's he indeede.
Duke. You were not bid to speake.
Luc No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A businesse for your selfe: pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.
Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,
Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
Isab. In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by:
How I perswaded, how I prayd, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak't,
Duk. By heaven (fond wretch) thou knowst not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull practise: first his Integritie
Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on:
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.
Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill, which is heere wrapt up
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from woe
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved goe.
Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere us? This needs must be a practise:
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Isa. One that I would were heere. *Frier Lodowick.*
Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar.
A very scuruy fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no lesse.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that she speakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, most villanously, believe it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe:
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of

Of a ſtrange Feauor: vpon his mere requeſt
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To ſpeake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whenſoeuer he's conuented: Firſt for this woman,
To iuſtifie this worthy Noble man.
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you heare diſproued to her eyes,
Till ſhe her ſelfe confeſſe it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs ſome ſeates, Come coſen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cauſe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew your face, and after, ſpeake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,
And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
I haue knowen my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witneſſe for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
She that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelfe-ſame manner, doth accuſe my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'le depoſe I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges ſhe moe than me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you ſay your husband

Mar. Why iuſt, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Iſabel's*.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: Let's ſee thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou ſworſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was faſt belocke in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Iſabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her Imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie ſhe ſaies,

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, I know this woman,
And fiue yeres ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was diſ-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres
I neuer ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,
As there is ſence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gon, in's garden houſe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees,
Or elſe for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the ſcope of Iuſtice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
Theſe poore informall women, are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practiſe out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And puniſh them to your heighe of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkſt thou, thy oathes,
Though they would ſweare downe each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth, and credit
That's ſeald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that ſet them on,
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this Complaint:
Your Prouoſt knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it inſtantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Coſen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as ſeemes you beſt
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leaue you; but ſtir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon theſe Slanderers. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, we'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Luc. Cucullus non facit Monachum; honeſt in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them againſt him: we ſhall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſc. Call that ſame *Iſabell* here once againe, I would ſpeake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to queſtion, you ſhall ſee how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Eſc. Say you?

Luc. Marry ſir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately

ſhee

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She would ſooner confeſſe, perchance publikely ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke, Provoſt, Iſabella.

Eſc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Eſc. Come on Miſtris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue ſaid.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the raſcall I ſpoke of, Here, with the *Prouoſt*.

Eſc. In very good time: ſpeake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Eſc. Come Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confeſ'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis falſe.

Eſc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Reſpect to your great place; and let the diuell Be ſometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he ſhould heare me ſpeake.

Eſc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you ſpeake, Looke you ſpeake iuſtly.

Duk. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh poore ſoules, Come you to ſeeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redreſſe: Is the *Duke* gone? Then is your cauſe gone too: The *Duke's* vniuſt, Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuſe.

Luc. This is the raſcall: this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women, To accuſe this worthy man? but in ſoule mouth, And in the witneſſe of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' *Duke* himſelfe, to taxe him with Iniuſtice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpoſe: What? vniuſt?

Duk. Be not ſo hot: the *Duke* dare No more ſtretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not, Nor here Prouincial: My buſineſſe in this State Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*, Where I haue ſeene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers ſhop, As much in mocke, as marke.

Eſc. Slander to th' State: Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the ſound of your voice, I met you at the Priſon, in the abſence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the *Duke*.

Duk. Moſt notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you ſo Sir: And was the *Duke* a fleſh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You muſt (Sir) change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I pluche thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duk. I proteſt, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my ſelfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to priſon: Where is the *Prouoſt*? away with him to priſon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him ſpeak no more: away with thoſe Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What, reſiſts he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come ſir, come ſir, come ſir: foh ſir, why you bald-pated lying raſcall, you muſt be hooded muſt you? ſhow your knaues viſage with a pox to you: ſhow your ſheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the firſt knaue, that ere mad'ſt a *Duke*. Firſt *Prouoſt*, let me bayle theſe gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Muſt haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worſe then hanging.

Duk. What you haue ſpoke, I pardon: ſit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'ſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ſt Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I ſhould be guiltier then my guiltineſſe, To thinke I can be vndiſcernable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my paſſes. Then good Prince, No longer Seſſion hold vpon my ſhame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeſſion: Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*, Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her inſtantly. Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which conſummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoſt*. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonor, Then at the ſtrangeneſſe of it.

Duk. Come hither *Iſabell*, Your *Friar* is now your Prince: As I was then A ſuertyſing, and holy to your buſineſſe, (Not changing heart with habit) I am ſtill, Attourned at your ſeruice.

Iſab. Oh giue me pardon That I, your vaſſaile, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraignie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Iſabell*: And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know ſits at your heart: And you may marueile, why I obſcur'd my ſelfe, Labouring to ſaue his life: and would not rather Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden powre, Then let him ſo be loſt: oh moſt kinde Maid, It was the ſwift celeritie of his death, Which I did thinke, with ſlower foot came on, That brain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him, That life is better life paſt fearing death, Then that which lines to feare: make it your comfort,

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So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For *Mariana*'s sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death.
Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious *Lord*,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours;
We doe en-state, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabel*, take my part.
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Duke. Against all sence you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabell:
Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intente,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duke. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duke. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by priuate order else haue dide,
I haue reserv'd aliue.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue still appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deserving, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduise him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sau'd,
Who should haue di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake
Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's safe,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:
Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Lus. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Provost round about the Citie;
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lus. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord doe not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Vpon

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Duke. Vpon mine honor thou ſhalt marrie her.
Thy ſtanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to priſon,
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preſſing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a Prince deſerues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reſtore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confeſs'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſſe,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouoſt* for thy care, and ſecrecie,
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it ſelfe. Deere *Iſabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll ſhow
What's yet behinde, that meete you all ſhould know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantaſtique.
2. *Other like Gentlemen.*
Prouoſt.
Thomas. } 2. *Priers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.
Froth, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute priſoner.
Iſabella, ſiſter to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Miſtris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

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The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Marchant.

Proceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes been decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mar. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusian*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*

Mar. A heauier taske could not haue been impos'd,
Than I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In *Siracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap been bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was no fiue moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
There had she not been long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone we came aboord.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous plainings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them merciliesse to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this vniuſt diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With leſſer waight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sights they three were taken vp
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrack guests,
And would haue reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my birſle,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.
Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.
Merch. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a loue to see,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest Greece,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But here muſt end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.
Duke. Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates haue marke
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Lawes,
Againſt my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not diſanull,
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And paſſed sentence may not be reuok'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Merchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy cuſtodie.
Iaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopeleſſe and helpeleſſe doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liueleſſe end. *Exeunt*

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio
Mar. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too soone be confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne ſet in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruſe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and ſleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am ſtiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing ſo good a meane.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A truſtie villaine ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E.Mer. I am inuited ſir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crauе your pardon, soone at fiue a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time
My preſent buſineſſe calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looſe my ſelfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.
E.Mer. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnſeene, inquiſitiue) confounds himſelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of them (vnhappie) looſe my ſelfe.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.
Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoone
E.Dro. Return'd ſo ſoone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig falls from the ſpit,
The clocke hath ſtrucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, becauſe you come not home:
You come not home, becauſe you haue no ſtomacke:
You haue no ſtomacke, hauing broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the money that I gaue you.
E.Dro. Oh ſixe pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine owne cuſtodie.
E.Dro. I pray you ieſt ſir as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I returne I ſhall be poſt indeede.

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For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
Reserue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E.Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phœnix* sir, to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

E.Dro. I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?

E.Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And prayes that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue.

E.Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles. (hands:

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cosenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:
If it prone so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaure to goe seeke this slaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Serotus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; If so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie than ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminence then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would beare some sway

Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.

Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though she paute,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:
So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would releeue me;
But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

E.Dro. Nay, he's at too hands with mee, and that my
two eares can witnesse. (two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, he strooke so plainly, I could too well
feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce vnderstand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?

E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. Quoth who?

E.Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my
tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe fiend, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Dro. And he will blesse y crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.
Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus?
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluable and sharpe discourse be marr'd,
Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Ielousie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed
I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will.
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How many fond fooles serue mad Ielousie?
Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erroris.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slaue
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue strookes, so iest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phenix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.
S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felst I was displeas'd.
S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yea, dost thou iere & flowt me in the teeth?
Think'st I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
S.Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
Anti. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blowes long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. Dost thou not know?
S.Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S.Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why hath a wherefore.
Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the second time to me.
S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.
Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?
S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me for nothing.
Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?
S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue
Ant. In good time sir: what's that?
S.Dro. Basting.
Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.
S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.
Ant. Your reason?
S.Dro. Lest it make you choller, and purchase me another drie basting.
Ant. Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a time for all things.
S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were so choller-ieke.
Anti. By what rule sir?
S.Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.
Ant. Let's heare it.
S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.
Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the lost haire of another man.
Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?
S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.
Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more haire then wit.
S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.
Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loosseth it in a kinde of iollitie.
An. For what reason.
S.Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

An. Nay

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An. Nay not ſound I pray you.

S.Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S.Dro. The one to ſaue the money that he ſpends in tying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porredge.

An. You would all this time haue prou'd, here is no time for all things.

S.Dro. Marry and did ſir: namely, in no time to recouer haire loſt by Nature.

An. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantiall, why there is no time to recouer.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I. *Antipholus*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
Some other Miſtreſſe hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldſt vow,
That neuer words were muſicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleaſing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meate ſweet-ſauour'd in thy taſte,
Vnleſſe I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelfe?
Thy ſelfe I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere ſelfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy ſelfe from me;
For know my loue: as eaſie muſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldſt thou but heare I were licentious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the ſtain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canſt, and therefore ſee thou doe it.
I am poſſeſſed with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I doe digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue diſtain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Anti. Pleaſd you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two houres old
As ſtrange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderſtand.

Luc. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Anti. By *Dromio*? *Dro.* By me.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didſt returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Anti. Did you converſe ſir with this gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S.Dro. I ſir? I neuer ſaw her till this time.

Anti. Villaine thou lieſt, for euen her verie words,
Didſt thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

S.Dro. I neuer ſpake with her in all my life.

Anti How can ſhe thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleſſe it be by inſpiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus groſely with your ſlaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will faſten on this ſleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſſe married to thy ſtranger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſſe thee from me, it is droſſe,
Vſurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Moſſe,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and liue on thy confuſion.

Anti. To me ſhee ſpeakes, ſhee moues mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or ſleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amiſſe?
Vntill I know this ſure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fa'lacie.

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the ſeruants ſpred for dinner.

S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſſe me for a ſinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh ſpight of ſpights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will inſue:
They'll ſucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelfe, and anſwer'ſt not:
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou ſnaile, thou ſlug, thou ſot.

S.Dro. I am transformed Maſter, am I not?

Anti. I thinke thou art in minde, and ſo am I.

S.Dro. Nay Maſter, both in minde, and in my ſhape.

Anti. Thou haſt thine owne forme

S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſſe.

S.Dro. 'Tis true ſhe rides me, and I long for graſſe.
'Tis ſo, I am an Aſſe, elſe it could neuer be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'ſt man and Maſter laughes my woes to ſcorne:
Come ſir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And ſhriue you of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Anti. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduiſde:
Knowne vnto theſe, and to my ſelfe diſguiſde:
Ile ſay as they ſay, and perſeuer ſo:
And in this miſt at all aduentures go.

S.Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?

Adr. I, and let none enter, leaſt I breake your pate

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late.

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Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Marchant

E. Ant. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart *I* have your hand to show;
If y skin were parchment & y blowes you gave were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what *I* thinke.

E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare.
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that pase,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheere
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deere.

E. An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.

Ant. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Ant. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.*

S. Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that y call for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: *I* have not din'd to day.

S Dro. Not to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you

S. Dro. And you said no

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard,

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Ant. You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.

Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife sir knowe? go get you from the dore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would fayne have either.

Bala. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile breake ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with you sir, and words are but wind:
I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou wantst breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have no fin

Ant Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master mean you so?
For

For ſilth without a ſauce, ther's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help vs in ſirra, we'll plucke a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Haue patience ſir, oh let it not be ſo,
Herein you warre againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſſe of ſuſpect
Th'vnviolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wiſedome,
Her ſober vertue, yeares, and modeſtie,
Plead on your part ſome cauſe to you vnknowne;
And doubt not ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doores are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your ſelfe alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint:
If by ſtrong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rowt
Againſt your yet vngalled eſtimation
That may with foule intrufion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For ſlander liues vpon ſucceſſion:
For euer hows'd, where it gets poſſeſſion.
Ant. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the houſe: That chaine will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Vpon mine hoſteſſe there, good ſir make haſte:
Since mine owne doores refuſe to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elſe-where, to ſee if they'll diſdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place ſome houre hence.
Ant. Do ſo, this ieſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracuſa.

Iuli. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? ſhall *Antipholus*
Euen in the ſpring of Loue, thy Loue-ſprings rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-ſake vſe her with more kindneſſe:
Or if you like elſe-where doe it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe loue with ſome ſhew of blindneſſe:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne ſhames Orator:
Looke ſweet, ſpeake faire, become diſloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire preſence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach ſinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
Though others haue the arme, ſhew vs the ſleeue
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vaine,
When the ſweet breath of flatterie conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweete Miſtris, what your name is elſe I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leſſe in your knowledge, and your grace you ſhow not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and ſpeake:
Lay open to my earthie groſſe conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Againſt my ſoules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not ſweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy ſiſter flood of teares:
Sing Siren for thy ſelfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the ſiluer waues thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath ſuch meanes to die:
Let Loue being light, be drowned if ſhe ſinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reaſon ſo?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames faire ſun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you ſhould, and that will cleere your ſight.
Ant. As good to winke ſweet loue, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my ſiſter ſo.
Ant. Thy ſiſters ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
Ant. No: it is thy ſelfe, mine owne ſelfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my ſweet hopes aime;
My ſole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thy ſelfe ſiſter ſweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.
Luc. Oh ſoft ſir, hold you ſtill:
Ile fetch my ſiſter to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracuſa.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where runſt thou ſo faſt?
S. Dro. Doe you know me ſir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my ſelfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelfe.
Dro. I am an aſſe, I am a womans man, and beſides my ſelfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how beſides thy ſelfe?
Dro. Marrie ſir, beſides my ſelfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.
Ant. What

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Anti. What claime laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say *sir* reuerence. I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & all grease, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Sweet like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shooes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogges.

Anti. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Anti. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre against her heire.

Anti. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I gueesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Anti. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Anti. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about me, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breft had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hie thee presently post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
I'le stop mine eares against the Mermaids song

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus*.

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, lo here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you.

Anti Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time I'le visit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Anti. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine
I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
I'le to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away *Exit*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Marchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Guilders for my voyage
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'le attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Off. That labour may you saue: See where he comes.

Anti. While I go to the Goldsmith's house, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft, I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither, Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect,
The fineneſſe of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Beſides I haue some buſineſſe in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburſe the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your ſelfe.

Ant. No bring it with you, least I come not time enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will: Haue you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or elſe you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:
Both wind and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you vſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porpentine*,
I ſhould haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mer. The houre ſteales on, I pray you sir diſpatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either ſend the Chaine, or ſend me by some token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſſe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? What ſhould I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre ſince.

Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to ſay ſo.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Conſider how it ſtands vpon my credit.

Mer. Well Officer, arreſt him at *my* ſuite.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Conſent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arreſt me foolish fellow if thou dar'ſt.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arreſt him Officer.
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorne me ſo apparantly.

Offic. I do arreſt you sir, you heare the ſuite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
But firrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as deere,
As all the mettall in your ſhop will anſwer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I ſhall haue Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt is not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Maſter, there's a Barke of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtaies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then ſir ſhe beares away. Our fraughtage ſir,
I haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balſamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelfe.

Ant. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuiſh ſheep
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtaies for me.

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me too, to hier waftage

Ant. Thou drunken ſlaue, I ſent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoone,
You ſent me to the Bay ſir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure
And teach your eares to liſt me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee ſtraight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkiſh Tapiſtrie,
There is a purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreete,
And that ſhall baile me: hie thee ſlaue, be gone,
On Officer to priſon, till it come. *Exeunt*

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaſſe,
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will:
For ſeruants muſt their Maſters minds fulfill. *Exit*

Enter Adriana and *Luciana.*

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceiue auſteerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſeruation mad'ſt thou in this caſe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. Firſt he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my ſpight

Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger heere.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworne he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might moue
Firſt, he did praiſe my beautie, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall haue his will
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſſe euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, ſoolliſh, blunt, vnkinde,

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Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.
Luc. Who would be iealous then of such a one?
No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prayes for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
S. Dro. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A diuell in an everlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe.
A backe friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgment carries poore soules to hell.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.
Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?
S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arested well; but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell, will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.
Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.
Exit Luciana.
Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arested on a band?
S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What, the chaine?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.
S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes backe for verie feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how soodly do'ſt thou reason?
S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracusa.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And Iapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou meane?
S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kill'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie.
Ant. I vnderstand thee not.
S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Morris Pike.
Ant. What thou mean'ſt an officer?
S. Dro. I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue you good rest.
Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer you.
Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*.
I see sir you haue found the Gold-smith now.
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.
Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.
S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?
Ant. It is the diuell.
S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.
Cur. Your man and you are marueilous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?
S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake a long spoone.
Ant. Why *Dromio*?
S. Dro. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must eate with the diuell.
Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tell'ſt thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse: I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gone.
Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And I'le be gone sir, and not trouble you.
S. Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of one's nayle,

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a ruffe, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she more couetous, would haue a cheine: Master be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine, I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S. Dro. Fie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exit*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad, Else would he neuer so demeane himselfe, A Ring he hath of mine worth forty Duckets, And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine, Both one and other he denies me now: The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance. Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doores against his way: My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke, He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce My Ring away. This course I fitteth choose, For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailer.

Ant. Feare me not man, I will not breake away, Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money To warrant thee as I am rested for. My wife is in a wayward moode to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a rope end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the money. How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serue you for fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduersitie.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senseless sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Nuncians to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His inciuility confirmes no lesse: Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer, Establish him in his true sence againe, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let me feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your care.

Pinch. I charge thee Satan, hous'd within this man, To yeeld possession to my holie praiers, And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers? Did this Companion with the saffron face Reuell and feast it at my house to day, Whil'st vpon me the guiltie doores were shut, And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home Where would you had remain'd vntill this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou!

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. *Sans* Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. *Certis* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In verities you did, my bones beares witnesse, That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine, And yeelding to him, humors well his frenzie.

Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you, By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luci. And I saw witnesse with her that she did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse, That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest, I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why doth thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle M^r I receiu'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both
Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: His friends.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Off. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not haue him.
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?
Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.
Ant. Oh most vnhappie strumpet.
Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the diuell.
Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtezan

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large

Enter Antipholus Sirracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.
Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Exeunt all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.
Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes marriage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.
Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reuerent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it?
Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did heare thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'st
To walke where any honest men resort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter

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Enter Ladie Abbesse

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, sowre sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremitie of rage.
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Seaz'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him.
Adr. Why so I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me
Ab. Haply in priuate.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou saist his sports were hindred by thy brawles
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.
Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why bear you these rebukes, and answers not?
Adr. She did beare me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickenesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholsome syrrops, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
Mer. By this I thinke the Dial points at fiue
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
Gold. Vpon what cause?
Mer. To see a reuerent *Siracusian* Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracusa bare head, with the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed.
Anon I wot not, by whose strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till rising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

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Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M[aster] preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nicks him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjurer.
Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.
Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-(stice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I befriid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.
Mar. Fat. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me dore, I see my Sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.
E. Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against ỹ Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.
Duke. Discourse how, and thou shalt finde me iust.
E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores vpon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-rash provoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthazer* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the streets I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer:
I did obey, and sent my Peasant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fiercely I beſpoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.
Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you,
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
E. Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
And this is false you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have bin.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.
E. Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit

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Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.
Duke. Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You me not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.
Fa. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?
E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.
Fath. Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that here my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.
Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou shun'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life
Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
All gather to see them.
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me
Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Dro. O my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Aemilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake vnto the same *Aemilia*.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Aemilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall raft.
Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracusa*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money sir to be your bayle
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was ta'ne for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not needs, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one dayes error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie.

And

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile,
Of you my ſonnes, and till this preſent houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with mee,
After ſo long greeſe ſuch Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord?

E.An.Dromio, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarkt

S Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaure.

S.Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio*.
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E.D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?

S.Dro Not I ſir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou firſt

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another

Exeunt

FINIS.

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Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Inogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messanger

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you loft in this action?

Mess. But few of any fort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it ſelfe, when the atchiever brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Peter* hath beſtowed much honor on a yoog *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deſerv'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himſelfe beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vncle heere in *Meſſina*, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen ſo much, that ioy could not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badg of bitterneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great meaſure

Leo. A kinde overflow of kindneſſe, there are no faces truer, then thoſe that are ſo waſh'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none ſuch in the armie of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My couſin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet vp his bils here in *Meſſina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vncles foole reading the Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Barbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but he'l be meet with you, I doubt it not

Mess. He hath done good ſeruice Lady in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuall, and he hath holpe to eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent ſtomacke.

Mess. And a good ſouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good ſouldier to a Lady But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, ſtuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You muſt not (ſir) miſtake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: ſo that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himſelfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himſelfe and his horſe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworne brother.

Mess. Is't poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he weares his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with ſ next block.

Mess. I ſee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught then the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedict, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cur'd

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio. Benedicke, Balthaſar, and Iohn the baſtard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to auoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſſ of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſſe takes his leaue.

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Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not haue his head on her ſhoulders for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Diſdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhee hath ſuch meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Courteſie it ſelfe muſt conuert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence.

Ben. Then is courteſie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women, they would elſe haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter. I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man ſweare he loues me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtill in that minde, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrot teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of your.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Ladies tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſumme of all: *Leonato*, ſignior *Claudio*, and ſignior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth, and he heartily prayes ſome occaſion may detaine vs longer: I dare ſweare hee is no hypocrite, but prayes from his heart.

Leon. If you ſweare, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworne, let moſt bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manent Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. *Benedicke*, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong Ladie?

Ben. Doe you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould doe, for my ſimple true iudgement? or would you haue me ſpeake after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee ſpeake in ſober iudgement.

Ben. Why yfaith me thinks ſhee's too low for a hie praiſe, too browne for a faire praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were ſhee other then ſhe is, ſhe were vnhandſome, and being no other, but as ſhe is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'ſt her.

Ben. Would you buie her, that you enquire after her?

Clau. Can the world buie ſuch a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into, but ſpeake you this with a ſad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key ſhall a man take you to goe in the ſong?

Clau. In mine eie, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Ladie that euer I looke on.

Ben. I can ſee yet without ſpectaeles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of Maie doth the laſt of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelfe, though I had ſworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with ſuſpition? ſhall I neuer ſee a batcheller of three ſcore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and ſigh awsy ſondaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to ſeeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the baſtard.

Pedr. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would conſtraine me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke ſo (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how ſhort his anſwere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* ſhort daughter.

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo: but indeede, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Clau. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You ſpeake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I ſpeake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeake mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedr. That ſhe is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how ſhee ſhould be loued, nor know how ſhee ſhould be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me. I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedr. Thou waſt euer an obſtinate heretique in the deſpight of Beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That

Bene. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that she brought me vp, I likewise giue her most humble thankes; but that I will haue a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, heere you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Claud. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonato*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The fixt of July. Your louing friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not: the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you. *Exit.*

Claud. My Liege, your Highnesse now may do me good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Lession that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his only heire. Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

Claud. O my Lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd vpon her with a soldiers eie, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand Then to driue liking to the name of loue: But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how faire yong *Hero* is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warre.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words: If thou dost loue faire *Hero*, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wast not to this end, That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly doe you minister to loue, That know loues griefe by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme, I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need ſ bridge much broder then the flood? The fairest graunt is the necessitie: Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou louest, And I will fit thee with the remedie, I know we shall haue reuelling to night, I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*, And in her bosome Ile vnclaspe my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong incounter of my amorous tale: Then after, to her father will I breake, And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine, In practise let vs put it presently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your son: hath he prouided this musicke?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Le. Are they good?

Old. As the euents stampes them, but they haue a good couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discouered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peraduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: cosins, you know what you haue to doe, O I cry you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill good cosin haue a care this busie time. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion

Con. What the good yeare my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

Ioh. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

Ioh. And when I haue heard it, what blessing brin geth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans busines, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may doe it without controlment, you haue of late

late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needfull that you frame the season for your owne harvest.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine. I am trusted with a muzzell, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

Iohn. I will make all use of it, for I use it onely.
Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he!

Iohn. A proper squire, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himselfe, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-vp hath all the glorie of my overthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I bleste my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe prove whats to be done?

Bor. We'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman looks, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue: in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith shee's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sendes a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sendes none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him vpon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and lead his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete me like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heauens, he shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there liue we as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other curtsie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vncle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not wood a good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him here is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is a Scotch iigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch iigge (and full as fantasticall) the wedding manerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & ancientry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.

Leonato.

Leonato. Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vncle, I can ſee a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Baltheſar, or Dunke Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walke away.

Pedro With me in your company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you ſo ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro My viſor is *Philemons* roofe, within the houſe is Loue.

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you ſpeake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Hero. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Hero. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Hero. God match me with a good dancer.

Balt. Amen.

Hero. And God keepe him out of my ſight when the dance is done: anſwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is anſwered.

Vrſula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Antonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrſula. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vrſ. You could neuer do him ſo ill well, vnleſſe you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Vrſula. Come, come, do you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Bene. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Bene. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Beand. Not now.

Bene. That I was diſdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Bene. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Bene. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Bene. Why he is the Princes leaſter, a very dull fool, only his gift is, in deuiſing impoſſible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you ſay.

Bene. Do, do, he'l but breake a compariſon or two on me, which peraduenture (not marke, or not laught at) ſtrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaued, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Bene. In euery good thing.

Bene. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt*

Muſicke for the dance.

Iohn Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you Signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am he.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diſſwade him from her, ſhe is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him ſweare his affection.

Bor. So did I too, and he ſweare he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Exeunt Clau.*

Clau. Thus anſwere I in name of *Benedicke*,
But heare theſe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*
'Tis certaine ſo, the Prince woes for himſelfe:
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vſe their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it ſelfe,
And truſt no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea, the ſame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own buſineſſe, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gote hand off? About your necke, like an Vſurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarfe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Clau I wiſh him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drouier, ſo they ſell Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue ſerued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you ſtrike like the blinde man, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and you'l beat the poſt.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit*

Ben. Alas poore hart ſowle, now will he creepe into ſedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* ſhould know me, ſhe not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, becauſe I am merrie: yea but ſo I am apt to do my ſelfe wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you ſee him?

Ben.

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Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue plaid the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady. and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds neſt, ſhewes it his companion, and he ſteales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amiſſe the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himſelfe, and the rod hee might haue beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) haue ſtolne his birds neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that danſt with her, told her ſhee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ſhe miſuſde me paſt the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue anſwered her: my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: ſhee told mee, not thinking I had beene my ſelfe, that I was the Princes Ieſter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huddling Ieſts vpon Ieſts, with ſuch impoſſible conueiance vpon me, that I ſtood like a man at a marke, with a whole army ſhooting at me: ſhee ſpeakes poyniards, and euery word ſtabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtarre: I would not marry her, though ſhe were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſt, ſhe would haue made *Hercules* haue turned ſpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you ſhall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God ſome ſcholler would coniure her, for certainely while ſhe is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary, and people ſinne vpon purpoſe, becauſe they would goe thither, ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any ſeruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the ſlighteſt arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuiſe to ſend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheſt inch of Aſia: bring you the length of *Preſter Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Cham's* beard: doe you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God ſir, heeres a diſh I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue loſt the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one, marry once before he wonne it of me, with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I haue loſt it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prouoke me mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and ſomething of a ielous complexion.

Pedro. I faith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be ſworne, if how be ſo, his conceits is falſe: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace ſay, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt Herauld of ioy, I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my ſelfe for you, and dote vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake coſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſſe, and let not him ſpeake neither.

Pedro. Inſtith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy ſide of Care, my coſin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth coſin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd, I may ſit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnleſſe I might haue another for working-dales, your Grace is too coſtly to weare euerie day: but I beſeech your Graces pardon mee, I was borne to ſpeake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry, beſt becomes you, for out of queſtion, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No ſure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a ſtarre danſt, and vnder that was I borne: coſins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleaſant ſpirited Lady.

Leo. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, ſhe is neuer ſad, but when ſhe ſleepes, and not euer ſad then: for I haue heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreamt of vnhappineſſe, and wakt her ſelfe with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedict*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

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married, they would talke themselues madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modeſt office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praiſe him, hee is of a noble straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honeſty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpight of his quicke wit, and his queaſie ſtomacke, hee ſhall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Iohn. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yes my Lord, but I can croſſe it.

Iohn. Any bane, any croſſe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canſt thou croſſe this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo couertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordſhip a yeere ſince, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſleade the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to deſpight them, I will endeauour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you haue diſcouer'd thus: they will ſcarcely believe this without triall: offer them inſtances which ſhall beare no leſſe likelihood, than to ſee mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appeare ſuch ſeeming truths of *Heroes* diſloyaltie, that iealouſie ſhall be cal'd aſſurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſently goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know not, but I would haue thee hence, and here againe. I doe much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, & ſuch a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no muſicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the tabor and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carouing the faſhion of a new dublet: he was wont to ſpeake plaine, & to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man & a ſouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo converted, & ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not be ſworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but I'le take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wiſe, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhee ſhall be, that's certaine: wiſe, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile never cheapen her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſition, and her haire ſhal be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! the Prince and Monſieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.

Prin. Come, ſhall we heare this muſicke?

Claud. Yes my good Lord: how ſtill the euening is, As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the muſicke ended, We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthaſar*, we'll heare that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not ſo bad a voyce, To ſlander muſicke any more than once.

Prin. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellency,

To

To slander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loues.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of mans bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer,
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heauy,
The fraud of men was euer so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as liefe haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loues him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discouers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Baire the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how

Cla. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue sworne it had my Lord, especially against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath she made her affection knowne to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and sweares she neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This saies shee now when shee's beginning to write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Cla. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty iest your daughter told vs of

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer, she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

Cla. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

Cla. Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, prayes, curses, O sweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it.

Cla. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wisedome and blood combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would she had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would haue dasht all other respects, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Cla. Hero thinkes surely she will die, for she saies she will die, if hee loue her not, and she will die ere she make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee woo her, rather then she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her loue,

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loue, 'tis very possible he'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large iests he will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not dote on her vpon this, I will neuer trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme to pitie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, 'tis so, I cannot reprooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remnants of wrie broken on me, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should liue till I were maried, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice

Bene. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Beat. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Bene. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a knifes point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrsula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now *Vrsula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearse-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine coueture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue

Hero. Then go we neare her that her eare lose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it.
No truely *Vrsula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrsula. But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hero. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Vrsula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?
Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man.
But Nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter elſe seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared
Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, left she make sport at it
Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely feature'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister.
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes.
If silent, why a blocke moued with none
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And never giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.
Vrsu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrsu. Yet tell her of it heare what shee will say.
Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.
Vrsu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prisde to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.
Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.
Vrsu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrsu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?
Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.
Vrsu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?
Hero. If it prooue so, then louing goes by hap,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exeunt.*

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lies behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.
Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.
Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.
Leo So say I, methinkes you are sadder
Claud. I hope he be in loue.
Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch't with loue, if he be sad, he wants money.
Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.
Prin. Draw it.
Bene. Hang it.
Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.
Bene. Well, every one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.
Clau. Yet say I, he is in loue.
Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to strange diſguiſes, as to haue a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnleſſe hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares he hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.
Clau. If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes hat a mornings, What should that bode?
Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?
Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already ſtuft tennis balls.
Leon. Indeed he looks yonger then hee did, by the loſſe of a beard.
Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Civit, can you smell him out by that?
Clau. That's out of the office, to say, the sweet youth's in loue.
Prin. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy
Clau. And when was he wont to waſh his face?
Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.
Clau. Nay, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by ſtops

Prince.

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Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine wiser words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Baſtard.

Baſt. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baſt. If your leiſure serue, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Baſt. If it pleaſe you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baſta. Means your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baſt. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcouer it.

Baſt You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and yrame better at me by that I now will manifeſt, for my brother (I thinke he holds you well, and in dearenesſe of heart) hath holpe to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely ſute ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baſtard. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhortned, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Baſt. Euen ſhee, *Leonatus Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

Clau. Diſloyall?

Baſt. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſſe, I could ſay ſhe were worſe, thinke you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you ſhal ſee her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Clau. May this be ſo?

Prince. I will not thinke it.

Baſt. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſſe not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will ſhew you enough, and when you haue ſeene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I ſee any thing to night, why I ſhould not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I ſhould wedde, there will I ſhame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to diſgrace her.

Baſt. I will diſparage her no further, till you are my witneſſes, beare it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhow it ſelfe

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Clau. O miſchiefe ſtrangelie thwarting!

Baſtard. O plague right well preuented! ſo will you ſay, when you haue ſeene the ſequele. *Exit.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pitty but they ſhould ſuffer ſaluation body and ſoule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould haue any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. Firſt, who thinke you the moſt deſartleſſe man to be Conſtable?

Watch. 1 *Hugh Oat-cake* ſir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleſt you with a good name: to be a well-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Maſter Conſtable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your anſwere: well, for your fauour ſir, why giue God thankes, & make no boaſt of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of ſuch vanity, you are thought heere to be the moſt ſenſleſſe and fit man for the Conſtable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanchorne: this is your charge: You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes ſubiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubiects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is moſt tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather ſleepe then talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you ſpeake like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only haue a care that your bills be not ſtolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober, if they make you not then the better anſwere, you may ſay, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for ſuch kinde of men, the leſſe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honeſty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, ſhall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him ſhew himſelfe what he is, and ſteale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies call'd a merciful man partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honeſtie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. How if the nurſe be aſleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer anſwere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you conſtable are to preſent the Princes owne perſon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may ſtaie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue ſhillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may ſtaie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maſters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counſailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maſters, we heare our charge, let vs go ſit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbors. I pray you watch about ſignior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adieu, be vigitant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor What, *Conrade?*

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. Conrade I ſay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then vnder this penthouſe, for it driffels raine, and I will like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that anie villanie ſhould be ſo deare?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aske if it were poſſible anie villanie ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains haue needs of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the faſhion.

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the foole's the foole, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed theefe this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not heare ſome bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the houſe.

Bor Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thiefe this faſhion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds, betweene fourteene & fiue & thirtie, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaos* ſouldiours in the rechie painting, ſometime like god Bels prieſts in the old Church window, ſometime like the ſhaued *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm eaten tapeſtrie, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion weares out more apparrell then the man, but art not thou thy ſelfe giddie with the faſhion too that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, ſhe leades me out at her miſtris chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don Iohn*, ſaw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any ſlander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, ſwore hee vvould meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation ſhame her with vvhat he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home againe vvithout a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right maſter Conſtable, vve haue here recouered the moſt dangerous peece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, a vveares a locke.

Con. Maſters, maſters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

Con. Maſters, neuer ſpeake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of theſe mens bils.

Con. A commoditie in queſtion I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Vrſula* wake my coſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Vrſu. I will Lady.

Her And bid her come hither.

Vrſ. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not ſo good, and I vvarrant your coſin vvill ſay ſo.

Hero. My coſin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion yfaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Mallones* gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O that exceedes they ſay.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeues, ſide ſleeues, and ſkirts, round vnderborn with a blewiſh tiſſel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heavier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow (sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Marg. Clapp into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light a loue with your heeles, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Marg. For a husband, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What means the foole trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their harts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thistell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have some morall in this *benedictus*.

Marg. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thistell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my heart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrsula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrsula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but in faith honest as the skin between his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Con. Dog A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe us, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance (*Exit.*

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

Dog. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dog. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:

heere's that ſhall driue ſome of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Princes, Baſtard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you ſhal recount their particular duties afterwards.

Frier. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interiections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue. Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely ſonne as God did giue her me.

Clau. And what haue I to giue you back, whoſe worth May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes: There *Leonato*, take her backe againe. Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend, Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid ſhe blushes heere! O what authoritie and ſhew of truth Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall! Comes not that blood, as modeſt euidence, To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide, By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none: She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married, Not to knit my ſoule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe, Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginitie. (her,

Clau. I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband, And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne: No *Leonato* I neuer tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed Baſhfull ſincerities and comely loue.

Hero. And ſeem'd I euer otherwiſe to you?

Clau. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it. You ſeeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe, As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne: But you are more intemperate in your blood, Than *Venus*, or thoſe pampred animalls, That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why ſpeake not you?

Prin. What ſhould I ſpeake? I ſtand diſhonour'd that haue gone about, To linke my deare friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or doe I but dreame?

Baſt. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, ſtand I here? Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother? Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daugh- And by that fatherly and kindly power, (ter, That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leo I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beſet, What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name With any iuſt reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*, *Hero* it ſelfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue. What man was he, talkt with you yeſternight, Out at your window betwixt twelue and one? Now if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*, I am ſorry you muſt heare: vpon mine honor, My ſelfe, my brother, and this grieued Count Did ſee her, heare her, at that howre laſt night, Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window, Who hath indeed moſt like a liberall villaine, Confeſt the vile encounters they haue had A thouſand times in ſecret.

Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord, Not to be ſpoken of, There is not chaſtitie enough in language, Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady I am ſorry for thy much miſgouernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadſt thou beene If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed About thy thoughts and counſailes of thy heart? But fare thee well, moſt foule, moſt faire, farewell Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie. For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue, And on my eie-lids ſhall Conieƈture hang, To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme, And neuer ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a poure for me?

Beat. Why how now coſin, wherfore ſink you downe?

Baſt. Come, let vs go: theſe things come thus to light, Smother her ſpirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,

Hero, why *Hero* Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand. Death is the faireſt couer for her ſhame That may be wiſht for.

Beat. How

Beatr. How now cosin *Hero*?
Fri. Haue comfort Ladie.
Leon. Doſt thou looke vp?
Frier. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame vpon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtorie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger then thy ſhames,
My ſelfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggers iſſue at my gates,
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue ſaid, no part of it is mine:
This ſhame derives it ſelfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine ſo much,
That I my ſelfe, was to my ſelfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why ſhe, O ſhe is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her cleane againe,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon giue
To her foule tainted fleſh.
Ben. Sir, ſir, be patient: for my part, I am ſo attired in wonder, I know not what to ſay.
Bea. O on my ſoule my cosin is belied.
Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Bea. No truly: not although vntill laſt night,
I haue this twelue moneth bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is ſtronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* he,
Who lou'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſſe,
Waſh'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene ſilent ſo long, and giuen way vnto this courſe of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In Angel whitenes beare away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimental ſeale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: truſt not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this ſweet Ladie lye not guiltleſſe heere,
Vnder ſome biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt that all the Grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not adde to her damnation,
A ſinne of periury, ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to couer with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakednes?
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none:
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modeſtie doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerſt,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is ſome ſtrange miſprition in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wiſdomes be miſled in this:
The practiſe of it liues in *Iohn* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not: If they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well heare of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age ſo eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made ſuch hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall finde, awak'd in ſuch a kinde,
Both ſtrength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choiſe of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pauſe awhile:
And let my counſell ſway you in this caſe,
Your daughter heere the Princeſſe (left for dead)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning oſtentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?
Fri. Marry this well carried, ſhall on her behalfe,
Change ſlander to remorſe, that is ſome good,
But not for that dreame I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Vpon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew vs
Whiles it was ours, ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhal heare ſhe dyed vpon his words,
Th'Idea of her life ſhal ſweetly creepe
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More moouing delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoule
Then when ſhe liu'd indeed: then ſhal he mourne,
If euer Loue had intereſt in his Liuer,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her:
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Will faſhion the euent in better ſhape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and iniuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduiſe you,
And though you know my inwardneſſe and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.

Yet

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iuſtlie, as your ſoule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure.
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You haue no reaſon, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeue your fair coſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loued nothing ſo well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my coſin.

Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lou'ſt me.

Beat. Doe not ſweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that ſayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it, I proteſt I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteſt I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie ſweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Inſaith I will goe.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, then fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accuſation vncouered ſlander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper ſaying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhee is ſlandered, ſhe is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurelie a Princely teſtimonie, a goodly Count, Counteſt, a ſweet Gallant ſurelie, O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake/But manhood is melted into curſies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſweares it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vſe it for my loue ſome other way then ſwearing by it.

Bene. Thinke you in your ſoule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I haue a thought, or a ſoule.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him, I will kiſſe your hand, and ſo leaue you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, ſo thinke of me: goe comfort your coſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell.

Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gowne.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeared?

Cowley. O a ſtoole and a cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before maſter Conſtable.

Keeper. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio*.

Keep. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours ſirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Keep. Write downe Maſter gentleman *Conrade*: maiſters, doe you ſerue God: maiſters, it is proued already that you are little better than falſe knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for your ſelues?

Con. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.

Keep. A marueilous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your eare ſir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaues.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Keep. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Maſter Conſtable, you goe not the way to examine, you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Keep. Yea marry, that's the eſteſt way, let the watch come forth: maiſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men.

Watch 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Keep. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Maſter Conſtable.

Keep. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thouſand Duckets of *Don Iohn*, for accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Keep.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Cowl. Yea by th'masse that is it.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this suddenly died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will go before, and shew him their examination.

Cowl. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton, let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Conra. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an asse: No thou villaine, thou art full of piety as shall be prou'd vpon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and every thing handsome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an asse! *Exit*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisedome thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as proficiesse,
As water in a sive: giue not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth suite with mine.
Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose ioy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answere every straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
If such a one will smile and strooke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, when he should grone.
Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselues not feele, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and blood
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Bro. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! well, fare you well my Lord,
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man

Bro. If he could right himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry † dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beshrew my hand,
If it should giue your age such cause of feare,
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, neuer fleere and iest at me,
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being young, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruise of many dates,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors
O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body if he dare,
Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,
His May of youth, and bloome of lustihood

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man,

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Wil-

Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Brot. Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes: apes, braggarts, Jackes, milke-sops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog and flout, deprave, and slander,
Goe antiquely and show outward hidiousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come, tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Ben. And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Clau. We had like to haue had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou had we fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Never any did so, though very many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure vs.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect.

Clau. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was broke croose.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your eare?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I iest not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good cheare.

Prin. What, a feast a feast?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon; the which if I doe not carue most curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeue said shee, for he swore a thing to me on monday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an howre together transshape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italie.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the sauage Bulls hornes on the sensible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leaue you now to your gossip-like humor, you breake iests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you haue among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a pretie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Constable, Countrable, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giaot to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, pluck vp my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curbing hypocrite once, you must be looke to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

Con. Marrie

Conf. Marrie sir, they haue committed false report, moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniust things, and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Who haue you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vnderstood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your very eies: what your wisedomes could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me confessing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incensed me to slander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeate ouer to my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your blood?

Clau. I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yes, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place shall serue, that I am an Asse.

Con. 2. Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the slaue that with thy breath hast kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone.

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauie waight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impossible, but I praie you both,
Possesse the people in *Messina* here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in sad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my sonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,
And she alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you should haue gi'n her cosin,
And so dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Conf. Your worship speakes like a most thankefull and reuerend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conf. God saue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Conf. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Bro. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellowes on, we'l talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserue well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

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Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good Swimmer, Troylous the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot woo in festiuall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noysome, therefore I will depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vnder goes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceablie.

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Vrsula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Vrs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abusde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guerdon of her wrong,
Gives her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praising her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now musick sound & sing your solemne hymne

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our moane, helpe vs to sigh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.
Graues yawne and yeilde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly.

(this right.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow maisters, put your Torches out, The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow maisters, each his seuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes, And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the error that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?
That you haue such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and cloudinesse.

Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,
When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bene. Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero!*

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And surely as I liue, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is *dead*.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs presently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doo not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, haue beene deceiued, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you loue mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Vrsula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-aye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentleman.

Clau. And I'le be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pitie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vnbruis'd, and loue my cousin.

Cla. I had well hop'd thou wouldst haue denied *Beatrice*, I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.

Leon. We'll haue dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word, therfore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a wyfe, get thee a wyfe, there is no staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter Mess.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, Ile deuise thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

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Loues Labour's loſt.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LEt Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death.
When ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th endeauour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie
Therefore braue Conquerours, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longauill,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch heereim:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to do,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am reſolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumaine. My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all theſe liuing in Philoſophie.

Berowne. I can but ſay their proteſtation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already ſworne,
That is, to liue and ſtudy heere three yeeres.
But there are other ſtrict obſeruances:
As not to ſee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there
And then to ſleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be ſeene to winke of all the day,
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is paſt, to paſſe away from theſe.

Berow. Let me ſay no my Liedge, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay heere in your Court for three yeeres ſpace.

Longa. You ſwore to that *Berowne*, and to the reſt.

Berow. By yea and nay ſir, than I ſwore in ieſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which elſe wee ſhould not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon ſenſe.

Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.

Ber. Come on then, I will ſweare to ſtudie ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſſely am forbid.
Or ſtudie where to meet ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or hauing ſworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If ſtudies goine be thus, and this be ſo,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere ſay no

Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moſt vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To ſeeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his looke:
Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkeneſſe lies,
Your light growes darke by loſing of your eyes.
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with ſawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue baſe authoritie from others Bookes.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then thoſe that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum.

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Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geeſſe are a breeding.

Dum How followes that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum In reaſon nothing.

Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.

Ber. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in May's new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, ſtay you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I haue for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.

Ber. Item. That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court
Hath that bin proclaimed?

Lon. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of loſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?

Lon. Marry that did I

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.

Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee ſhall indure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.

Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The French Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*.
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princeſſe hither.

Fer. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.

Fer. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſitie.

Ber. Neceſſity will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me:
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
One, who the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth raiſh like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight.
From tawnie *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate,
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.

Ber. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.

Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon.

Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt?

Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Thorborough: But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you: Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.

Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.

Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.

Clo. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following ſir all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Manor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.

Ber. For the following ſir.

Clo. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle

Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

Ferdinand.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Nauar, my ſoules earthly God, and bodies faſtring patrone:

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time when? about the firſt houre, when beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nourishment which is called ſupper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon. It is yclipped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurmiſeſt, or ſeeſt But to the place Where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden: There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy mirth, (Clown Mee?) that vnlettered ſmall knowing ſoule, (Clow Me?) that ſhallow vaſſall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Coſtard, (Clow. O me) ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaymed Edict and Continet, Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a chiide of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more ſweet vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed duetie pricks me on) haue ſent to thee, to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.

Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (ſo is the weaker veſſell called) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keepe her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of denoted and heart-burning heat of duetie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer I the beſt, for the worſt But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhee was a Virgin.

Fer It is ſo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clo. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Braane and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porredge.

Kin And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practiſe that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenatta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moths Page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare imps.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall?*

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſignеur.

Brag. Why tough ſignеur? Why tough ſignеur?

Boy Why tender *Iuuenall?* Why tender *Iuuenall?*

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſignеur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Brag And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt. (him.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes loue not

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinkes I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Samſon* Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Samſon* ſtrong ioynted *Samſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Samſons* loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Samſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are maſk'd vnder ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt me.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If ſhee be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which nature ſhe doth owe:
A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three daies a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her as the Parke, ſhee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Maid. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Maid. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Maid. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe, where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Samſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much odes for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit*

Finis Actus Primus

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Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princesse of France with three attending Ladies and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits
Consider who the King your father sends
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker, good *Boyet*.

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse craning quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

1 *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Falconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will.
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alanson* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieft.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came. Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*

Nau. Faire Princesse, welcome to the Court of *Nauar*

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nau You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau Heare me deare Lady. I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it.
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.

Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I

Ber. I know you did.
Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Rosa. 'Tis long of you y^t spur me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rosa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske.
Ber. Now fair befall your maske.
Rosa. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And send you many louers.
Rosa. Amen, so you bee none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold fast friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Than *Aquitaine*, so gelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so reasoning to consesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.
Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denie'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.
Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart,
La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would thet doe it good?
La. Ro My Phisicke saies I.
Boy Will you prick't with your eye.
La Ro. No poynt, with my knife.
Boy. Now God saue thy life.
La. Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?
Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Monsieur fare you well.
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name
Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods blessing a your beard.
Boy. Good sir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faukonbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. Katherine by good hap.
Ber. Is she wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La Ma. That last is *Berowne*, the merry mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest.
Boy. And euery iest but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board
La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships? (sips.
Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your
La. You Sheep & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me.
La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be iangling but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed
On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Navar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

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Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eie-ſight to be,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on faireſt of faire:
Me thought all his ſences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (gliſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt
His faces owne margent did coate ſuch ſamplers,
That all eyes ſaw his eies inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bra. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eie hath diſ-
I onelie haue made's mouth of his eie, (cloſ'd.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not ſtie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to *my* Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to figge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſmeft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eies, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obſeruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbi-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter, the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie me a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathis'd, a Horſe to be ambaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaieſt thou?

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe, for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhoort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenioſo, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. *Minimum* honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brad. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is ſir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour gnaw thy ſtaffe.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Caſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome riddle, come, thy *Lemma* begin.

Clo. No *egma*, no riddle, no *lemma*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lemma*, no *lemma*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſilly thought, my ſpleene, the heauing of my lunges prouoke me to rediculous ſmyling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lemma*, and the word *lemma* for a *ſalue*?

Pag. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lemma* a *ſalue*? (plaine,

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make Some obſcure precedence that hath before bin faine
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with *my lemma*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were ſtill at oddes, being but three.
Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lemma*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?
Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat

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Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenuy*, I that's a fat Goose.
Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a *Cofard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Leuy*
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan.
Thus came your argument in
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Cofard* broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sensibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenuy*.
I *Cofard* running over, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Cofard*, I will infranchise thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Leuy*, some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert ensured, restrained, captiuated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur Cofard adew. *Exit.*
Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-come low. Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration. O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuneration. What's the price of this yncle? 1.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Cofard*, *exceedingly* well met
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
Ber. What is a remuneration?
Cofa. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.
Ber. O, Why then throughout hinges we ith of Sattin.
Cofa. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.
Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Clow. When would you haue it done sir?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.
Clo. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.
Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.
Clo. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, take for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. There's thy guerdon: goe.
Clo. Guerdon, O sweete guerdon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete guerdon. I will doe it sir in print: guerdon, remuneration.
Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* giant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Paritors (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be perwade, which is worst of all.
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velure brow.
With two pitch balls stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, sue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some loue.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lord.

Pri. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.
Pri. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lorde, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
For Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.
Pri. I thanke my beauty, I am faire that shoote,
And therevpon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
Pri. What, what! First praise me, & then again say no,
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe
For. Yes

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For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay,pouer paine me now,
Where faire is not,praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paimest for foule words,is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See,ſee,my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire,fit for theſe dayes,
A gining hand,though foule,ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come,the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And ſhooting well,is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding,pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe,then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion,ſo it is ſometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake,for praiſe an outward part,
We bend to that,the working of the hart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood,that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſouereignetie
Onely for praiſe ſake,when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praiſe,and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-weakh.

Clo. God dig-you-den all,pray you which is the head Lady?

Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow,by the reſt that haue no heads.

Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady,the higheſt?

Qu. The thickeſt,and the talleſt.

Clo. The thickeſt,& the talleſt: it is ſo,truth is truth.
And your waiſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waiſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woma? You are the thickeſt here?

Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.

Qu O thy letter,thy letter:He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet,you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu. We will reade it,I ſweare.
Breake the neeke of the Waxe,and every one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen,that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more faireer then faire,beautifull then beauteous, truer then truth it ſelfes haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly ſay,*Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to anoothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See,and ouercame: hee came one; ſee, two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What ſaw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The concluſion is victorie: On whoſe ſide? the King: the captiue is inrich: On whoſe ſide? the Beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: no,on both in one,or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Begger, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſſe. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearſt deſigne of induſtrie,

Don Adriano de Armecho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued,but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armedo* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court A Phantaſime,a Monarcho,and one that makes ſport To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you,my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould ſt thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord,to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*,a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete, put vp this,'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Roſa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the neeke,if hornes that yeare miſcarrie. Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then,I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes,your ſelfe come not neere. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhee ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying,that was a man when King *Pippin of France* was a little boy,as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinuer* of *Britaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou

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Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.
Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*
Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A mark marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O mark but that marke: a marke ſaies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meet at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will ſhee get the vpſhoot by cleauing the pin in.
Mar. Come, come, you talke greaſily, your lips grow foule
Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.
Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Owle.
Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete iefts, moſt incomparable wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt pathetically nit.
Sowle, ſowle. *Exeunt.*

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.
Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Cœlo* the ſkie; the welkin the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.
Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.
Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe *my haud credo* for a Deare.
Dull. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed dooſt thou looke.
Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, hee is onely an animall onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that doe fruchifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.
Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a moneth old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?
Hol. Diſtiſimus goodman *Dull*, *diſtiſimus* goodman *Dull*.
Dul. What is *diſtimus*?
Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.
Hol. The Moone was a moneth old when *Adam* was no more, (ſcore.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fine-
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. And I ſay the polliſion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd a Pricket.
Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, perge, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.
Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The preaſfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a pretty pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting
The Dogges did yell, put all to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then all to Sore,
makes fifty ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.
Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.
Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.
Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.
Nath. *Mehercle*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall

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ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaq. God giue you good morrow M. *Perſon.*

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M. Schoolemaſter, hee that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogſhead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Iaq. Good Maſter Perſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Coſtard*, and ſent mee from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecus omnia ſub umbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vencha, vencha, qui non te vide, qui non te prayſe*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *ve re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Bel. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me'were Oxes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome prayſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens prayſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apoſtrophas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſu[p]erviſe the canzonet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouidius Naſo* was the man. And why indeed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.

To the snow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.

I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.

Your Ladiſhips in all deſired employment, Berowne.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy compliment, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Ped. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foreſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venue*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poeſie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you too: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Ped. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I do inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.*

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courting my ſelfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a ſoule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kils mee, I a ſheepe: Well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be melancholie: and here is part of my Rime, and here my melancholie. Well, ſhe hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to groane.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entereth.*

Kin. Ay me!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: In ſkilfull ſorrowes.

King. So ſweete a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparant boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes,and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes,how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke,nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhaade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauille. The King ſteps aſide.

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.
Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a perioure,wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope,ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.
Ber. One drunkard loues mocher of the mone.
Lon. Am I the firſt y haue been periur'd ſo? (know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makeſt the triumphery,the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne,that hangs vp ſimplicitie.
Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to mouue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare,and write in proſe.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Diſfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This ſame ſhall goe. *He readeth the Sonnet.*
Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſuade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes ſo matcht be ſtuffe againſt not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe,I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun,which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhale this vapour-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe
To looſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?
Ber. This is the liuer vaine,which makes fleſh a deity.
A greene Goose,a Goddeſſe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out a'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Ber. All hid,all hid,an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.
Ber. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth ſhe is not corporall,there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome daies,but then no ſunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen,ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her,but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud,and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit

Dumaine readeth his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde,
That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alackt my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alackt for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to pluckt a ſweet.
Do not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue would ſweare,
Iuno but an Aethiop were,
And deny himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I ſend,and ſomething elſe more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard,and taken napping ſo.
Kin. Come ſir,you bluſh: as his,your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him,offending twice as much.
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome,to keepe downe his heart.
I haue been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both,and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes,obſeru'd your faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me,ſayes one! O *Ioue*, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chriſtall the others eyes
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare
Faith infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne?how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph,leape,and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Ber. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge,I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing,that are moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no coaches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh,none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not

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All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene,
Of ſighes, of groanes, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Timon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoe!

Kin. Too bitter is thy left.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am engaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or groane for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning me, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt,
a waſte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.

Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God bleſſe the King.

Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treaſon.

Kin. What makes treaſon heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together

Iaqu. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Iaqu. Of *Coſtard*.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Don Adramadio*, *Don Adramadio*.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lack'd me foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I.
Are picke-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen

Berow True true, we are foure: will theſe Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence ſirs, away.

Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, & let the traytors ſtay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine? (*Roſaline*,

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
She (an attending Starre) ſtarce ſeene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſouereignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where eueriall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the flourith of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things ſhine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels ſoonеſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therfore is ſhe borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.

Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine.
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doome-day here.

Lon. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deare.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face ſee.

Ber. O if the ſtreets were paued with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marie there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then needs.
Haue you them affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomackes are too youngs:
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academe,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is:
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues.
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other ſlow Arts entirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a horeſt of their heauy toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements.
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty. *Bacchus* groſſe in taſte.
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſperides*
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſicall,
As bright *Apollo*: Loue, ſtrong with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touche a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were temperd with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That ſhew, contayne, and nourſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles.
For Wiſedomes ſake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women.
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once looſe our oathes to finde our ſelues,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charity it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſeuer loue from Chaſtity.
Kin. Some *Cupid* then, and Soldiours to the field.
Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, & vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt aduiſ'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing. Lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolue to woe theſe girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuiſe,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. Firſt from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man ſtretch the hand
Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, ſtrewing her way with flowres.
Kin. Away away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iuſtice alwaies whirles in equall meaſure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forſworne,
If ſo, our Copper buyes no better treaſure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid ſufficit.
Curat. I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at dinner haue been ſharpe & ſententious: pleaſant without fluxility, wity without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*
Ped. Nouum hominem tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maieſticall, and his generall behauiour vaine ridiculous, and thraſonicall. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it

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Curat. A most singular and choise Epithet,
Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasimes, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d-e-b-t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauf: halfe, hauf: neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Cura. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. *Bene bene for bene profectus*, a little scratche, will serue.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curat. *Videt ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountered.

Ped. Most militarie sir saluteation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scrapes.

Clow. O they haue lin'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marueil thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Monsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is A b spelt backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *pecorum* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You expres them, or the first of I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wane of the mediterranium, sweet touch, a quicke venie we of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cum* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfepenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou were but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make me? Goe to, thou hast it *ad vnguem*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghill* for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Arte-conuenti culorum*, we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question.*

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well cald, *chaste*, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would haue me present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antucke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet selfe are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of mirth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to crane your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred by our assistance the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Iosua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*: this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſports away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.
Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.
Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappy gallowes too.
Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble ſtirring ſpirit ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo may you: For a light heart liues long.
Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?
Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.
Roſ. We need more light to finde your meaning out
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtil i'th darke.
Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſ. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kat. You weigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue Verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too
I were the faireſt goddeſſe on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand faires.
O her hath drawne my picture in his letter
Qu. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe
Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good concluſion.
Kat. Faire as text B, in a Coppie booke.
Roſ. Ware pencils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of O's.
Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes.
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Gloue.
Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimplicitie.
Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longauile*
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qu. I thinke no leſſe: Doſt thou wiſh in heare
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter ſhort.
Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer part.
Qu. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.
Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* Ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke.
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootleſſe rimes.
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuiſe,
And make him proud to make me proud that ieſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, folly in Wiſedomes hatch'd:
Hath wiſedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantonneſſe.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wiſe, when Wit doth doate:
Since all the power thereof is doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare,
Armes Wenches armes, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in argument, you'll be ſurpris'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Denis* to S, *Captiue* What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Sicamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpoſ'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt,
The King and his companions: warely
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguiſe they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſtie, would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee?
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhe beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd via, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zelous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their ſolly paſſions ſolemne teares.
Qu. But what, but what, come they to viſit vs?
Boy. They do, they do: and are appareld thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and daunce,

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And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall Mistresse: which they'll know
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.
Quee. And will they so the Gallants shall be tasked:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of suite, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Quee. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come

Enter Black moores with muficke, the Boy with a speech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. *A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes:*
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes*
Out
Boy. True, out indeed
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe*
Not to beholde
Ber. Once to behold, rogue
Pag *Once to behold with your Sonne beamed eyes,*
With your Sonne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epythite,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes
Pag They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet*.
If they doe ſpeake our Language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſie told.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Boyet. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duetie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remooued) vpon our watrie eyne.
Roſa. O ſhine poticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Moonelhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bidſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then: nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance: thus change: like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhee's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſick playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it: Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, & come here by chance.
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſa. Ouelie to part friends.
Curtſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſeluers: What buyes your companie?
Roſa. Your abſence onelie
Kin. That can neuer be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In priuate then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Ber. White handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in ſecret.
Qu. Let it not be ſweet.
Ber Thou grieu'ſt my gall.

Quee.

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Qu. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie:
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutchman: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mockes.
Will you gine hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things.
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puft out.
Rosa. Well-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of countenance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himself out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute.
Kat. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps.
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses gine eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blowst? how blowst? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auaunt perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vilelely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Qu. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Where's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can suare too, and lispe: Why this is he.
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable termes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that it will not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The

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The vertue of your eie muſt breake my oth.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould haue ſpoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnſullied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oathe, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere, and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madame? Ruſſians?
Qu I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſerued praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſſian habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace. and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirſtie, fooles would fayne haue drinke
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweete,
Your wits makes wiſe things foolifh when we greete
With eies beſt ſeeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looſe light: your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtoore,
Wiſe things ſeeme foolifh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouerrie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.
Du. Let vs confeſſe, and turne it to a ieſt.
Qu. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes ſadde?
Roſa Helpe hold his browes, hee'l ſound: why looke you pale?
Sea-ſicke I thinke comming from Muſcouie.
Ber. Thus poure the ſtarres down plagues for periury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out?
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy ſkill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſharpe wit quite through my ignorance
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruſſian habit waite.
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers ſongue.
Taffata phraſes, ſilken termes preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot oſtentation
I do forſweare them, and I heere proteſt,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is ſound *ſans* cracke or flaw
Roſa. Sans. ſans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeeke not to vndo vs.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true.
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue
Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweete Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion, ſome faire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not heere but euen now, diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her
Qu. When ſhee ſhall challenge this, you will reiect her
King. Vpon mine Honor no.
Qu. Peace peace, forbeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he vvould Wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him the Noble Lord
Moſt honorably doth vphold his word.
King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did, and to confirme it plaine,
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeares and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd:

Told

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours, and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this 'tis: and maighe nor you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vnerue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carueere bene ren.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so. You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Vnder correction sir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount.

Ber. By Iane, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we will take some care.

King. Berowne, they will shame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

King. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how,
Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monesheu For I proteft, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantaftical: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to *Fortuna delagnar*, I wish you the peace of minde most royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies; He presents *Hellor* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change babites, and presente the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, 'tis not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

King. The ship is vnder saile, and here she comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee.

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat:
And trauailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of France.
If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the best Worthie.

Enter Curtaxe for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worlds Commander:
By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boie. Your nose saies no, you are not:
For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceede good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.

Boie. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your seruant and *Costard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*

Clo. O sir, you haue ouer-throwne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

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this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander* There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht He is a marueilous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler. but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little o're-parted But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their mynde in some other sort *Exit Ca.*

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Imp,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iscariot sir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou proud *Iudas*?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well followd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped What is this?

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene

Boy. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

Qu. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he been baited.

Enter Braggart

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kath. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine

Boy. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Lances the almighty, gaue Hector a gift

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Lances the almighty, Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight, yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauilion
I am that Flower

Dum. That Mint

Long. That Columbine.

Brag Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes against *Hector*

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. Loues her by the foot

Dum He may not by the yard

Brag. This Hector farre surmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two monethes on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boy. Renowned *Pompey*

Ber. Greater then great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Ates more Ates stirre them, or stirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man: Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword. I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt

Dum Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what meane

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mone you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

Ber. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenetas*, and that he weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſour Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mar. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords For all your faire endeuours and extents: Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe, In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide, The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits, If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues, In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſſe Was guikie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord: A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue. Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes, For my great ſuites, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreame parts of time, extremelie formes All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeede: And often at his very looſe decides That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progenie Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of Loue: The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince, Yet ſince loues argument was firſt on foote, Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it From what it purpor'd: ſince to waile friends loſt, Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable, As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the eare of griefe And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King. For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time, Play'd foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents. And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous: As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines, All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine. Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie. Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule, To euery varied obiect in his glance: Which parti-coated preſence of looſe loue Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies, Haue miſbecom'd our oathes and grauities. Thoſe heauenly eies that looke into theſe faults Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelues proue falſe, By being once falſe, for euer to be true To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you. And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne, Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Lettres, full of Loue: Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue. And in our maiden counſaile rated them At courteſhip, pleaſant ieſt, and courteſie, As bombaſt and as lining to the time: But more deuout than theſe are our reſpects Haue we not been, and therefore met your loues In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more than ieſt

Lon. So did our lookes.

Roſ. We did not coate them ſo.

Kin. Now at the leaſt a meaſure of the houre, Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort, To make a world-without-end bargaine in: No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much, Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this: If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe) You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me. Your oth I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage, Remote from all the pleaſures of the world: There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes Haue brought about their annuall reckoning. If this auſtere inſociable life, Change not your offer made in heate of blood: If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue, But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue: Then at the expiration of the yeare, Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts, And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine, I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut My woefull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe, Raining the teares of lamentation, For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thou do denie, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the others heart.

Kin. If this or more than this, I would denie, To ſtaine vp theſe powers of mine with reſt, The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eie. Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd. You are attaint with faults and periurie: Therefore if you my fauor meane to get, A twelue-moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt, But ſeeke the weariſe beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie, With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue-moneth and a day,

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Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.
Dum. Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.
Lon. What saies *Maria*?
Mar. At the twelue monthe end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you, few taller are so yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.
Ros. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I cannot be won:
You shall this twelue monath turne from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeauour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Ber. To mouse wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iest's prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deare with the clamors of their owne deare groanes,
Will heare your idle scornes, continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you empties of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A twelue monath? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue month in an Hospitall.
Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
King. Come sir, it wants a twelue month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I will kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our shew.
King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their Summer smockes.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare.
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Icicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his nailе;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pailе:
When blood is nipt, and wayes be foule,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

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A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others

Theſeus.

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how ſlow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my deſires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.
Hip. Foure daies will quickly ſteep themſelues in nights
Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Go *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy loue, doing thee iniuries.
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueilling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lyſander
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the boſome of my childe.
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt by Moone-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Noſe-gaies, ſweet meats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace,
Conſent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or diſfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.
The. In himſelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies muſt with his iudgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modeſtie
In ſuch a preſence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the ſociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To liue a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleſſe Moone,
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To vndergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Roſe diſtil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſednes.

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Her So will I grow, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordſhip, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake,
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſouereignty.

The Take time to paule, and by the next new Moone
The ſealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Diames* Altar to proteſt
For aie, auſterity, and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lyſ. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.

Thes. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue ſpoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, nearely that concernes your ſelues.

Ege. With duetie and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt*

Manet Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes

Lyſ. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or hiſtorie,
The courſe of true loue neuer did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthral'd to loue.

Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares

Her. O ſpight! too old to be ingag'd to yong

Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood vpon the choiſe of merit.

Her. O hell! to chooſe loue by another's eie.

Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathie in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a ſounde:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion

Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomarie croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennow, and ſhe hath no childe,
From Athens is her houſe remou'd ſeuen leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou lou'ſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance for a morne of *May*)
There will I ſtay for thee

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue. Looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Call you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to ſhepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were fauor ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me ſtill.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.

Her. I giue him curſes, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly Helena is none of mine

Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were mine

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradiſe to mee.

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O them, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lyſ. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phebe* doth beheld
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld:
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander* we muſt ſtarue our ſighe,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* doates on you. *Exit Lyſander.*

Hele. How happy ſome, are otherſome can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he errs, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things bate and vilde, holding no quantity.
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is Loue ſaid to be a childe.
Becauſe in choiſe he is often beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was only mine.
And when this Haile ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quince. Anſwere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicky Bottome* are for doome for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himſelfe moſt gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moouo ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rockes, and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the foolliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt loue.

Flu. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thiſbie* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisbie*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starueling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starueling*, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs every mothers ſonne.

Bottome. I grant you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyra-*

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wan is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt louely Gentleman-like man, therfore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meete in the Citie, we ſhalbe dog'd with company, and our deuiſes knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bil of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through buſh, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, ſwifter then the Moons ſphere;
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the (green.
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners bee,
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In thoſe freckles, liue their fauors,
I muſt go ſeeke ſome dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowſlips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts wilde.
But ſhe (perforce) with holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knauiſh ſpirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I ieſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſſe of a filly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a Goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop powre the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and falls into a coſſe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweate,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*

Fair. And heere my Miſtris:
Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy ſkip hence.
I haue forſworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie raſh Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou waſt ſtolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and vering loue
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the fartheſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſſe, and your Warrior loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and proſperitie.

Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Perigenia*, whom he raui'ſhed?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Qu. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie,
And neuer ſince the middle Summers ſpring
Met we on hil, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling Winde,
But with thy braules thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuck'd vp from the ſea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made ſo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

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The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The braineſe mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed frosts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman

Qu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my Order,
And in the ſpeced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and retume againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay

Qu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that, boy and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well go thy way, thou ſhalt not from this groſſe,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong.
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea maids muſicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quench in the chaſte beames of the wary Moone:
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
Shee ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him

Dem. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And even for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be vſed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modeſty too much,
To leaue the City, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the inconſtancie of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

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For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Doue purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardize purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple in the Towne, and Field
You doe me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flie him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. I, there it is

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-canopied with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight.
And there the ſnake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the wyce of this Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this groue;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muſke roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe.
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in our ſweet Lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye.
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.* *Weauing Spiders come not heere,*
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence.
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* *Hence away, now all is well:*
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell. *Shee ſleepes*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Liſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
We'l reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie ſo neere

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend:
Thy loue nere alter, till thy ſweet life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt *They ſleepe.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,

On

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On the danke and durty ground
Pretty ſoule, ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbid
Sleepe his ſeate on thy eye-lid
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweete *Demetrius*
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe. *Exit Demetrius*

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beaſts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monſter, flie my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground;
Deade or aſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſperent *Helena*, nature her ſhewes art,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I ore-looke
Loues ſtories, written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomacke brings.
Or as the hereſies that men do leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me;
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit*
Her. Helpe me *Lyſander*, helpe me; do thy beſt
To plucke this crawling ſerpent from my breſt.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And yet ſat ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander, what remoou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? ſpeake and if you heare;
Speake of all loues; I ſound almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clowns.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marualious conuenient place for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What ſaiſt thou, bully *Bottome*?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt *Piramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwere you that?
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.
Star. I beleeue we muſt leaue the killing out, when all is done.
Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, we will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Piramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer, this will put them out of feare.
Quin. Well, we will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.
Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?
Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.
Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelues, to bring in (God ſhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.
Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.
Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt

requeſt you,or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no ſuch thing,I am a man as other men are ; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

Lyon. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber:for you know,*Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender,a Calender,looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine,finde out Moone-ſhine.

Enter Pueſe.

Quen. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window(where we play)open,and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

*Lyon.*I,or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorne and a lanthorne,and ſay he comes to diſſigure,or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing,we muſt haue a wall in the great Chamber;for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall What ſay you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him haue ſome Plaſter, or ſome Loame, or ſome rough caſt about him,to ſignifie wall ; or let him hold his fingers thus ; and through that cranny, ſhall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quen. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mother ſonne, and rehearſe your parts: *Piramus*,you begin;when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake,and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns haue we ſwaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What,a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps,if I ſee cauſe.

Quen. Speake *Piramus Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. Thisby,the flowers of odious ſauors ſweete.

Quen. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſauors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce : ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit Pir.*

Puck. A ſtranger *Piramus*,then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand, goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*,moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall,and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as truſt horſe,that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*,at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why, you muſt not ſpeake that yet ; that you anſwere to *Piramus* : you ſpeake all your part at once,cues and all. *Piramus* enter,your cue is paſt ; it is neuer tyre.

Thiſ. O,as true as truſt horſe,that yet would neuer tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are haunted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe.

The Clowners all Exit.

Puck. Ile follow you,Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge,through buſh,through briske,through
Sometime a horſe Ile be,ſometime a hound : (bryer,
A bogge,a headleſſe beare,ſometime a fire,
And neigh,and barke,and grunt,and roare,and burne,
Like horſe,hound,hog,beare,fire,at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Aſſe head.

Bot. Why do they run awey? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snout.*

Sn. O *Bottome*, thou art chang'd ; What doe I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*,bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery;this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place,do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.

The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle,with his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow,and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray ;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere,nay.
For indeede,who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would giue a bird the lye,though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe.
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note ;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that : and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe,as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood,do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no
I am a ſpirit of no common rate :
The Summer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing,while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an aire ſpirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I,and I,and I. Where ſhall we go?

Tyta. Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes,and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes,greene Figs,and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my loue to bed,and to ariſe.
And pluckе the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1.Fai. Haile mortall,haile.

2.Fai. Haile.

3.Fai. Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhal deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeede.

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard ſeede*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeede*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him,lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks,lookes with a watrie eie,
And when ſhe weepes,weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue,bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fayries, ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this graunted groue?

Puck. My Miſtris with a monſter is in loue.
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met togeather to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhallowеſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented,in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thiſbe* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him eſpie,
As Wilde-geeſe,that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſed-pated choughes,many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themſelues,and madly ſweepe the ſkye:
So at his ſight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our ſtampe,here ore and ore one falls;
He murther cries,and helpe from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weake,loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briers and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeues,ſome hats,from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment(ſo it came to paſſe)
Tyramus waked,and ſtraightway low'd an Aſſe.

Ob. This falls out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With hеlouе iuyce,as I did bid thee doe?

Puck. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't,of force ſhe muſt be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob Stand cloſe,this is the ſame *Athenian.*

Rob. This is the woman,but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide,but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare)haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bord,and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe,and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noontide,with th'*Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murtherer looke,ſo dead,ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murderer looke,and ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty.
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.

Her What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.

Her. Out dog,out cur thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth beneuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true,euen for my ſake,
Durſt thou a lookt vpon him,being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme,an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine(thou ſerpent) never Adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpri'ſd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lyſanders* bloud:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could,what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge,never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier grow
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,

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If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*

Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on ſome true loues ſight:
Of thy miſprision, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate o're-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes againſt ſhe doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpie,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!

Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things doe best pleaſe me.
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her o're?
Weigh each with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me. (put in two ſcales,)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her o're.

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Aem.*

Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne.
Chriſtall is muddy. O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.

Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne in ſoules to mocke me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conſture teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.

Lyſa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waſt more idle breth.

Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſoiourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lyſ. It is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo? (to go?

Lyſan. Why ſhould hee ſtay whom Loue doth preſſe

Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?

Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue coniojn'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Iniurious Hermia, moſt vngratefull maid,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs? O, is all forgot?
All ſchooledaies friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two

Two lonely berries moulded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coates in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.
Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne me with his ſoote)
To call me goddeſſe, nimph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pittie, rather then deſpiſe.
Her. I vnderſtand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, doe, perſeuer, counterfeit ſad looſes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieſt vp:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedie.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe can entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou burr; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude?
What change is this ſweete Loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not ieſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; I'le not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'le not harme her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no ieſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O me, you iugler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart from him?
Hel. Fine ytaith:
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarliſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who is that hinders you?
Hel. A foolliſh heart, that I leaue here behinde.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Her. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.

Let

Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by iowle *Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.*
Her. You Miſtris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries willingly.
Puck. Beleeue me, King of ſhadowes, I miſtooke,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarrie Welkin couer thou anoo,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And leaſt theſe teſtie Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrongs
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, ſleepe
With leaden legs, and Battle-wings doth creepe;
Then crush this herbe into *Lyſanders* eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls role with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Faire Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora's* harbinger
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-waies and flouds haue burriall,
Already to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
Rob Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Rob. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *Falling places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *Lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy grey light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deere.
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By dayes approach looke to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore companie deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometime ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp fourre.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo wearie, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

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And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne.
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Lacke ſhall haue *Till*, naught ſhall goe ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall be well.

They ſleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy.
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clow. Where's *Peaſe bloſſome?*
Peaſ. Ready
Clow. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Where's Mounſieur *Cobweb.*
Cob. Ready.
Clowne. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thiſtle; and good Mounſieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouer-flowne with a hony-bag ſignior. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed?*
Muſt. Ready.
Clo. Giue me your neaſe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed.* Pray you leaue your courteſie good Mounſieur.
Muſt. What's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to help Caualery *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me-thinkes I am marueilous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſicke, my ſweet loue.
Clow. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.

Tita. Or ſay ſweete Loue, what thou deſireſt to eat.
Clowne. Truly a peck of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow.
Tita. I haue a venterous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.
Clowne. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtirre me, I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon me.
Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet Honeſuckle,
Gently entwiſt; the female Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I doate on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſometime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did the in owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aſke of her, her changeling childe,
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Puck*, take this tranſformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents.
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queene.
Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene?
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Aſſe.
Ob. There lies your loue.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe
Tita. Muſicke, ho muſicke, ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

Muſick ſtill.

Rob. When thou wak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eies peepe. (me
Ob Sound muſick; come my Queen, take hands with
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollity.
Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade;
We the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye ſtill

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Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doo you ſeruice.

Thef. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchednes orecharged;
And duty in his ſeruice periſhing.

Thef. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſaies, they can doo nothing in this kinde.

Thef. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doo, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purpoſed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweete,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Egeus So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.

Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Thef. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.

Thef. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through walls chink (poor ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to woo:
This grizy beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Wherest, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt.
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thef. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake.

Demt. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Moonſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall, the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.

Thef. Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?

Demt. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Thef. Pyramus drawes neere the Wall, ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim lookt night, O night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou O wall, thou ſweet and louely wall,
That ſtands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.
Thankes courteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisbie* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiuing mee.

Thef. The wall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pyr. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me,*
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thef. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

Pyra. I ſee a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*

Thef. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pyr. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Lemander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thif. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thif. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clay.*
Du. Now is the mor all downe betweene the two Neighbors.
Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are ſo willfull, to heare without warning.
Dut. This is the fillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.
Du. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, & not theirs.
Duk. If we imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle harts do feare The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore) May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere, When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare. Then know that I, one *Snug* the ioyner am A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions dam: For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife Into this place, 'twere pitie of my life.
Du. A verie gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.
Dem. The verie beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, y ere I ſaw.
Lyſ. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.
Du. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.
Dem. Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.
Du. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carrie his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.
Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.
Dem. He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.
Du. Hee is no crecient, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.
Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent: My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.
Du. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.
Du. I am vveary of this Moone; vvould he would change.
Du. It appeares by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, vve muſt ſtay the time.
Lyſ. Proceed Moone.
Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh, my thorne buſh; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere comes *Thiſby.*

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my loue?
Lyon. Oh.
The Lion roares, Thiſby runs off.
Dem. Well roar'd Lion.
Du. Well run *Thiſby.*
Dut. Well ſhone Moone
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.
Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.
Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſhes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to taſte of truell *Thiſbes* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be.
O dainty Ducke: O Deere:
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Du. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke ſad.
Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Deme
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now die, die, die, die, die.
Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and proue an Aſſe.
Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before? *Thiſby* comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. She wil finde him by ſtarre-light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.
Du. Me thinkes ſhee ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope ſhe will be breefe.
Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Pyramus* which *Thiſby* is the better. (eyes.
Lyſ. She hath eſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweete
Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet.*
Thi. Aſleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O *Pyramus* ariſe:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muſt couer thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade, my breſt imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thiſbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Duk. Moon-ſhine & Lion are left to burie the dead.
Dem. I, and Wall too.
Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaſk dance, betweene two of our company?
Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Pyramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thiſbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſke; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath old twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time,
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe behowles the Moone:
Whilſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſke fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd:
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one, lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweep the duſt behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie ſprighte,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippingly.
Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand
Neuer mole, harelip, nor ſcarre,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Nature,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Palace with ſweet peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meete me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue eſcaped our lucke,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

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The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a Want-wit ſadneſſe makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my ſelfe.

Sal. Your minde is toſſing on the Ocean
There where your Argoſies with portly ſaile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Do ouer-peere the petty Traffiquers
That curtſie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their woouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and roades:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſſe her buriall; ſhould I goe to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My eſtimate are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place: nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie,

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vineger aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fareywell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne buſines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (where?
Baſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay,
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. We'll make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pry'e you haue in minde where we muſt meete.

Baſ. I will not faile you.

Gra. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
They loſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are marueilouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Gra. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come;
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundice

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By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willfull stillnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be dreft in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, fayrewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fat you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bas. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe. you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

Bas. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aymne: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bas. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnderualleed
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the *four* windes blow in from euery coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Colchos* strond,
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be racke euen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is a weerie of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no small happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Nerrissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that he hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses

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chooſes you, will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely wooers that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and bee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Then is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, and you will not haue me, chooſe: he heares merrie tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Philoſopher when he growes old, being ſo full of vnmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Monſier *Le Bonne?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Treſſell ſing, he falls ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twentie husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madneſſe, I ſhould never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & ſweare that I haue a poore penne-worth in the *Engliſh*. hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Engliſhman*. and ſwore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germane*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is ſober, and moſt vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reinifh wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady the hauing any of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuite, vnleſſe you may be won by ſome other ſort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana* vnleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie abſence. and I wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in compaine of the Marqueſſe of *Montferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke, ſo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers ſeeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Maſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell; I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee ſhould ſhriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra go before; whiles wee ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy For three months, well

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwere

Shy Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwere to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand me that he is ſuffient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath ſquandred abroad, but ſhips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſured you may.

Iew. I

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Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with *Anthonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio*.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice*. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift, Which he cals interest: Cursed be my Trybe If I forgiue him.

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the neere gesse of my memorie I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me, but soft, how many months Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giuing of excesse, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you, Me thoughes you said, you neither lend nor borrow Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe, This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe) The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did, When *Laban* and himselfe were compromis'd That all the eanelings which were streak'ned and pied Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes, And when the worke of generation was Betweene these woolly breeders in the act, The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands, And in the doing of the deede of kinde, He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes, Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Iacobs*. This was a way to thriue, and he was blest: And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serv'd for, A thing not in his power to bring to passe, But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen. Was this inserted to make interest good? Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast, But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*, The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euill soule producing holy witnesse, Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke, A goodly apple rotten at the heart. O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum. Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft In the Rialto you haue rated me About my monies and my vsances: Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug, (For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe.) You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog, And spet vpon my Iewish gabardine, And all for vse of that which is mine owne. Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe: Goe to then, you come to me, and you say, *Shylocke*, we would haue moneyes, you say so: You that did voide your rume vpon my beard, And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite. What should I say to you? Should I not say, Hath a dog money? Is it possible A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse, Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You cald me dog: and for these curtesies Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe, To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends, for when did friendship take A breede of barraine mettall of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemie, Who if he breake, thou maist with better face Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme, I would be friends with you, and haue your loue, Forget the shames that you haue staind me with, Supplie your present wants, and take no doite Of vsance for my moneyes, and you'le not heare me, This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe, Goe with me to a Notaries, seale me there Your single bond, and in a merrie sport If you repaie me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum or sums as are Expreft in the condition, let the forfeite Be nominated for an equall pound Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond, And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

Bass. You

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Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within theſe two moneths, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his daie, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite.
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, and their traine.
Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liverie of the burniſhed ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phebus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe I am not ſolie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any comer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you lende me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Scymiture
That ſlew the Sophie, and a Perſian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he roares for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving.
Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Never to ſpeake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men, *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelot Iobbe*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelot Iobbe*, vſe your legs, take the ſtart, run awaie: my conſcience ſaies no; take heede honeſt *Launcelot*, take heed honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelot Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt corragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſaies the fiend, away ſaies the fiend, for the heavens rouſe vp a braue minde ſaies the fiend, and run; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſaies verie wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelot*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kinde of taſte; well, my conſcience ſaies *Launcelot* bouge not, bouge ſaies the fiend, bouge not ſaies my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile well, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Iew* my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Iew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the diuell himſelfe: certainely the *Iew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the *Iew*, the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maiſter yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*?
Laun. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blinde, high gravel blinde, knowes me not, I will trie confuſions with him.
Gob. Maiſter yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*.
Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning

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nang, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn downe indirectlie to the *Iewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Master *Launcelot*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelot*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*

Laun. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your maistership.

Laun. *Ergo* Maister *Launcelet* talke not of maister *Launcelet* Father, for the young gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Laun Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule aliue or dead.

Laun. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelot* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Laun. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Iewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede. Ile be sworne if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile

Laun It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I left saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runaway, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground: my Maister's a verie *Iew*, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liueries, if I serue not him, I will run as far as God has any ground O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Iew* if I serue the *Iew* anie longer

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two

Bass You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worshipp

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Laun. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Laun. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the *Iew*, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins

Laun. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

Laun. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun Serue you sir.

Gob That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Shylocke* thy Maister spoke with me this daie, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferrment To leaue a rich *Iewes* seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie More garded then his fellowes. see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue ne're a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Iew* in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe

Leon. My best endeuors shall be done herein. *Exit Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Leon. Yonder

Lor. Yonder sir he walkes.
Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.
Bas. *Gratiano*.
Gra. I haue a suite to you.
Bas. You haue obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.
Bas. Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults; But where they are not knowne, why there they show Something too liberall, pray thee take paine To allay with some cold drops of modestie Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behauiour I be misconstred in the place I goe to, And loose my hopes.
Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, heare me, If I doe not put on a sober habite, Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen: Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his Grandam, never trust me more.
Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.
Bas. No that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends That purpose merriment: but fare you well, I haue some businesse.
Gra. And I must to *Lorenso* and the rest, But we will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iessica and the Clowne

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see *Lorenzo*, who is thy new Masters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farewell: I would not haue my Father See me talke with thee.
Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue. *Exit*
Ies. Farewell good *Launcelet*
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*, If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy louing wife *Exit*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time, Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet with a Letter.

Laun. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signifie
Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.
Gra. Loue newes in faith
Laun. By your leaue sir
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Iew* to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica* I will not saile her, speake it priuately; Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night, I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit. Clowne.*
Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.
Sol. And so will I
Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging Some houre hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we do so. *Exit*
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*?
Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers house, What gold and iewels she is furnisht with, What Pages suite she hath in readinesse If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heauen, It will be for his gentle daughters sake; And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote, Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse, That she is issue to a faithlesse *Iew*. Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest, Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch bearer *Exit.*

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge, The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*; What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica*? And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparell out. Why *Iessica* I say
Clo. Why *Iessica*.
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*, There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go? I am not bid for loue, they flatter me, But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle, Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe, There is some ill a brewing towards my rest, For I did dreame of money bags to night.
Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clo. And they haue conspired together. I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

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laſt, at ſix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in th'afternoone

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*, Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife, Clamber not you vp to the caſements then, Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces: But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements, Let not the ſound of ſhallow fopperie enter My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare, I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night: But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra, Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before ſir Miſtris looke out at window for all this; There will come a Chriſtian by, Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What ſaies that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder: Snaile-ſlow in profit, but he ſleepes by day More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me, Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would haue him helpe to waſte His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in, Perhaps I will returne immediately; Doe as I bid you, ſhut doores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde, A proouerbe neuer ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt, I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe vnder which *Lorenzo* Deſired vs to make a ſtand.

Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre, For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pidgions flye To ſeale loues bonds new made, then they are wont To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riſeth from a feaſt With that keene appetite that he ſits downe? Where is the horſe that doth vntread againe His tedious meaſures with the vnbated fire, That he did pace them firſt: all things that are, Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd. How like a yonger or a prodigall The ſkarfed barke puts from her natiue bay, Hudg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde: How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes, Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode, Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait: When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues Ile watch as long for you then: approach Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty, Albeit I'le ſweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

Ieſ. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed, For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Ieſ. Heere, catch this caſket, it is worth the paines, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, For I am much aſham'd of my exchange: But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee The pretty follies that themſelues commit, For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would blush To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames? They in themſelues good ſooth are too too light. Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery Loue, And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So you are ſweet, Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy: but come at once, For the cloſe night doth play the run-away, And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſtrew me but I loue her heartily. For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her, And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true, And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prou'd her ſelfe: And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true, Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away, Our maſking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt? 'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you, No maſke to night, the winde is come about, *Baſſanio* preſently will goe aboord, I haue ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight Then to be vnder ſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince: Now make your choyſe.

Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares, Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what men deſire. The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues. This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt, Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath, How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right?

Por. The

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How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions, backe againe:
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden mynde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues; pause there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing.
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the fortaine spirits, but they come
As o're a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a iem
Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombes do worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your answer had not been inscrold,
Fare you well, your suite is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sol. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: Iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.

Sol. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mindes of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sal. I thinke he only loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain straite,

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The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, never to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and road of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To coson Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles alive I wis
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrisa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yoong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill never came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*, o that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

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Sal. I would it might prouue the end of his losses.

Sal. Let me say Amen betimes, leaſt the diuell croſſe my prayer, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withall.

Sal. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sal. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at theſe yeeres.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, than betweene Iet and Ebonie, more betweene your bloods, than there is betweene red wine and Rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had any loſſe at Sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Vſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curtſie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfeite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fiſh withall, if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my reuenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reaſon? I am a *Iew*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommer as a Chriſtian is: if you priche vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poiſon vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs ſhall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Chriſtian*, what is his humility, reuenge? If a *Chriſtian* wrong a *Iew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio

Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tubell.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnleſſe the diuell himſelfe turne *Iew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tubal*, what newes from *Genowa*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankford, the curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? and I know not how much is ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe; the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, Is it true, Is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tubal*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourefcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me, I ſhall never ſee my gold againe, fourefcore ducats at a ſitting, fourefcore ducats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonies* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare he cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy, I am very glad of it. Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturſt me *Tubal*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wildernes of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainely vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tubal*, fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tubal*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tubal*, at our Sinagogue *Tubal*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, paule a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I loſe your compaine; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuche quallitie;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here ſome month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I never be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They haue ore-looke me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay: but of mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughtie times
Puts barr betweene the owners and their rights,
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſ. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.
Baſ. None but that vglie treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.
Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth ſpeake any thing.
Baſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.
Baſ. Confeſſe and loue
Had beene the verie ſum of my confeſſion:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. Thus the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique then? Then muſique is
Euen as the flourish, when true ſubiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling Troy
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Here Muſicke.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished. *Replie replie.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text.
Hiding the groſſenesſe with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue liuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon ſuppoſed fairenesſe, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beauteous ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which ſether threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,
And here chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhuddring fear, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eies?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſeuer'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderprizing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,
The continent, and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be contented, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſ'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

Baſ. A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddie in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.

So

So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſiano* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſum of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſoned girle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiz'd.
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſeruants,
Queene o're my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you
Baſ. Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſaue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your Honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
Baſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you gaue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord than you,
Your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchiu'd her miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Neriſſa*?
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall.
Baſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhal nere win at that ſport, and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and Salerio.

Baſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intereſt heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in minde,
Nor well, vnleſſe in minde: his Letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.
Opens the Letter.
Gra. *Neriſſa*, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Antonio*,
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
That I was worſe than nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe too deere a friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

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Hath

Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the State
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Iess. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
To *Tubal* and to *Chus*, his Country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing courtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend.
For never shall you lie by *Portias* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleard betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your love do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispach all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to goe away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Jaylor.

Iew. Jaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Jaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok*.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond *Exit Iew*

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made moane to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will never grant
this forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Jaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule:
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorenzo. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So fare you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Iess. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: farre you well *Iessica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take thou these letter,
And vse thou all the endeuour of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Bellario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Traiect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile bold thee any woger
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettiest fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of these puny lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerrissa. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that?
If thou wert neere a lewd interpreter:
But come. Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another; this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be porke-eaters, we shall not shorthe haue a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he saies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is with child by you *Lancelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more than reason: but if she be lesse than an honest woman, shee is indeed more than I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done for sir, they haue all stomachs?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner

Clow. That is done too sir, onely couer is the word

Loren. Will you couer then sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my duetie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant: I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Iaſſ. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawnd with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Ioſ. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?

Lor. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?

Ioſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomache?

Lor. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſoe're thou ſpeakſt 'mong other things.
I ſhall digeſt it?

Ioſſ. Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?

Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwere
A ſtonie aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tirranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flеſh,
Thou wilt not only looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
That haue of late ſo huddled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traind
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?

Iew. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabboth haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deare it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion flеſh, then to receiue
Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch inueitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended?
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A looſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

Baſſ. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

Iew. Hates may man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Euerie offence is not a hate at firſt.

Iew. What wouldſt thou haue a Serpent ſting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
Or euen as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.

Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducates heereis ſix.

Iew. If euerie Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

Iew. What iudgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why ſweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours: and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer

The

The flanes are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My Lord, here stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters. Call the Messengers.

Bas. Good cheere *Antonio*. What man, corage yet:
The Iew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Wether of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy sole: but on thy soule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no metall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keennesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Wolvish, bloody, starv'd, and rauenous.

Iew. Till thou canst rayle the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receipt of your Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your Messenger came, in louing visitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: *I acquainted him with the cause in Controuersie, betweene the Iew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: he is furnished with my opinion, which bettered with his owne learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I never knew so young a body, with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suite you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Iew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this.
That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money

Bas. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell deuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a President,

And

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Iew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.
Shy An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen
Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?
No not for Venice
Por. Why this bond is forfeit.
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond
Iew When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge
you know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deseruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.
An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is.
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.
Iew O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis very true: O wise and vpright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.
Iew I, his breast,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.
Por It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the flesh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by some Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.
Iew It is not nominated in the bond?
Por It is not so expressi: but what of that?
Twere good you do so much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her vse
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me fare in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.
Bas. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life is selfe,
But life is selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you
Por Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew.
Ner 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house. (ter
Iew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh-
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence
Por. A pound of that same merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew Most rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge.
Shy Is that the law
Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.
Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe
Bas. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste.
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the deuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it
Ile stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too:
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the States charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the State, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I liue.

Por What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*

Duke. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meere I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this Gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisedome beene this day acquitted
Of grieuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further.
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deme me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

Bass There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wiues commandement.

Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Anthonios* house, away, make haste. *Exit Gratt.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-take:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully
And so I pray you tell him: furthermoore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylocks* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

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Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for ever
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-sweare them too:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night.
Ies. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.
Lor. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith
And nere a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ies. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend. (friend?
Lor. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.
Lor. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, sola,
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere. (sola.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet soule.
Lor. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?
My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmonie:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest touches pearce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.
Iess. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique
Play musicke.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (die!
Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke. *Musicke*
Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house
Por Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the larke
When

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When neither I attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Wren:
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia:*

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the Sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bas. I thanke you Madam, giue welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
In faith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should haue beene respective and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke will neere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Ner. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you.
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riuseted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and here he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And were to me I should be mad at it.

Bas. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begg'd it, and indeede
Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Bas. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I wil neere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bas. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring: the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

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Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the young Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit

Bass. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith advisedlie

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better than the other.

Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keep this ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high-wayes
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deserv'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd:
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but an houre am return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Than you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts so for you

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee
There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these euents at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first inter'gatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two howres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissa* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother, on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at schoole, and reports speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stayes me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: he lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentrie with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What marr you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to marr that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy. (this.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the youngest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: were thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast rail'd on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a peazant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your rankenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrestler heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

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Lord. haue put themſelues into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gines them good leaue to wander

Ol. Can you tell if *Roſalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cofen ſo loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſſe beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They ſay hee is already in the Preſent of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood of England*: they ſay many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and feete the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I ſir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen ſir ſecretly to vnderſtand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt mee to try a fall: to morrow ſir I wreſtle for my credit, and hee that eſcapes me without ſome broken limbe, ſhall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I muſt for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brooke ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou ſhalt finde I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelfe notice of my Brothers purpoſe herein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to diſſwade him from it; but he is reſolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the ſtubbornſt yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a ſecret & villanous contriuer againſt mee his naturall brother: therefore vſe thy diſcretion, I had as liefe thou didſt breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert beſt looke to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if hee doe not mightily grace himſelfe on thee, hee will practiſe againſt thee by poyſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous deuiſe, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by ſome indirect meanes or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with teares I ſpeake it) there is not one ſo young, and ſo villanous this day liuing. I ſpeake but brotherly of him, but ſhould I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I muſt bluſh, and weepe, and thou muſt looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wreſtle for prize more: and ſo God keepe your worſhip. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I ſtirre this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuiſe, of all ſorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my owne people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long, this wreſtler ſhall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Roſalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Deere *Celia*; I ſhow more mirth then I am miſtreſſe of, and would you yet were merrier: vnleſſe you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lou'ſt mee not with the full weight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy baniſhed father had baniſhed thy Vncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt beene ſtill with mee, I could haue taught my loue o take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to reioyce in yours

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monſter, therefore my ſweet *Roſe*, my deare *Roſe*, be merry

Roſ. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuiſe ſports: let me ſee, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make ſport withall: but loue no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neyther, then with ſafety of a pure bluſh, thou maiſt in honor come off againe.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let vs ſit and mocke the good huſwife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would wee could doe ſo: for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes faire, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt, & thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very illfauouredly

Roſ. Nay now thou goeſt from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this Naturall for our whetſtone. for alwaies the dulneſſe of the foole, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Miſtreſſe, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Roſ.

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Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that ſwore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and ſwore by his Honor the Muſtard was naught: Now I'le ſtand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wiſedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chinnes, and ſwoare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you ſweare by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight ſwearing by his Honor, for he neuer had any; or if he had, he had ſworne it away, before euer he ſaw thoſe Pancakes, or that Muſtard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou meanſt?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Ros My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; ſpeake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of theſe daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not ſpeak wiſely, what Wiſemen do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth thou ſaieſt true: For, ſince the little wit that fooles haue was ſilenced, the little foolerie that wiſe men haue makes a great ſhew; Heere comes Monſieur the *Beu.*

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then ſhal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we ſhalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-iour Monſieur le Beu*, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princeſſe,
you haue loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu What colour Madame? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decrees.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou looſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wraſtling, which you haue loſt the ſight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraſtling.

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it pleaſe your Ladiſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three ſons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preſence.

Ros. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by theſe preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three, wraſtled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he ſerued the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father making ſuch pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas

Clo. But what is the ſport, Monſieur, that the Ladies haue loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeake of

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer euery day. It is the firſt time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was ſport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Ros. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſicke in his ſides? Is there yet another dotes vpon rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wraſtling, *Coſin*?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wraſtling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are comming Let vs now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, ſince the youth will not be intreated
His owne perill on his forwardneſſe.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks ſucceſſefully

Du. How now daughter, and Couſin:
Are you crept hither to ſee the wraſtling?

Ros. I my Liege, ſo pleaſe you giue vs leaue

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is ſuch oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine diſſwade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, ſee if you can mooue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monſieuer *Le Beu*

Duke. Do ſo: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſe cals for you.

Orl. I attend them with all reſpect and duetie

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraſtler?

Orl. No faire Princeſſe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue ſeene cruell proofe of this mans ſtrength, if you ſaw your ſelfe with your eies, or knew your ſelfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counſel you to a more equall enterpriſe. We pray you for your owne ſake to embrace your own ſafetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we wil make it our ſuite to the Duke, that the wraſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confeſſe me much guiltie to denie ſo faire and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wiſhes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better ſupplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Ros. The little ſtrength that I haue, I would it were with you.

Cel

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Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duk. You ſhall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that haue ſo mightilie perſwaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you ſhould not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy ſpeede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuiſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the legge. *Wraſtle*

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who ſhould downe. *Shout*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beſeech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'ſt thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*.

Duk. I would thou hadſt beene ſon to ſome man elſe,
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him ſtill mine enemie:
Thou ſhould'ſt haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Had'ſt thou deſcended from another houſe
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'ſt told me of another Father. *Exit Duke.*

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland.* ſonne,
His yongeſt ſonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredericke*

Ros. My Father lou'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde.
Had I before knowne this yong man his ſonne,
I ſhould haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Coſen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him.
My Fathers rough and enuious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deſeru'd,
If you doe keepe your promiſes in loue;
But iuſtly as you haue exceeded all promiſe,
Your Miſtris ſhall be happie

Ros. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of ſuites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here ſtands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liueleſſe blocke.

Ros. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wraſtled well and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Haue with you: fare you well *Exit.*

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights vpō my toong?
I cannot ſpeake to her, yet ſhe vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deſeru'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and loue;
Yet ſuch is now the Dukes condition,
That he miſconſters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More ſuites you to conceiue, then I to ſpeake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vſurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whoſe loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Siſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers ſake;
And on my life his malice 'gainſt the Lady
Will ſodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I ſhall deſire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoake into the ſmother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Roſaline*. *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Roſaline

Cel. Why Coſen why *Roſaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away vpon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come lame me with reaſons.

Ros. Then there were two Coſens laid vp, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, ſome of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Coſen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ros. I could ſhake them off my coate, theſe burs are in my heart

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wraſtle with thy affections

Ros. O they take the part of a better wraſtler then my ſelfe.

Cel. O a good wiſh vpon you: you will trie in time

in

in disguise of a Hall: but turning these words out of service, let us call it good earnest. Is it possible on such a sodaine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir *Rowlands* youngest sonne?

Ros. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father dearely.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his Sonne dearely? By this kinde of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duke. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Vncle.

Duke. You Coſen,
Within these ten dayes if that thou beest found So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, Thou dost for it.

Ros. I doe beſeech your Grace Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me: If with my ſelfe I hold intelligence, Or haue acquaintance with mine owne deſires, If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke, (As I doe truſt I am not) then deere Vncle, Neuer ſo much as in a thought vnborne, Did I offend your highneſſe.

Duke. Thus doe all Traitors, If their purgation did conſiſt in words, They are as innocent as grace it ſelfe; Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a Traitor; Tell me wherein the likelihoods depends?

Duke. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highneſſe took his Dukedome, So was I when your highneſſe baniſht him; Treaſon is not inherited my Lord, Or if we did derriue it from our friends, What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor, Then good my Leige, miſtake me not ſo much, To thinke my pouerty is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me ſpeake.

Duke. I Celia, we ſtaid her for your ſake, Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her ſtay. It was your pleaſure, and your owne remorſe, I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her: if ſhe be a Traitor, Why ſo am I: we ſtill haue ſlept together, Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, plaid, eate together, And wheraſoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans, Still we went coupled and inſeperable.

Duke. She is too ſubtile for thee, and her ſmoothneſs; Her very ſilence, and her patience, Speake to the people, and they pittie her: Thou art a foole, ſhe robs thee of thy name, And thou wilt ſhow more bright, & ſeem more vertuous When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips Firme, and irreuocable is my doome. Which I haue paſt vpon her, ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me my Leige, I cannot liue out of her compaſſe.

Duke. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your ſelfe, If you out-ſtay the time, vpon mine honor, And in the greateſt of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Roſaline*, whether wilt thou goe? Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine: I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I haue more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not Coſen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ſt thou not the Duke Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not

Cel. No, hath not? *Roſaline* lacks then the loue Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one, Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part ſweete girle? No, let my Father ſeeke another heire: Therefore deuiſe with me how we may flie Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs, And doe not ſeeke to take your change vpon you, To beare your griefes your ſelfe, and leaue me out For by this heauen, now at our ſorrowes pale; Say what thou canſt, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whether ſhall we goe?

Cel. To ſeeke my Vncle in the Forreſt of *Arden*

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to vs, (Maides as we are) to trauell forth ſo farre? Beautie prouoketh theeues ſooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my ſelfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kinde of vmber ſmirch my face, The like doe you, ſo ſhall we paſſe along, And neuer ſtir aſſailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more then common tall, That I did ſuite me all poinct like a man, A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh, A boare-ſpeare in my hand, and in my heart Lye there what hidden woomans feare there will, Weele haue a ſwaſhing and a martiall outſide, As manie other mannish cowards haue, That doe outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. Ile haue no worſe a name then *Ioues* owne Page, And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate: No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Coſen, what if we aſſaid to ſteale The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court: Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away And get our Iewels and our wealth together, Deuiſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way To hide vs from purſuite that will be made After my flight: now goe in we contents To liberty, and not to baniſhment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forresters.

Duke Sen. Now my Co-mates, and brothers in exile: Hath not old cuſtome made this life more ſweete

Then

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Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from peril then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round haunches gord.

1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose antick roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to burSting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus misorie doth part
The Flixe of companie: anon a careleSSe Heard
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him
And never staies to greet him. I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court.
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and what's worse
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

D. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Du. Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 *Lor.* Ile bring you to him strait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. *Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.

2. *Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hisperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the sinowie *Charles*,
And she believes where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their compame.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quaile,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?

Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappie youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roofe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

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He will haue other meanes to cut you off,
I ouerheard him: and his practiſes:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butcherie,
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.
Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'ſt thou haue me go?
Orl. What, would'ſt thou haue me goe: beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A theeuiſh liuing on the common rode?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will ſubiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not ſo: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I ſaued vnder your Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my roſter Nurſe,
When ſeruice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your ſeruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter,
Froſtie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the ſeruice of a yonger man
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The conſtant ſeruice of the antique world,
When ſeruice ſweate for duttie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their ſeruice vp.
Euen with the hauing, it is not ſo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,
Weele light vpon ſome ſettled low content.
Ad. Maſter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſpe with truth and loyaltie,
From ſeauentie yeeres, till now almoſt foureſcore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At ſeuenteene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeke
But at foureſcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias *Touchſtone.*

Roſ. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?
Clo I care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not wearie.
Roſ. I could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelfe courageous to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.
Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.
Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I ſhould beare no croſſe if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purſe.
Roſ. Well, this is the Forreſt of *Ardan*.
Clo. I, now am I in *Ardan*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.
Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.
Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do loue her.
Cor. I partly gueſſe: for I haue lou'd ere now.
Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a louer
As euer ſigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As ſure I thinke did neuer man loue ſo:
How many actions moſt ridiculous,
Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?
Cor. Into a thouſand that I haue forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didſt then neuer loue ſo hartily
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*. *Exit.*
Roſ. Alas poore Shepheard ſearching of they wound,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.
Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my ſword vpon a ſtone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kiſſing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, ſaid with weeping teares, weare theſe for my ſake: wee that are true Louers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, ſo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.
Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.
Clo. Nay, I ſhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my ſhins againſt it.
Roſ. *Ioue*, *Ioue*, this Shepherds paſſion,
Is much vpon my faſhion.
Clo. And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with mee.
Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almoſt to death.
Clo. Holla; you Clowne.
Roſ. Peace foole, he's not thy kinſman.
Cor. Who cals?
Clo. Your betters Sir.
Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace

Ros. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little weanes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flocker, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be.
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I pre thee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*
Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre thee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.
Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you'em stanzo's.
Amy. What you wil Monsieur *Iaques*.
Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Will you sing?
Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.
Iaq Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come sing; and you that wil not hold your tongues.
Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while, the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.
Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him.
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come

Song. All together heere.
who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see, &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.
Amy. And Ile sing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse.
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.
Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. Tis a Greeke invocation to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.
Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee?
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee
Thy conceite is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I will giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'ſt cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieſt
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good *Adam*. *Exeunt*

Scena

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Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du.Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du Sen. If the compaſſ of rarres grow Muſicall,
We ſhall haue ſhortly diſcord in the Spheares:
Go ſeeke him, tell him I would ſpeake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1 Lord. He ſaues my labor by his owne approach.

Du.Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends muſt woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Iaq A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forreſt,
A motley Foole (a miſerable world:)
As I do lie by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good ſet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-luſtre eye,
Sayes, very wiſely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, ſince it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And ſo from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles ſhould be ſo deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole. Motley's the only weare.

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq O worthie Foole. One that hath been a Courtier
And ſayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as dric as the remainder biſket
After a voyage. He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſeruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du.Sen. Thou ſhalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my only ſuite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fooles haue:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh. And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plaine, as way to Pariſh Church:
He, that a Foole doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart
See me ſenſeleſſe of the bob. If not,
The Wiſe-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the ſquandring glances of the foole.
Inueſt me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To ſpeake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foule bodies of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du.Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldſt do

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do but good?

Du.Sen. Moſt miſcheeuous foule ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelfe haſt been a Libertine,
As ſenſuall as the brutiſh ſting it ſelfe.
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed euils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world

Iaq Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weareie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on vnworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuch a one as ſhee, ſuch is her neighbor?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſayes his braueric is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies
Vnclaim'd of any man. But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of?

Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in ciuility thou ſeem'ſt ſo emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſſe, hath ta'ne from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nourture. But forbeare, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anſwered.

Iaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt dye.

Du. Sen What would you haue?
Your gentleneſſe ſhall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentleneſſe.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me haue it.

Du.Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl Speake you ſo gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had been ſauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſterne command ment. But what ere you are
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Vnder the ſhade of melancholly boughes,
Looſe, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer been where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer ſate at any good mans feaſt:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pitie, and be pitied:
Let gentleneſſe my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be minist'red.

Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more woefull Pageants then the Scenae
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the worlde's a stage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a woefull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Iealous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Cannons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him

Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most friendship, is feyning; most louing, mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as friend remembred not.
Heigh ho sing &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the refidue of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maisters is.
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother where soere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this twelue month, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Oli. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Landes
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere aboue
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue thee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life *Mr Touchstone?*

Clo.

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Clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a Shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, means, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher
Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behauiour of the Country is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanly if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you have vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly flirt of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bell-wether, and to betray a flock-Lambe of a cwelmouth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepheards, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Mistris's Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to western Inde,
no iewel is like Rosalinde,
Her worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world bears Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Lin'd,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face be kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping houres excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.
If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be lin'd,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruit.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? No:
Tongues Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall ciuill sayings show:
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age
Some of violated vowes,
'twixt the soules of friend, and friends
But vpon the fairest bowes,
or at euerie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reads, to know
The quintessence of euerie sprite,
heauen would in little show.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one body should be fill'd
With all Graces wide-enlarg'd,
nature presently distill'd

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maiestie;
Atalanta's better part,
sad Lucretia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of many parts,
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches dearest pris'd.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,
and I to liue and die her slaue.

Ref. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him sirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retrait, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exeunt.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselues without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was seuen of the nine dates out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee removed with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complection, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrastlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the direll take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid

Cel. I'faith (Coz) 'tis he.

Ref. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vvord.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrastled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolue the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ref. It may vvel be cal'd loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuetties vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ref. 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

Iaq I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake I thanke you too, for your societie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-toongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. Rosalinde is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are full of pretty answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the out of rings

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke twas made of *Atalanta's* heeles. Will you sirte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe

against

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against whom I know moſt faults.

Leq. The worſt fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your beſt vertue: I am weary of you.

Leq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Leq. There I ſhal ſee mine owne figure

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Leq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good ſignior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholly.

Roſ. I will ſpeake to him like a ſawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you heare Forreſter.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (reſter.

Roſ. I pray you, what i'ſt a clocke?

Orl. You ſhould aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Louer in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing euerie minute and groaning euerie houre would detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Roſ. By no meanes ſir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perſons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſeuenight, Times pace is ſo hard, that it ſeemes the length of ſeuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one ſleepes eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other liues merrily becauſe he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinkes himſelfe too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtaies it ſtil withal?

Roſ. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they ſleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Roſ. With this Shepheardeſſe my ſiſter: heere in the skirts of the Forreſt, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the Conie that you ſee dwell where ſhee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, then you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I haue bin told ſo of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vncle of mine taught me to ſpeake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well: for there he fell in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectures againſt it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one faulte ſeeming monſtrous, til his fellow-faulte came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſicke. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our yong plants with caruing *Roſalinde* on their barkes; hangs Odes vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) defying the name of *Roſalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him ſome good counſel, for he ſeemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Loue-ſhak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Roſ. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rufhes, I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Roſ. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie and ſunken, which you haue not: an vnqueſtionable ſpirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hoſe ſhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your ſleeue vnbutton'd, your ſhoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonſtrating a careleſſe deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as louing your ſelfe, then ſeeming the Louer of any other. (I Loue.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue

Roſ. Me beleeue it? You may aſſoone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do then to confeſſe ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtil giue the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in loue, as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſſe how much.

Roſ. Loue is merely a madneſſe, and I tel you, deſerues as wel a darke houſe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cur'd, is that the Lunacie is ſo ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profeſſe curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Miſtris: and I ſet him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſticall, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of teares, full of ſmiles; for euerie paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moſt part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forſweare him: now weepe for him, then ſpit at him; that I draue my Suter from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madneſſe, & was to forſweare the full ſtream of y world, and to liue in a nooke merely Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to waſh your Liuer as cleane as a ſound ſheepes heart, that there ſhal not be one ſpot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come euerie day to my Cote, and woe me.

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Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me where in the Forrest you liue: Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding; it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word: Is it a true thing?

Clo. No truelie: for the truest poetrie is the most fayning, and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, prayed be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; sluttishnesse may come horereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a walld Towne is more worthier then a village, & is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchellor: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: godild you for your last company, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the One hath his bow for, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and heare a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you will prone a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me well: and not being well married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must liue in bawdrie:
Farewel good *Mr Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behinde thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantasticall knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Never talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:
Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

Ros. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chestnut was euer the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

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Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*; a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiously, the very yce of chastity is in them

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downeright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forrest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asks me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke was of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them bravely, quite contrary athwart the heart of his louer, as a puisny Tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let vs remoue,
The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:
Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say
Ile prooue a busie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse; the common executioner
Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be neere)
You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Loues keene arrowes make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Affict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

Ros. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you insult, exult, *and* all at once
Over the wretched? what though you haue no beauty
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Must you be therefore prowd and pittilesse?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my spirits to your worship:
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauoured children:
'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer
So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man woo.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile send
Her with bitter words; why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sister: Shepherdesse,looke on him better
And be not proud,though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come,to our flocke. *Exit.*

Phe. Dead Shepheard,now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd,that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where ever sorrow is,relieefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow,and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue,is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were courtousnesse:
Silvius, the time was,that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company,which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and lle employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse,that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy,and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To glease the broken eares after the man
That the maine harueft reapesdoone now and then
A scattred smile,and that lle liue vpon. (while?

Phe. Know'ft thou the youth that spoke to mee yere.

Sil. Not very well,but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him,though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy,yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth,not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud,and yet his pride becomes him:
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence,his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall,yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so,and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneffe in his lip
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iuft the difference
Betwixt the constant red,and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Silvius*,had they markt him
In parcells as I did,would haue gone neere.
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet,
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him.
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black,and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred,scorn'd at me:
I marueil why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it,wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Phebe,with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head,and in my heare,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Silvius.* *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee,pretty youth,let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to every moderne censure,worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why,'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers,which is politicke: nor the Ladies, which is nice. nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples extracted from many obiects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Ros. A Trauellor: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore handa.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad,and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day,and happinesse,deere *Rosalind.*

Iaq. Nay then God buy you,and you talke in blanke verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: look you lispe,and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your nativitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*,I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but lle warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind.*

Ros. Nay,and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight. I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better iouncture I thinke then you make a woman: besides,he brings his destinie with him

Orl. What's that:

Ros. Why hornes: w ſuch as yoaare faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune,and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

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Orl. Verses in no horse-maker: and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind.*

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leare then you.

Ros. Come, woose me, woose me: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistris?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite: Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loose cause: *Troylus* had his braines dasht out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was drown'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me *Rosalind.*

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs: give me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Goe too: will you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrot against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else shee could not have the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't?

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that check for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excuse that?

Ros. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall never take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Ros. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would prove, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sexe in your love-prate:

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prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him be iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares hornes vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song

What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin and hornes to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueſſe
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* cruelltie

Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorne of your bright eine
Haue power to raise such loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milder aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by heare seale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my loue deny,
And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit Sil.*

Enter Oliuer. know)

Oli. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

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A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The rancke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of female fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?

Ref. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Lo what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke what obiect did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose boughs were mos'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but suddainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall

Ref. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Cane,
There strip't himselfe, and here vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it; Coſen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I doe so, I confesse it:
Ah, sirs, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ref. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Audrie

Clow. We shall finde a time *Audrie*, patience gentle *Audrie*.

Aud. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Audrie*, a most vile *Martext*. But *Audrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Aud. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by

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my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William.*

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Wa'st borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, diest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will driue in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ouerrun thee with policie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William.*

Will. God rest you merry sir. *Exit*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend, I attend. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question, the poorrie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with me, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues me; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuenew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent. Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you, Heere comes my *Rosalinde.*

Ros. God saue you brother.

Oli. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cæsars* Thrasonicall brag of I came, saw, and ouercame. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of stayres to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes! by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse, by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weare you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow humane as she is, and without any danger.

Ord. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ref. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ref. I care not if I haue: it is my studie
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Ord. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Ord. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duetie, and obseruance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obeysance:
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Ord. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ord. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ref. Why do you speake too, Why blame you me to loue you.

Ord. To her, that is not here, nor doth not heare.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and I'le be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you well: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Ord. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?

Here come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Well met honest Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met. come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you. sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.
when Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the spring.
And therefore take the present time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
with a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These pretie Country folkes would lie.
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditti, yet y note was very vntunable

1. *Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeue, and sometimes do not,
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is vrg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with her.

Ros. And you say you will haue her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Ros. You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ros. You say that you'l haue *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

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Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen: Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter, You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter: Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me, Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard: Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her If she refuse me, and from hence I go To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du.Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy, Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, Me thought he was a brother to your daughter: But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne, And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle, Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause.

Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forsweare, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times removed: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Countercheck quarrelsome: the first, the Lye with circumstance: the seuenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in If.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia. Still Musicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made euen attone together.*
Good Duke receiue thy daughter, Hymen from Heauen brought her, Yea brought her hither.
That thou might ioyne his hand with his, Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

Du.Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind.*

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ros. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange euents:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part:
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to foule Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning.
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O blessed bond of board and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euery towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euery Towne.

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me, Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Phe.

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Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. *Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second ſonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring theſe tidings to this faire aſſembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth reſorted to this forreſt,
Addreſt a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the ſword.
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his baniſh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reſtor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'ſt fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it ſelfe at large, a potent Dukedome
Firſt, in this Forreſt, let vs do thoſe ends
That heere were well begun, and well begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd threw'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Ruſticke Reuelrie:
Play Muſicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With meaſure heap'd in ioy, to'th Meaſures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. *Bro.* He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of theſe conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deſerues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deſerued bed:
And you to wraſtling, for thy loſing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuell'd: So to your pleaſures,
I am for other, then for dancing meaſures.

Duke.Se. Stay, *Iaques*, ſtay.

Iaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would haue,
Ile ſtay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Duke.Se. Proceed, proceed: we'l begin theſe rights,
As we do truſt, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

Ros. It is not the faſhion to ſee the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandſome, then to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no buſh, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vſe good buſhes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as pleaſe you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your ſimpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may pleaſe. If I were a Woman, I would kiſſe as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I deſi'de not: And I am ſure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

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THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hoſtes, Chriſtophero Sly.

Beggar.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A paire of ſtockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a beggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you haue burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedie, I muſt go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile anſwere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles aſleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Merriman*, the poore Curre is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldeſt fault,
I would not loſe the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntſ. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntſ. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. Oh monſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathſome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?

1. *Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot chooſe.

2. *H.* It would ſeem ſtrange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet Wood to make the Lodging ſweete:
Procure me Muſicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be readie ſtraight
(And with a lowe ſubmiſſiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor will command:
Let one attend him with a ſiluer Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay will pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coſtly ſuite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Ladie mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſtie.

1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you we will play our part
As he ſhall thinke by our true diligence
He is no leſſe then what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sound trumpets.
Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſound.
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling ſome iourney) to repoſe him heere.
Enter Seruingman.
How now? who is it?

Ser. An t'pleaſe your Honor, Players
That offer ſeruice to your Lordſhip.

Enter Players

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2. *Player.* So pleaſe your Lordſhippe to accept our dutie.

Lord With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldeſt ſonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I haue forgot your name: but ſure that part

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Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Slie. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you first,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Buttrie,
And give them friendly welcome everie one.
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.
Exit one with the Players.
Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such duetie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with deckoning head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy have not a woman gift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conceal'd)
Shall in despight enforce a watrie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon Ile give thee more instructions.
Exit a Servingman.
I know the boy will well usurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Basen and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserves?
3 *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christopher Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you give me any Conserves, give me conserves of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I have no more doublets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes look through the over-leather.
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Sly*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-herd, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrion Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if shee say I am not xiiid. on the score for sheere Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christen dome. What I am not bestraught: here's——
3 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? We'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trapp'd,
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy grey-hounds are as
As breathed Stags: fleeter then the Roe. (swift
2 *M.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straite
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with winde.
Lord. We'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted, as the deede was done.
3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And till the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious floods ore-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none.
Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smell sweet savours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

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2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightineſſe to waſh your hands:
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Beg. Theſe fifteene yeares, by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time

1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leete,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-iugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the woman's maide of the houſe.

3 *man.* Why ſir you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ioane* Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept aboue ſome fifteene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone.
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or if not ſo, vntill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſitians haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
wil therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh & the blood

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment.
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedie,
For ſo your doctors held it very meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comonatie, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.

Beg. What, houſhold ſtuffe.

Lady. It is a a kinde of hiſtory.

Beg Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall neuer be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua*, nurſerie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lombardie*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*.
Vincentio's ſonne, brough vp in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of Philoſophie
Will I applie, that treats of happineſſe,
By vertue ſpecially to be atchiu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſatietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.

Tra. Mi Perdonato, gentle maſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſucke the ſweets of ſweete Philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke Logicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practiſe Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and Poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you.
No profit growes, where is no pleaſure tane.
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou aduiſe,
If *Bonuolio* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put vs in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne. Hortensio ſuter to Bianca. Lucen Tranio ſtand by

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolu'd you know:
That is, not to beſtow my yongeſt daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherine*,

Becauſe

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.
There, there *Hortensio*. will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith sir, you shall never needs to feare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart.
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.
Hor. From all such dueels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too good Lord.
Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward
Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well said Mr. mum, and gaze your fill
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in.
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee ne're the lesse my girle.
Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why.
Bian. Sister content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.
Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the penaunce of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolu'd:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are
so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not
so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nailes together,
and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd
parle, know now vpon advice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and
be happie rivals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.
Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.
Gre. A husband: a diuell.
Hor. I say a husband.
Gre. I say, a diuell: Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
married to hell?
Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition; To be whipt at the high crosse euerie
morning.
Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by help-
ing *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we eye his
yongest free for a husband, and then haue to't afresh:
Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes
fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?
Gre. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the
best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thor-
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
house of her. Come on.
Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio
Tra. I pray sir tell me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.
Luc. Oh *Trauio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this young modest gyrle:
Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsels sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide.
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corrall lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has be closely mew'd her vp,

Because

Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuters.
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke ſome care
To get her cunning Schoolemaſters to inſtruct her.
Tra. I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.
Tra Maſter, for my hand
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt
Tra. You will be ſchoole-maſter,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* ſeruice,
Keepe houſe, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Viſit his Countremen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin ſeene in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it followes thus;
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keepe houſe, and port, and ſeruants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio* at once
Vnaſe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him firſt to keepe his tongue.
Tra. So had you needs:
In breefe Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſeruiceable to my ſonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I loue *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loues.
And let me be a ſlaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whoſe ſodaine ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maiſter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtolne your cloathes, or you ſtolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to ieſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to ſaue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my counſtnance on,
And I for my eſcape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came a ſhore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was deſcried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſaue my life:
You vnderſtand me?
Bion. I ſir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.
Tra. So could I faith boy, to haue the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptiſta's* yongeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maſters, I aduiſe you vſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elſe, you maſter *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelfe execute,
To make one among theſe wooers: if thou aſk me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and waighty.
Exeunt. The Preſenters aboue ſpeakes.
1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter ſurely:
Comes there any more of it?
Lady My Lord, 'tis but begun
Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloued and approoued friend
Hortenſio: & I trow this is his houſe:
Heere ſirra *Grumio*, knocke I ſay.
Gru. Knocke ſir? whom ſhould I knocke? Is there any man has's rebus'd your worſhip?
Petr. Villaine I ſay knocke me heere ſoundly.
Gru. Knocke you heere ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knocke you heere ſir
Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate
Gru. My Maſter is growne quarrelſome:
I ſhould knocke you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith ſirrah, and you I not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and ſing it.
He wrings him by the eare.
Gru. Helpe miſtris helpe, my maſter is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you ſirrah villaine.

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray? *Contrarilo dare bene trobato*, may I ſay.
Hor. Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto molto honorata ſignor mio Petruchio.
Riſe *Grumio* riſe, we will compound this quarrell
Gru Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leaue his ſeruice, looke you ſir. He bid me knocke him, & rap him ſoundly ſir Well, was it fit for a ſeruant to vſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty. a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt
Petr. A ſenceleſſe villaine: good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the raſcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: ſpake you not theſe words plaine? Sirra. Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduiſe you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſtie pleaſant ſeruant *Grumio*.
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such wind as ſcatters yong men through y world

To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.
Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she haue as many diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worse then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
Petr. Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke
Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompanie me thither
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'l raile in his rope tricks. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that shee shall haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista* keepes my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shall haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.
Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Grumio and Lucentio disguised.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue. *Petruchio* stand by a while.
Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Grumio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note: Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound, All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand, And see you reade no other Lectures to her: You vnderstand me. Over and beside Signior *Baptista* liberalitie, Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too, And let me haue them verie well perfum'd; For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you, As for my patron, stand you so assur'd, As firmely as your selfe were still in place, Yea and perhaps with more successefull words Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.
Petru. Peace sirra.
Hor. Grumio mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*. Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*, I promist to enquire carefully About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*, And by good fortune I haue lighted well On this yong man: For learning and behauiour Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman Hath promist me to helpe one to another, A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris, So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue,
Gru. And that his bags shal proue.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue, Listen to me, and if you speake me faire, Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either. Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon

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Vpon agreement from vs to his liking.
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Baptiſtas* ſoone:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue a ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhal haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As will a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Gremio. Hortenſio hearke:
This Gentlemen is happily arriu'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we wil, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Trauio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that has the two faire daughters: ift he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to ——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno,
That ſhe's the choiſe loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentlemen will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know he'l proue a Iade.
Petr. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor Sir, let me be ſo bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
Petr. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by
Gre. Yes, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderſtand you this of me (in ſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſuitors
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Wil not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay wel, and wel you do conceiue.
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſuitor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I ſhal not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru, Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhal be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſuitors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt: Is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You will haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but ieſted with me all this while:
I prethee ſiſter Kate, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her*
Enter

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Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrle she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her
For shame thou Hilding of a divelish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reveng'd.
Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greev'd as I
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man. Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I have a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is *Licio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poore petitioners speake too? *Baccare*, you are marvailous forward

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a gift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that have beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely give unto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematicks:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his service

Bap. A thousand thankes signior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio.* But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Citie heere,
Do make my selfe a suter to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolve unknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome amongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir.
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and so him me,
Left solve heere to all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowrie shall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she survive me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing. for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

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Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Muſitian?

Hor. I thinke ſhe'l ſooner prove a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not breake her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient diſtreſſed ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Jacke, with twentie ſuch vilde termes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſvſe me ſo.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſtie Wench,
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have ſome chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her here,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes,
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleere
As morning Roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile give her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe denie to wed, Ile crave the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.

Kate. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-dainтie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in every Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moueable.

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kate. A joyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heavie as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow wing'd Turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you *Waſpe*, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the fooles could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a *Waſpe* does weare his ſting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whoſe tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *She ſtrikes him*

Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.

Kate. So may you looſe your armes.
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.

Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet Why here's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate Well aym'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares,

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſlanderous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a Grove
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

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And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Per. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Per. Am I not wise?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Per. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in my bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, never make deniall,
I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my
Per. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Per. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of hers:
If she be curst, it is for policie,
For she's not froward, but modest as the Dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will prove a second *Grissell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon sonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then good night our part.
Per. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
She hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
She vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her love.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day:
Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your hads.
God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
Per. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.
Exit Petruchio and Katherine.
Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
Gre. Youngling thou canst not love so deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fire,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my *Bianca* love.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tyrian* tapestry:
In Ivory coffers I have stuft my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I live she will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
Ile leave her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pysa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her joynter.
What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, have I choakt you with an Argosie?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leese
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelve tne Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offerst next.
Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more,
And she can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out vied.
Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,

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Shee is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On ſonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the ſonday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Muſicke we haue ſpent an houre,
Your Lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the minde of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philoſophy,
And while I paule, ſerue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare theſe braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife: heere ſit we downe,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?
Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeria tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.*
Bian. Conſter them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic eſt*, ſonne vnto Vincentio of Piſa, *Sigeria tellus.* diſguiſed thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam, my Inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtetterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* preſume not, *Celſa ſenis*, deſpaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Aeacides*
Was *Ajax* call'd ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeue my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Latio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Muſitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamouth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortensio*.
Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion.
Beemi, Bianca take him for thy Lord
C ſol re, that loues with all affection:
D ſol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Elami, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Nicky. Miſtreſſe, your father prayes you leaue your
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweet maſters both, I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay
Hor But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he looks as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

No

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a frantick foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
Whatsoeuer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though. *Exit weeping.*
Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an injurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* (comming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why no sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?
Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a peire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a peire of boots that haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-cheekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been oftem burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and here and there peec'd with packthred.
Bap. Who comes with him?
Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list, an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies pricke in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.
Tra. Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come howsoere he comes.
Bion. Why sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?
Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?
Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.
Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.
Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home
Bap. You are welcome sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or vnusuall prodigie?
Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.
Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile visit her.
Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words,
Pet. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with
To me she's married, not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.
Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, we'le fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pysa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this busineſſe,
We'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician, amorous *Lucio*,
All for my Maſters ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from ſchoole.
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome ſay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumbling groome, and that the gurle ſhall finde.
Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you ſir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aske if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by gogs woones quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the booke,
And as he ſtoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him ſuch a cuffe,
That downe fell Prieſt and booke, and booke and Prieſt,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench when he roſe againe?
Gre. Trembled and ſhooke: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore, as if the Vicar meant to couzen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboard carowſing to his Mates after a ſtorme, quaft off the Muſcadell, and threw the ſops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reaſon, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aske him ſops as hee was drinking: This done, hee kiſſed the Bride about the necke, and kiſt her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame; and after mee I know the rout is comming, ſuch a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the muſicke play. *Muſicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your paines,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheere,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreat me rather goe then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my ſelfe
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs intreat you ſtay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.
Gru. I ſir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horſes.
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleaſe *my* ſelfe,
The dore is open ſir, there lies your
You may be iogging whiles your boots are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be made a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall goe forward *Kate* at thy commaund.
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is *my* goods, *my* chattels, ſhe is *my* houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, *my* field, *my* barne,
My horſe, *my* oxe, *my* aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhe ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy Miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to ſupply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.
Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio *Exeunt.*
Gru: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, & all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raide? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou muſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater

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greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtian, the white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter & miſtris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's he't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin, Imprimis we came downe a fowle hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluckе him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd, that neuer pray'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads be ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile, till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or five ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Joſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thoſe much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heare my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? What no man at doore To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*.

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and vnpoliſhe grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duetie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant, ſwain, you horſon malt-horſe drudge
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coate ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adams*, *Raſe*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly.
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in. *Exit Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſeruants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what boa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, & welcome heartily:
you horſon villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?

1. *Ser.* I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants seuerally.

Nath. *Peter* didst euer see the like.

Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meate, some vndeserued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulster
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
And if she chance to nod Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio:

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

Bian And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forsweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewel signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?

Tra. Mistris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil serue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*?

Bio. Master, a Mercantant, or a pedant,

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I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Per. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God saue you sir.
Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.
Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis merruile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliuer them.
Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?
Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.
Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to *Sir Vincentio*.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be courtesie sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appeares.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluckt vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you company.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou lou'st mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coates and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor stayes thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor.

Come

Cowne Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.
Enter Haberdasher.
Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?
Hab. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A Veluet dish: Fie,fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in hast,
Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.
Pet. Why thou saist true, it is a paltrie cap,
A cushion cushen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe carv'd like an apple Tart?
Heere's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time
Go hop me ouer every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She tales your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her
Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance.
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, nalle,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
Tai. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.
Tai. But did you not request to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tai. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd many men
braue not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lyest.
Tai. Why here is the note of the fashion to testifie.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.
Tai. Imprimis, a loose bodied gowne.
Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I said a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tai. With a small compast cape.
Gru. I confesse the cape.
Tai. With a trunke sleeue.
Gru. I confesse two sleeues.
Tai. The sleeues curiously cut.
Pet. I there's the villanie.
Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tai. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou should'st know it.
Gru I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then he shall haue no oddes.
Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy masters vse.
Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for. Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*
Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let's alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo this gallant will command the ſeaſon.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twenty yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſie*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello*,
Now do your duties throughlie I admire you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*.
Bion I told him that your father were at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped Soft ſon: ſir by your leaue, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him: to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you pleaſe like
No worſe than I, upon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you finde readie and willing
With one conſent to haue her ſo beſtowed:
For curioſus I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well:
Right true it is your ſonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and ſhe loueth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The matcht is made, and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall haue my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie ſeruants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And happilie we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
We'le paſſe the buſineſſe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſeruant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scriuener preſently,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie
ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath happed,
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods ſhe may withall my heart.
Exit
Tra. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheare,
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you.
Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You ſaw my Maſter winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or moriall of his ſignes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is fine talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull ſonne.
Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.
Luc. And then.
Bio. The old Prieſt at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your commaund at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Biond. I cannot tell, expect they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her, *cum priuilegio ad imprimendum ſolum*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as ſhee went to the Garden for Perſeley to ſtuffe a Rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adieu ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to go to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieſt be readie to come againſt you come with your appendix.
Exit.
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It ſhall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her.
Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortenſio

Pet. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's my ſelfe,

It

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It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe.
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

Hort. Petruchio, goe thy wayes, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias. But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away?
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

Kate. Young budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe,
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
Allots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy company.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'de me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth,
Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to needs thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grum. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant looker out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, he shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may believe her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman, why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to coosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot me?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marrie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe,helpe, helpe,here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe,ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Prethe *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vin. What am I ſir? nay what are you ſir: oh immoderall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a velvet haſe, a ſcarlet cloake, and a coſtarine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniverſitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what concernes it you,if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, pray what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio.*

Ped. Away,away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio,* and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Maſter: laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne,my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father *Baptiſta,* I charge you ſee that hee be forth-comming.

Vin. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Stay officer,he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſaie he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſaie that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd,and yonder he is,denie him, forſweare him, or elſe we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be.

Luc. Pardon ſweete father. *Kneeles.*

Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*, That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why,tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca's* loue Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*, While he did beare my countenance in the towne, And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe: What *Tranio* did,my ſelfe enforſt him to; Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.

Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without aſking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*,we will content you,goe to: but I will in to be reuenge'd for this villaine. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*,thy father will not frowne. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough,bvt Ile in among the reſt, Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

Kate. Husband let's follow,to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*,and we will.

Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?

Pet. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kate. No ſir,God forbid,but aſham'd to kiſſe.

Pet. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Kate. Nay,I will giue thee a kiſſe, now preie thee Loue ſtaie.

Pet. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate*. Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree, And time it is when raging warre is come, To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne: My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome, While I with ſelfeſame kindneſſe welcome thine: Brother *Petruchio*,ſiſter *Katerina*, And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*: Feaſt with the beſt,and welcome to my houſe, My Banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp After our great good cheere: preie you ſit downe, For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit,and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſſe, ſonne *Petruchio.*

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be afeard.

Petr. You are verie ſenſible, and yet you miſſe my ſence: I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Petr. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceives her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round, I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you
Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate*
Hor. To her *Widdow*.
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down
Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Believe me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Grey-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the jest did glance awaie from me.
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.
Bion. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile have no halves: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith *Exit. Bion.*
Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.
Hor. I am afraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She sayes you have some goodly jest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Petr. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my holidam here comes *Katerina*.
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away I say and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Unto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never bin.
Petr. Nay I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience
Her new built vertue and obedience

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that babie, throw it underfoote.
Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe
Bian. Fie what a foolish duttie call you this?
Luc. I would your duttie were as foolish too
The wisdome of your duttie faire *Bianca*
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my duttie.
Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-strong women, what duttie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,

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Wid. Come, come, you mocking: we will haue no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as froſts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds ſhake faire budds,
And in no ſence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſouereigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold,
Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe.
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire looke, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duetie as the ſubiect owes the Prince,
Euen ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeuiſh, ſullen, ſowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a ſtale contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiſſe mee *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, weele to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

Horten. Now go thy wayes, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leaue, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

FINIS.

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ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Roſſillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Laſew, all in blacke.

Mother

IN deliuering my ſonne from me, I burie a ſecond husband.

Ros. And I am going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I muſt attend his maieſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in ſubiection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband Madame, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maieſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſitions Madam, vnder whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the proceſſe, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how ſad a paſſage tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſtie, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would haue made nature immortall, and death ſhould haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings ſake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo *Gerard de Narbon*.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet vp againſt mortalitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord

Ros I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His ſole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer. for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe; ſhe derues her honeſtie, and atcheeues her goodneſſe.

Laſew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirranny of her ſorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to haue.

Hel I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſiue greefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the exceſſe makes it ſoone mortall

Ros. Maddam I deſire your holie wiſhes

Laf. How vnderſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father in manners as in ſhape: thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, truſt a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then vſe: and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne liues key. Be checkt for ſilence,
But neuer tax'd for ſpeech. What heauen more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an vnſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduiſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen bleſſe him: Farwell *Bertram*

Ros. The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoghes be ſeruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And theſe great teares grace his remembrance more
Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgot him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I ſhould loue a bright particuler ſtarre,
And think to wed it, he is ſo aboue me
In his bright radience and collateral light,

Muſt

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere?
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it ſelfe.
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To ſee him euerie houre to ſit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and trick of his ſweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Muſt ſanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, ſolne a coward,
Yet theſe fixt euils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues ſteely bones
Looker bleake: th'cold wind: withall ſull oft we ſee
Cold wiſedome waighting on ſuperfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. Is you haue ſome ſtaine of ſouldier in you: Let me aske you a queſtion. Man is enemie to virginitie. how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he aſſailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none. Man ſetting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleſſe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quickliest be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your ſelues made, you loſe your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preſerue virginity. Loſſe of Virginitie, is rationall encreaſe, and there was neuer Virgin got, till virginitie was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is metall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee ſaide in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeake on the part of virginitie, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it ſelfe, and ſhould be buried in highwayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his owne ſtomacke. Beſides, Virginitie is peeuiſh, proud, idle, made of ſelfe-loue, which is the moſt inhibited ſinne in the Canon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooſe but loſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it ſelfe two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelfe not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ſir, to loſe it to her owne liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſſe with lying: The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginitie like an old Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuited, but vnſuteable, juſt like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, than in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily. marry 'tis a withered peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a withered peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There ſhall your Maſter haue a thouſand loues,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſſe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſſe, and a Soueraigne,
A Counſellor a Traitereſſe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well. 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres do ſhut vs vp in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monſieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Helen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parrolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath ſo kept you vnder, that you muſt needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare proposes the ſafetie:
But the compoſition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Parol. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerue to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counſell, and vnderſtand what aduice ſhall thruſt vppon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leyſure, ſay thy prayers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee: So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye, Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye Giues vs free scope, only doth backward pull Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull. What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye, That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like native things. Impossible be strange attempts to those That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer strou'e To shew her merit, that did misse her loue? (The Kings disease) my project may deceiue me, But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flourish Cornets.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares, Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue A brauing warre.

1 Lo G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it, A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*, With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs For speedie aydes: wherein our dearest friend Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G His loue and wisedome Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue To stand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may serue A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke For breathing, and exploit

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1 Lor. G. It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord, Young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face, Franke Nature rather curious then in hast Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Fathers morall parts Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*

Ber. My thankes and duetie are your Maiesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now, As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship First tride our souldiership. he did looke farre Into the seruice of the time, and was Discipled of the braue'st. He lasted long, But on vs both did haggish Age steale on, And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me. To talke of your good father; in his youth He had the wit, which I can well obserue To day in our yong Lords. but they may iest Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour: So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse Were in his pride, or sharpenesse; if they were, His equall had awak'd them, and his honour Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speake: and at this time His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him, He vs'd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humilitie, In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man Might be a copie to these yonger times; Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now But goers backward

Ber. His good remembrance sir Lies richer in your thoughes, then on his tombes So in approofe lines not his Epitaph, As in your royall speech

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say, (Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausiue words He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue, This his good melancholly oft began On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee) After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe Of younger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses All but new things disdaine; whose iudgements are Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies Expire before their fashions. this he wish'd I after him, do after him wish too: Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home, I quickly were dissolued from my hiue To giue some Labourers roome.

L. 2. E. You'r loued Sir, They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

King. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count Since the Physition at your fathers died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

King. If he were liuing, I would try him yet. Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count, My sonne's no deerer

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty. *Exit*

Flourish

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Madam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearenesse of our deseruings, whenof our selues we publish them.

Count. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not. For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours.

Clo. Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Count. Well sir.

Clo. No madam,

Tis not so well that I am poore, though many of

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of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and I will doe as we may.

Cou. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine owne: ſeruice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall neuer haue the bleſſing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay barnes are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen on by the fleſh, and hee muſt needes goe that the diuell driues.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a weary of: he that eares my Land, ſpares my teame, and giues mee leaue to haue the crop. if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherriſher of my fleſh and blood; hee that cherriſhes my fleſh and blood, loues my fleſh and blood; he that loues my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, how ſoeuere their hearts are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtinie, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Steu. May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Helen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Helen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *Bu*
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a putifying o'th' ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, we'ed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and we might haue a good woman borne but ere euerie blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone ſir knaue, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to me, and ſhe her ſelfe without other aduantage, *may* lawfully make title to as much loue as ſhee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſhee'le demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhee wiſht me, alone ſhee was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought. I dare vowe for her, they touche not any ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhee loued your Sonne; Fortune ſhee ſaid was no goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: I owe no god, that would not extend his might oneelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpriſ'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhee deliuer'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie ſpeedily to acquaint you withall, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You haue diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, many likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeue nor miſdoubt: praie you leaue mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Helen.

Old.Cou. Euen ſo it was with me when I was yong:
If euer we are natures, theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth rightlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our bloud is borne.
It is the ſhow, and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loues ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerue her now.

Hel. What is your pleaſure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know *Helen* I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable Miſtris

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed a mother
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtriues with nature, and choiſe breedes
A natiue ſlip to vs from forraine ſeedes:
You neere oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care.
(Gods mercie maiden) doe it cured thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet?

ne manie colours'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——— Why, that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother.
Hel Pardon Madam.
The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is: and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother
Ol.Cou. Not I your Mother.
Hel. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister, care no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.
Old.Cou Yes *Helen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulse; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrue of your louelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and those eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, is't so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly cleeue:
If it be not, forsweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truelie.
Hel. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou Do you loue my Sonne?
Hel. Your pardon noble Mistris
Cou. Loue you my Sonne?
Hel. Doe not you loue him Madam?
Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose.
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd.
Hel Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite.
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet never know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope
Yet in this captious, and intemible Sieue.
I still poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chastly, and loue deserely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, lines sweerely where she dies.
Cou Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
Hel Madam I had.
Cou Wherefore tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth by grace it selfe I sweare
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For general soueraignetie: and that he will'd me
In heedefull'st reseruation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Cou This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?
Hel My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.
Cou But thinke you *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Physitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe.
Hel. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to try success, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.
Cou. Doo'st thou beleeue't?
Hel. I Madam knowingly.
Cou Why *Helen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile stay at home
And prase Gods blessing into thy attempt
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers young Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Reste, and Parolles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell.
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The gaist doth stretch in selfe as much receiu'd,
And is enough for both
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred ſouldiors, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
King. No,no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſſe he owes the malladie
That doth my life beſiege: farwell young Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the ſonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherite but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it, when
The braueſt queſtant ſhrinkes: finde what you ſeeke,
That fameward cry you loud: I ſay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ſerue your Maieſty.
King. Thoſe girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They ſay our French lacke language to deny
If they demand. beware of being Captiues
Before you ſerue.
Both. Our hearts receiue your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1.*Lo.G.* Oh my ſweet Lord, you wil ſtay behind vs.
Par. 'Tis not his fault the ſpark
2.*Lo.E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.
Par. Moſt admirable, I haue ſeene thoſe warres.
Ruſh. I am commanded here, and kepes coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Par. And thy minde ſtand too't boy,
Steale away bruely.
Ruſh. I ſhal ſtay here the for-horſe to a ſmocke,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plaine Maſonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no ſword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile ſteale away.
1.*Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it Count.
2.*Lo.E.* I am your accellary, and ſo farewell.
Ruſ. I grow to you, & our parting is a torrur'd body.
1.*Lo.G.* Farwell Captaine.
2.*Lo.E.* Sweet Mounſier *Parolles*.
Par. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kinne. good ſparkes and luſtrous, a word good mettals. You ſhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinſi, one Captaine *Spurre* his ſcarrice, with an Embleme of warre here on his ſinifter cheeke; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him I liue, and obſerue his reports for me.
Lo.G. We ſhall noble Captaine.
Par. *Mors* doate on you for his nouices, what will ye doe?
Ruſ. Stay the King.
Par. Vſe a more ſpacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you haue reſtrain'd your ſelfe within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſiue to them; for they weare themſelues in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeake, and moue vnder the influence of the moſt receiu'd ſtarre, and though the deuill leade the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Ruſ. And I will doe ſo.
Par. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue moſt ſinewie ſword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Laſeu.

L.Laſ. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile ſee thee to ſtand vp. (pardon,
L.Laſ. Then here's a man ſtands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that in my bidding you could ſo ſtand vp.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And aſke thee mercy for't.
Laſ. Goodfaith a-croſſe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?
King. No.
Laſ. O will you eate no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue ſeen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerfull to araiſe King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.
King. What her is this?
Laſ. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may conuey my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue ſpoke
With one, that in her ſexe, her yeeres, profeſſion,
Wiſedome and conſtancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakneſſe: will you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſſe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good *Laſeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou took'ſt it.
Laſ. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his ſpeciall nothing euer prologues.
Laſ. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helen.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.
Laſ. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maieſtie, ſay your mindo to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but ſuch traitors
His Maieſty ſeldome feares, I am *Croſſids* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, fare you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your buſines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſſe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The reuiher will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me ſtore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue ſo,
And hearing your high Maieſtie is touch't
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, ſtands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſſe.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ranſome nature
From her inaydible eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diſſeuer ſo
Our great ſelfe and our credit, to eſteeme
A ſenceleſſe helpe, when helpe paſt ſence we deeme.

Hel. My

Hel. My dutie then ſhall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee leſſe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughteſt to helpe me, and ſuch thankes I giue,
As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hel. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you forſeyt your reſt gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt workes is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement ſhowne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great floods haue flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'ſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moſt ſhifts.

King. I muſt not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide
Thy paines not us'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeauours giue conſent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſture, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſunne ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the theeuiſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirme, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall liue free, and ſickeneſſe freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venter?

Hel. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a diuulged ſhame
Traded by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, ne worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, within an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaues another way:
Thy life is deare, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate,
Sweet prattler, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpake, vnpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd. not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euen?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, her to beſtow.

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou came'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and vndoubted bleſt.
Giue me ſome helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

Florish. *Exit.*

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clowne. I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an anſwere will ſerue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anſwere ſerue fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* raſh for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrouetuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I ſay, an anſwere of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Lady. It muſt be an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will be a foole in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer.

Lady.

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La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir there's a simple putting off more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loues you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you cry O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I neare had worse luck in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue ever.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serues well again.

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue *Helen* this, And vrge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my loouing, Thus it not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much employment for you, you vnderstand me.

Clo Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Haste you agen. *Exeunt*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence it is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Ol.Laf. To be relinquish of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a——

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a nouelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol.Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor

Par. That's it. I would haue said, the very same

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: for me I speake in respect——

Par Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol.Laf. In a most weake——

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendance, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recouery of the king, as to be

Old.Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Lafftique, as the Dutchmen saies: Ile like a maide the better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a Coranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen*?

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before me all the Lords in Court, Sit my preseruer by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banish'd sence Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue The confirmation of my promis'd guift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Bachellors, stand at my bestowing, O're whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to vse: thy frankie election make, Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ as little beard

King. Peruse them well: Not one of those, but had a Noble father *She addresses her to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd the king to health.

All We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest That I protest, I simply am a Maide: Please it your Maiesty, I haue done already: The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee, We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refused; Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for ever. We'l neere come there againe.

King Make choise and see, Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Alter do I fly, And to imperiall loue, that God most high Do my sighes streame: Sir, will you heare my suite?

1. *Lo* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw Ames-ace for my life.

Hel The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes, Before I speake too threatningly replies: Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue Her that so wishes, and her humble loue.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please

Hel. My wish receiue, Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel Be not afraid that I your hand should take, Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake: Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old.Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue

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house heere : fure they are bidlands to the Englifh, the French nere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your felfe a fonne out of my blood.

4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not fo.

Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am fure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'ft not an affe, I am a youth of fourteene : I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not fay I take you, but I giue Me and my feruice, ever whilft I liue Into your guiding power : This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her fhee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I fhal beſeech your highneſs In ſuch a buſines, giue me leaue to vſe The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ſt thou not *Bertram* what ſhee has done for me?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I ſhould marrie her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhee has reſtor'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Phyſitians daughter my wife? Diſdaine Rather corrupt me ever.

King. Tis onely title thou diſdainſt in her, the which I can build vp : ſtrange is it that our bloods Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off In differences ſo mightie. If ſhe bee All that is vertuous (ſaue what thou diſlik'ſt) A poore Phyſitians daughter, thou diſlik'ſt Of vertue for the name : but doe not ſo : From loweſt place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great additions ſwell's, and vertue none, It is a dropſied honour. Good is one, Is good without a name? Vileneſſe is ſo : The propertie by what is is, ſhould go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wiſe, faire, In theſe, to Nature ſhee's immediate heire : And theſe breed honour : that is honours ſcorne, Which challenges it ſelfe as honours borne, And is not like the ſire : Honours thriue, When rather from our acts we them deriue Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a ſlaue Deboſh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie grauе : A lying Trophee, and as oft is dombe, Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaide? If thou canſt like this creature, as a maide, I can create the reſt : Vertue, and ſhee Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will ſtriue to doo't.

King Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtriue to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad: Let the reſt go.

King. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeate I muſt produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud ſcornfull boy, unworthie this good gift, That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle vp My loue, and her deſert : that canſt not dreame, We poiſing vs in her defectiue ſcale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where We pleaſe to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt : Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good : Beleeue not thy diſdaine, but preſently Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy duetie owes, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the ſtaggers, and the carelеſſe lapſe Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate Loſeing vpon thee, in the name of iuſtice, Without all termes of pitie. Speake, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I ſubmit My faculte to your eies, when I conſider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it : I finde that ſhe which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, moſt baſe : is now The prailed of the King, who ſo ennobled, Is as 'twere borne ſo.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe A counterpoiſe : if not to thy eſtate, A ballance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract : whoſe Ceremonie Shall ſeeme expedient on the now borne briefe, And be perform'd to night : the ſolemne Feaſt Shall more attend vpon the coming ſpace, Expecting abſent friends. As thou lou'ſt her, Thy lou'r's to me Religious : elſe, do's erre.

Exeunt Parolles and Lafew ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monſieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ia: Is it not a Language I ſpeake?

Par. A moſt haſtie one, and one to be vnderſtoode without bloudie ſucceeding. My Maſter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Roſſillon*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man : Counts maiſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir : Let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man : to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to be a prettie wiſe fellow, thou didſt make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might paſſe : yet the ſcarfes and the bannerets about thee, did manifeſtlie diſſwade me from believing thee a veſſell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I looſe thee againe, I care not: yet am glad thou haſt ſence of loſſing. Bleſſing with thee in ſuit. And ſo to you.

Par. Haſt thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

Laf. Do not plunge thy felfe too farre in anger, leſt thou haſten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, ſo my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy caſement I needs not open, for I looke through thee. Giue me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf.

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Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I haue not my Lord deſeru'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, euery dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Euen as ſoone as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmacke o'th contrarie. If euer thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarfe and beaten, thou ſhalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I haue a deſire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy ſake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſonne ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him againe.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and maſters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt vnfainedly beſeech your Lordſhippe to make ſome reſeruation of your wronges. He is my good Lord. whom I ſerue aboue is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy maſter. Why doeſt thou garter vp thy armes a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeues? Do other ſeruants ſo? Thou were beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: me-thinkes't thou art a generall offence, and euery man ſhold beate thee: I thinke thou waſt created for men to breath themſelues vpon thee.

Par This is hard and vndeſerued meaſure my Lord.

Laf. Go too ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more ſawcie with Lordes and honourable perſonages, then the Commiſſion of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ros. Vnbleſſe, and ſtedfaſted to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter ſweet-heart?

Roſſil. Although before the ſolemne Prieſt I haue ſworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parolles*, they haue married me: Ile to the *Tuſcan* warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foote: to'th warres.

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: to'th warres my boy, to'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnſeene,
That hugges his kickie wickie here at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which ſhould ſuſtaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Mars* fierie ſteed: to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore to'th warre.

Ros. It ſhall be ſo, Ile ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeake. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields
Where noble fellowes ſtrike: Warres is no ſtrife
To the darke houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Capricho hold in thee, art ſure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and aduiſe me.
Ile ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it. 'Tis hard
A yong man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,
The King has done you wrong: but hush'tis ſo. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health, ſhe's very merrie, but yet ſhe is not well: but thankes be giuen ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very wel, what do's ſhe ayle, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heauen, whether God ſend her quickly: the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly

Enter Parolles.

Par Bleſſe you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope ſir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them ſtill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man: for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters vndoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You ſhould haue ſaid ſir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth ſir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie fool, I haue found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your ſelfe ſir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knaue i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,

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A verie serrious busynesse call's on him:
The great prerogaraue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre ore-flow with loy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.
Hel. What's his will else?
Par. That you will take your instant leaue o'th king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable needs.
Hel. What more commends hee?
Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.
Par. I shall report it so. *Exit Par.*
Hel. I pray you come sirrah. *Exit*

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a souldier.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.
Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I haue seen him'd against his experience, and transgreft against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.
Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.
Ber. Is shee gone to the king?
Par. Shee is.
Ber. Will shee away to night?
Par. As you'le haue her.
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure, Giuen order for our horses, and to night, When I should take possession of the Bride, And ere I doe begin.
Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and vses a knowne truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should be once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Captaine.
Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?
Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my Lords displeasure.
Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.
Ber. It may be you haue mistaken him my Lord.
Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Mon sieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but we must do good against euill.
Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.
Ber. I thinke so.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Giues him a worthy pasle. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue For present parting, only he desires Some priuate speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marueile *Helen* at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The minist'ration, and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a businesse, therefore am I found So much vnsetled: This drives me to intreate you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse then aske why I entreate you, For my respects are better then they seeme, And my appointments haue in them a needs Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother, 'Twill be two dayes ere I shall see you, so I leaue you to your wisedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient seruant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And euer shall
With true obseruance seeke to eeke out that Wherein toward me my homely starres haue fail'd To equall my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell: Hie home.
Hel. Pray sir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is, But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you haue?
Hel. Something, and scarse so much: nothing indeed, I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes, Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse.
Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord; Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit*
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come, Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme: Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. *Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.*
Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The

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The fundamentall reaſons of this warre,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth
And more thirſts after.

1. Lord. Holy ſeemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marualle much our Coſin France
Would ſo loſt a buſineſſe, ſhut his boſome
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yeilde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counſaile frames,
By ſelfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, ſince I haue found
My ſelfe in my incertaine grounds to faile,
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

Fren.G. But I am ſure the younger of our nature,
That ſurfet on their eaſe, will day by day
Come heere for Phyſicke.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them ſettle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailes they fell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flourſh.*

Enter Countteſſe and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, ſaue that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholly man.

Count. By what obſeruance I pray you.

Clo Why he will looke vppon his boote, and ſing: mend the Ruffe and ſing, aske queſtions and ſing, picke his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy ſold a goodly Manour for a ſong.

Lad. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Iſbell* ſince I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Iſbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Iſbels* a'th Court: the braines of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I begine to loue, as an old man loues money, with no ſtomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

I haue ſent you a daughter-in-Law, ſhee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and ſworne to make the not eternall. You ſhall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you. *Your vnfortunate ſonne,*
Bertram.

This is not well raſh and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of ſo good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two ſouldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is ſome comfort in the newes, ſome comfort, your ſonne will not be kild ſo ſoone as I thought he would.

La. Why ſhould he be kil'd?

Clo. So ſay I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in ſtanding too't, that's the loſſe of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I only heare your ſonne was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not ſay ſo.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt ſo many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtarr
Can woman me vnto't. Where is my ſonne I pray you

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to ſerue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Paſport.

When thou canſt get the Ring vpon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in ſuch a(then) I write a Neuer.
This is a dreadfull ſentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1.G. I Madam, and for the Contents ſake are ſorrie for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engroſſeſt, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moity: He was my ſonne,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La. And to be a ſouldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpoſe, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren.E. I Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,
Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren.E. Tis but the boldneſſe of his hand haply, which his heart was not conſenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely ſhe, and ſhe deſerues a Lord
That twenty ſuch rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely Miſtris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A ſeruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I haue ſometime knowne.

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, he.

La. A very taincted fellow, and full of wickednes,
My ſonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you ſee my ſonne, to tell him that his ſword can neuer winne the honor that he loſſes: more I entreate

you

you writers to be rejoyned.

Prou.G. We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

Hel. *Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.*
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the event
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride vpon the violent speede of fire.
Fly with false aymc, moue the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Whoe euer shootes at him, I set him there.
Whoe euer charges on his forward breft
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him to't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was so effected: Better 'twere
I met the ravine Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The eyre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To consolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drum and trumpets; Soldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horſe thou art, and we
Greet in our hope, lay our beſt loue and credence
Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet
We'l ſtriue to beare it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auſpicious mistris!

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my ſelfe into the file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A louer of thy drummc, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Iaques Pylgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With ſainted vow my faults to haue amended.
Write, write, that from the bloudie courſe of warre
My deareſt Maſter your deare ſonne, may hie,
Bleſſe him at home in peace. Whilſt I from farre,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his deſpightfull Iuno ſent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mine,
Whom I my ſelfe embrace to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharpe ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice ſo much,
As letting her paſſe ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-rane: and yet ſhe writes
Purſuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell ſhall
Bleſſe this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnleſſe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greateſt Iuſtice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let eueric word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greateſt greefe,
Though little he do feele it, ſet downe ſharpely.
Diſpatch the moſt conuenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall heare that ſhe is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that ſhee
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereſt to me, I haue no ſkill in ſence
To make diſtinction, prouide this Meſſenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and ſorrow bids me ſpeake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty.
We ſhall looſe all the ſight.

Diana. They ſay, the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſeruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander.
And that with his owne hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother: we haue loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrarie wayeharke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And ſuffice our ſelues with the report of it
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is ſo rich
As honeſtie.

Widdow I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene ſolicited by a Gentleman
His Compenion.

Mar

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Mar. I know that knaue, hange him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*: their promises, enticements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miſerie is example, that ſo terrible ſhewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſwade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I needs not to aduiſe you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modeſtie which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not needs to feare me.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope ſo: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know ſhe will lye at my houſe, thither they ſend one another, Ile queſtion her. God ſaue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. *Iaques le grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the S. *Frances* heare beſide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie ift. Harke you, they come this way: If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hoſteſſe
As ample as my ſelfe.

Hel. Is it your ſelfe?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will ſtay vpon your leiſure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Heere you ſhall ſee a Countreiman of yours
That has done worthy ſeruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roſſillion*: know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares moſt nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dia. What ſomere he is
He's bravely taken heere. He ſtole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Thinke you it is ſo?

Hel. I ſurely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ſerues the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. *Monſieur Parolles.*

Hel. Oh I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelfe, ſhe is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deſerving
Is a reſerued honeſtie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheroſoere ſhe is,
Her heart weighes ſadly: this yong maid might do her
A ſhrewd turne if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count ſolicites her
In the vnlawfull purpoſe.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Roſſillion, Parolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid elſe.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldeſt ſonne,
That *Eſpaine*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Dia 'Tis pitty he is not honeſt: yonds that ſame knaue
That leades him to theſe places: were I his Ladie,
I would poiſon that vile Raſcall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with ſcarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Looſe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Looke he has ſpyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curteſie, for a ring-carter. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is paſt: Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you ſhall hoſt: Of enjoyn'd penitents
There's foure or five, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Alreadie at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me. and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts of this Virgin.
Worthy the note.

Both. We'le take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Roſſillion and the Frenchmen, as at firſt.

Cap.R. Nay good my Lord put him to't: let him haue his way.

Cap.G. If your Lordſhippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

Cap.R. On my life my Lord a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am ſo farre
Deceiued in him.

Cap.R. Believe it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeake of him as my kinſman, hee's a moſt notable Coward, an infinite and endleſſe Lyar, an hourely promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordſhips entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, leaſt repoſing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſtie buſineſſe, in a maine danger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better than to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him ſo confidently vndertake to do.

C.R. I with a troop of Florentines will ſuddainly ſurprize

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leaguer of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what metle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Is't but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne soulditers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor we had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruice is seldome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, *or hic iacet.*

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy soulditership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. *Exit*

Cap.E. No more than a fish loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damned then to doo't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriously he doers addresse himselfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboss't him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde Tokens and Letters, which she did reseind, And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleeue you,
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolues to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As we'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That she'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From

From soone to soone, some foure or fiue discents,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yeelded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other Souldiers in ambush.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you sallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your selues. no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor.E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voyce?

1. *Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

Lo.E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs againe.

1 *Sol.* E'en such as you speake to me.

Lo.E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & sweare the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo.E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake the recouery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bajazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

Lo.E. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo.E. We cannot affoord you so.

Par. Or the boring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo.E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo.E. Hardly serue.

Par Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo.E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarse make that be beleeued.

Par I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer'd it.

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo E. Throca movsvs, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
Ile discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.

Int Boskos vauuado, I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh prey, prey, prey,
Manka reuania dulche.

Lo.E. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwinke as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to saue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,
And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par If I do not, damne me.

Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou are granted space. *Exit*

A short Alarum within.

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L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (muffled
Sol. Captaine I will.
L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.
Sol. So I will sir.
L.E. Till then lle keepe him darke and safely lockt. *Exit*

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddesse,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.
Dia. I so you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barrenesse.
Ber. How haue I sworne.
Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me.
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This has'no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore condtions, but vnseal'd
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're, knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it begynnes, shall so perseuer.
Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scoure,
That we'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.
Ber. lle lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.
Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And lle be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
lle order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, lle put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
Dia. For which, long may I thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore lle lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne. *Exit*

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours.

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.
Cap.E. I haue deliuer'ed it an houre since, there is some thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.
Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.
Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.
Cap.E. Hee hath perswaded a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he flesh'es his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition.
Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selues, what things are we.
Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale themselues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe.
Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?
Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.
Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that he might take

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a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is an overture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid sir, for should I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two monthes since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iames le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing, the tenderneſſe of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, *made* a groane of her last breath, & now she singes in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iustified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her story true, euen to the poyne of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap.E. I am heartily sorrie that he'l bee glad of this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, we drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I haue this night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a month's length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & between these maine parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the businesse be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſt of your Lor dſhip.

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, has deceiu'd me, like a double-meaning Prophesier.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, has's saue i'th stockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vſurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship already: the stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, he weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has's a?

Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffled; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes. *Portotartarosa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without 'em.

Par. I will confeſſe what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong What say you to that?

Par Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vnserviceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slaue is this?

Cap.G Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theorique of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue everie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Fiue or sixe thousand horse I said, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

Cap.G He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marualious poore.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & sixtie

fiftie, *Sebastian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Iaques* ſo many: *Guiltian*, *Cotſo*, *Ladowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chriſopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thouſand pole, halfe of the which, dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their Caſſockes, leaſt they ſhake themſelues to peeces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him.

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's ſet downe: you ſhall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſtie, and expertneſſe in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not poſſible with well-waighing ſummes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What ſay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shriewes fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

Cap.G. Nay looke not ſo vpon me: we ſhall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſſe I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, ſhall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter ſir: that is an aduertiſement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Roſſillion*, a ſooliſh idle boy: but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you ſir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it firſt by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I proteſt was very honeſt in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcilious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-ſides rogue.

Int. Let. When he ſweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:
After he ſcores, he neuer payes the ſcore:
Halfe won is match well made: match and well make it,
He neuer payes after-debts, take it before,
And ſay a ſouldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kiſs.
For count of this, the Count is a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap.E. This is your deuoted friend ſir, the manifold Linguiſt, and the army-potent ſouldier

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue ſir by your Generals lookes, wee ſhall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life ſir in any caſe: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue ſir in a dungeon, i'th ſtockes, or any where, ſo I may liue.

Int. Wee'le ſee what may bee done, ſo you confeſſe freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſtie?

Par. He will ſteale ſir an Egge out of a Cloiſter: for rapes and raniſhments he paralels *Neſſus*. Hee profeſſes not keeping of oathes, in breaking 'em he is ſtronger then *Hercules*. He will lye ſir, with ſuch volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkeneſſe is his beſt vertue, for he will be ſwine-drunke, and in his ſleepe he does little harme, ſaue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I haue but little more to ſay ſir of his honeſty, he has euerie thing that an honeſt man ſhould not haue; what an honeſt man ſhould haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſtie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſſe in warre?

Par. Faith ſir, has led the drumme before the Engliſh Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his ſouldierſhip I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Moſſe-head*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie ſo farre, that the rarities redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I needs not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardecue he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumaine*?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a Crow a'th ſame neſt: not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſſe, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreate hee outruns any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee has the Crampe.

Int. If your life be ſaued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horſe, Count *Roſſillion*.

Int. Ile whiſper with the Generall, and knowe his pleaſure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to ſeeme to deſerue well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition

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stion of that lasciuious young boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Iust. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traiterously discouered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my death.

Iust. That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:
So, looke about you, know you any here?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine

Lo.E. God blesse you Captaine *Paroles.*

Cap.G. God saue you noble Captaine.

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I de compell it of you, but fare you well *Exeunt.*

Iust You are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Iust. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captaine I'le be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggert
Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,
That euery braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* liue
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and means for euery man aliue.
Ile after them *Exit.*

Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcelles*, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen aiding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
We'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a seruant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet vse make of what they haue,
When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you *Diana*,
Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Vpon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briers shall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron would haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene alone at this house, and your sonne here at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh and cost mee the dearest groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another herbe.

Clo. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the herbe of grace.

Laf. They are not herbes you knaue, they are nose-herbes.

Clowne I am no great *Nebuchadnezar* sir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith sir a has an English name, but his fisnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkenesse, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still.

Clow

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Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of euer keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: ſome that humble themſelues may, but the maſſe will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begun to bee a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horſes be wel look'd too without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks vpon em ſir, they ſhall bee Iades tricks, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A ſhrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himſelfe much ſport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a patent for his ſawcineſſe, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſſe and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good I adies death, and that my Lord your ſonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my maſter to ſpeake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maieſtie out of a ſelfe gracious remembrance did firſt propoſe, his Highneſſe hath promis'd me to doe it, and to ſtoppe vp the diſpleaſure he hath conceiued againſt your ſonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſſe comes poſt from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldome fail'd.

La Ir reioyces me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I haue letters that my ſonne will be heere to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted

Lad. You needs but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your ſonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a ſcar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A ſcarre nobly got,
Or a noble ſcarre, is a good liu'rie of honor.
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face

Laf. Let vs go ſee
your ſonne I pray you, I long to taſte
With the yong noble ſouldier.

Clowne. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants

Hel. But this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low, we cannot helpe it
But ſince you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do ſo grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maieſties eare,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſaue you ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue ſeene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodneſſe,
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharpe occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vſe of your owne vertues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that ſtore of power you haue
To come into his preſence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere ſir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd laſt night, and with more haſt
Then is his vſe.

Wid. Lord how we looſe our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time ſeeme ſo aduerſe, and meanes vnfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Roſſillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you ſir
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I preſume ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good ſpeede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This ile do for you

Hel. And you ſhall finde your ſelfe to be well thanke
what e're falles more We muſt to horſe againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now ſir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with freſher cloathes: but I am now ſir muddied in fortunes mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eate no Fiſh of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee allow the winde.

Par. Nay you needs not to ſtop your noſe ſir: I ſpake but by a Metaphor

Clo. Indeed ſir, if your Metaphor ſtinke, I will ſtop my noſe, or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par.

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Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to give to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cur, his not a Mastiue, that bo's soloe into the voyeadome filth-pond of her displeasure, and as his foyes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knaue. I doe pitie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to pare her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare me one single word.

Laf. you beggar a single penny more: Come you shall ha't, saue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand: How does your drummes?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon me at once both the office of God and the deuil: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege, And I beseech your Maiestie to make it Natures recklesnesse, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

King. My honour'd Lady, I haue forgiuen and forgotten all, Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him, And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say, But first I begge my pardon: the young Lord Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe, The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eies: whose words all eares took captiue, Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue, Humbly call'd Mistris.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then oblision, we do bury Th'incensing relicques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender; and informe him So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege.

King. What saysst he to your daughter, Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

King. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Rossillon.

Laf. He lookes well on't

King. I am not a day of season, For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile In me at once: But to the brightest beames Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth, The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

King. All is whole, Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward top: For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornfull Perspectiue did lend me, Which warpe the line, of euerie other fauour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreſt it stolne, Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came, That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe, Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd: That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: but loue that comes too late, Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults, Make trifull price of serious things we haue, Not knowing them, vntill we know their grace Oft our displeasures to our selues vniust, Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust: Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's don, e While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone. Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*, The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay To see our widdowers second marriage day: Which better then the first. O deere heauen bleſſe, Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceſſe.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my house name Must be digeſted: giue a fauour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ey're haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Helen*
I bad her if her fortunes ever stoode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it

Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement throwne me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd. but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, she ceast
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

King. Plutus himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs
Vpon her great disaster.

Ber. She neuer saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,
And make it conuerse all feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes *my* selfe, could win me to beleeue,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vantage,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'l sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne,
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath fiue foure or fiue removes come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter

Vpon his many protestations to marrie me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Rossillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to me, and my honors payed to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant it me, O King, in you it best lies; otherwise a seduced Maide is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him.

King. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these suiters:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afeard the life of *Helen* (Ladie)
Was foully snatcht.

Old La. Now iustice on the doers

King. I wonder sir, sir, wiues are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pitied

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine.
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp rate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour.
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

King. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if bee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

King. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validine
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner o'th Campe
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of late preceding Ancestors, that Iemme
Conferr'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes
King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.
Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether
Ref. What of him:
He's quoted for a most perfidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxe and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing.
King. She hath that Ring of yours
Ref. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraine,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.
Dia. I must be patient.
You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet.
(Sance you lacke vertue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.
Ref. I haue it not.
King. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger
King. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late
Dian. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.
Dian. I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you
Is this the man you speake of?
Dian. I, my Lord.
King. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master.
Which on your iust proceeding, I'le keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman Tricks hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.
King. Come, come, to'th'purpose: Did hee loue this
woman?
Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how
King. How I pray you?
Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman
King. How is that?
Par. He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.
King. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an egui-
uocall Companion is this?
Par. I am a poore man and at your Maiesties com-
mand.
Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator
Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?
Par. Faith I know more then I'le speake.
King. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?
Par Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would derriue mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.
King. Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst
say they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.
Dian. I my good Lord.
King. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?
Dian. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dian. It was not lent me neither
King. Where did you finde it then?
Dian. I found it not
King. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?
Dian I neuer gaue it him.
Laf. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.
King. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.
Dian. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou tell'st me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou dyest within this houre.
Dian. I'le neuer tell you.
King. Take her away.
Dian. I'le put in baile my liedge.
King. I thinke thee now some common Customer.
Dian. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while.
Dian. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guiltie:
He knowes I am no Maid, and he'l sweare too't:
I'le sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.
King. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.
Dian. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he never harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena and Widdow.

King. Is there no exorcist
Begules the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?
Hel. No my good Lord,

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Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Ber. If ſhe my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce ſtep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I ſee you liuing?
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make ſport with thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this ſtorie knowe,
To make the euen truth in pleaſure flowe:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolueedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
Flourish.

The Kings a Beggar, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be won,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtrift to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.

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Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine againe, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What *Curio*?

Cu. The Hart.

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
E're since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer.
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you Saylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued.

Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
Most prouident in peril, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Maste, that lin'd vpon the sea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place.

Vio. Who gouernes here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the loue of faire *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.
Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeue thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward character.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serue thus Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pames: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemie to life

Mar. By my troth sir *Toby*, you must come in earlyer a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselues in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you. I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Agu-cheeke*?

Ma. I be.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpose?

To. Why he has three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but he'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreouer, he's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here comes Sir *Andrew Agu-cheeke*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet sir *Andrew*.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir *Andrew*, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

And. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* sir.

And. Good mistris *Mary*, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord her, woe her, assayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Fare you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightst never draw sword agen

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might never draw sword agen: I fare Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart? What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Ma. A dry iest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria.*

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Canarie put me downe: me thinkes sometimes I haue no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man has's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeue that does harme to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forsweare it. Ile ride home to morrow sir *Toby*.

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight?

An. What is *pur-quoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing, dancing, and beare-baiting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my *An.* But it becomes me well enough, dost not? (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir *Toby*, your neece will not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me: the Count himselfe here hard by, woores her,

To. She'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboue her degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her swear't. Tut there's life in't man.

And

And. Ile ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt mindes i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels ſometime altogether

To. Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore haue theſe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take duſt, like miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Corranto? My very walke ſhould be a Iigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doteſt thou mee ane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the ſtarre of a Galliard

And. I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we fit about ſome Reuels?

To. What ſhall we do elſe: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is legges and thighes: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mens attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe fauours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either feare his humours, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his loue. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you. heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I haue vnclaſp'd
To thee the booke euen of my ſecret ſoule.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de acceſſe, ſtand at her doores.
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne.

Vio. Say I do ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the paſſion of my loue,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deere faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes.
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aſpect.

Vio. I thinke not ſo, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That ſay thou art a man: *Diana's* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblatiue a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affayre: ſome foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt
When leaſt in companie: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my beſt
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtrife,
Who ere I woe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where y ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good miſtris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to ſay in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wiſedome that haue it: & thoſe that are fooles, let them vſe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer beare it out.

Ma. You are reſolute then?

Clo Not ſo neyther, but I am reſolu'd on two poines

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if ſir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* fleſh, as any in Illyria

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling. thoſe wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am ſure I lacke thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſaies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a foolliſh wit. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beſides you grow diſ-honeſt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counſell will amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that tranſgreſſes, is but patche with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patche with vertue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, what remedy?

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As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beauties a flower: The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I ſay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to ſay, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriouſly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouſe of vertue anſwer mee.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſſe, Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournſt thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his ſoule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his ſoule is in heauen, foole.

Clo The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers ſoules, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmety that decaies the wiſe, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God ſend you ſir, a ſpeedie Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he will not paſſe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marueil your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcall: I ſaw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a ſtone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already, vnles you laugh and minifter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſemen, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are ſicke of ſelfe-loue *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſſe, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne diſcreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeake with you

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Mar I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeakes nothing but madman. Fie on him. Go you *Malvolio*; If it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſicke, or not at home What you will, to diſmiſſe it. *Exit Malvo.*

Now you ſee ſir, how your fooling growes old, & people diſlike it.

Clo Thou haſt ſpoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldeſt ſonne ſhould be a foole: whoſe ſcull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a moſt weake *Pia-mater.*

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Coſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'theſe pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Coſin, Coſin, how haue you come ſo earely by this Lethargie?

To Letcherie, I defie Letchery. there's one at the gate.

Ol I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the ſecond maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and ſeeke the Crowner, and let him ſitte o'my Coz: for he is in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the ſoole ſhall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal Madam, yond young fellow ſweares hee will ſpeake with you. I told him you were ſicke, he takes on him to vnderſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleepe, he ſeems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeake with you. What is to be ſaid to him Ladie, hee's fortified againſt any denial.

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeake with me.

Mal. Has's beene told ſo: and hee ſayes hee'l ſtand at your doore like a Sheriffes poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but hee'l ſpeake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner. hee'l ſpeake with you, will you, or no

Ol. Of what perſonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peſcod, or a Codling when 'tis almoſt an Apple: 'Tis with him in ſtanding water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he ſpeakes verie ſhrewiſhly: One would thinke his mothers milke were ſcarſe out of him.

Ol Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, We'l once more heare *Orſinos* Embaſſie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speake to me, I ſhall anſwer for her. your will.

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would bee loath to caſt away my ſpeech: for beſides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee ſuſtaine no ſcorne; I am very comptible, euen to the leaſt ſiniſter vſage.

Ol. Whence came you ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more then I haue ſtudied, & that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Ladie of the houſe, that

may proceede in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie pangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe. for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praise.

Vio Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowed your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way

Vio. No good Swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head. to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol Giue vs the place alone, We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio Most sweet Ladie

Ol A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it Where lies your Text?

Vio In *Orsinos* bosome

Ol In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio To answer by the method in the first of his hart.

Ol O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

Vio Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue, If you will leade these graces to the graue, And leaue the world no copie

Ol O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will. As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud: But if you were the diuell, you are faire My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares, With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him: Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth; In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him: He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame, With such a suffring, such a deadly life: In your denyall, I would finde no sence, I would not vnderstand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate, And call vpon my soule within the house, Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue, And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night: Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles, And make the babling Gossip of the aire, Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much: What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a Gentleman.

Ol Get you to your Lord: I cannot loue him: let him send no more, Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe, To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well: I thanke you for your paines: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse, My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence. Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue, And let your fernour like my masters be, Plac'd in contempt. Farwell sayre cruelties. *Exit*

Ol. What is your Parentage? Above my fortunes, yet my state is well, I am a Gentleman. Ile be iworne thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit. Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon. not too fast: soft, soft, Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now? Euen so quickly may one catch the plague? Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections With an inuisible, and subtle stealth To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal Heere Madam, at your seruice.

Ol Run after that same peeuish Messenger The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him Would I, or not. tell him, Ile none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord. Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him: If that the youth will come this way to morrow, Ile giue him reasons for't. hie thee *Malvolio*.

Mal Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol I do I know not what, and feare to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:

Fate

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore I charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke *me* from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled *me*, was yet of many *accounted* beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bores a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count *Orsino's* Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee: I haue many enemies in *Orsino's* Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Olivia?*

Vio. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriu'd but hither.

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it be to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peruisshly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it be worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, be it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her: She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractedly. She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion Inuites me in this churlish messenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none; I am the man, if it be so as tis, Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame: Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse, Wherein the pregnant enemie does much. How easie is it, for the proper false In womens waxen hearts to set their formes! Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee, For such as we are made, if such we bee: How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely, And I (poore monster) fond as much on him: And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my maisters loue: As I am woman (now alas the day) What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breath? O time, thou must vntangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith. I sent thee sixe pence for

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for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Malvolios* noſe is no Whip-ſtocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Meruadons are no bottle-ale houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done: Now a ſong.

To. Come on, there is fiue pence for you. Let's haue a ſong.

An. There's a teſtrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

To. A loue ſong, a loue ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne ſings.

O Miſtris mine where are you roaming?
O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further pretine ſweeting.
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wiſe mans ſonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good

Clo. What is loue; tis not hereafter,
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter
What's to come, is ſtill vnſure.
In delay there lies no plenitie,
Then come kiſſe me ſweet and twentie:
Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To beare by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rouze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three ſoules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. By lady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

An. Moſt certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I haue conſtrained one to call me knaue. Begin ſoole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch ſung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a Peg-a-ramſie, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knights is admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

To O the twelfe day of December

Mar. For the loue o God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit manners, nor honeſtie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coſiers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time for in our Catches. Soecke vp.

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though ſhe harbors you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelfe and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leaue of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his dayes are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't euen ſo?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doſt thou thinke becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S. Anne*, and Ginger ſhall bee hotte i'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe ſir, rub your Chaine with creame. A ſtope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go ſhake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hongrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promiſe with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, I'le write thee a Challenge: or I'le deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an aywordꝰ and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Poſſeſſe vs, poſſeſſe vs, tell vs ſomething of him.

Mar. Marrie ſir, ſometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, I'de beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiſite reaſon, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I haue reaſon good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſſe, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelfe: ſo cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cauſe to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he ſhall finde himſelfe moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a deuice.

An. I haue't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that

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that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthisilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio and others.

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Antickе song we heard last night; Me thought it did relesse my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but on e verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olivias* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke playes.*

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du What kinde of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares i'faith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him, So sweyes she leuell in her husbands heart: For boy, however we do praise our selues, Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme, More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne, Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night: Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine: The Spinsters and the Knitters in the sun, And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones, Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth, And dallies with the innocence of loue, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke I prethee sing. *Musicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fye away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me o where
Sad true louer never find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then

Clo. Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same soueraigne cruelties: Tell her my loue, more noble then the world Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands, The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her: Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune. But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of gems That nature prankes her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is, Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart As you haue for *Olivia*: you cannot loue her: You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can

Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold ſo much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That ſuffer ſurfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Oliuia*.

Vio. I but I know

Du. What doſt thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Du. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: ſhe neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaſke cheeke: ſhe pin'd in thoughe,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may ſay more, ſweare more, but indeed
Our ſhewes are more then will: for ſtill we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy ſiſter of her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers houſe,
And all the brothers too. and yet I know not
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haſte. giue her this Iewell; ſay,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay. *exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay I'le come: if I looſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldſt thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Raſcally ſheepe-biter, come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him we'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, ſhall we not ſir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Malvolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practiſing behauiour to his own ſhadow this halfe houre: obſerue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this Letter will make a contemplatiue Idiot of him. Cloſe in the name of ieaſting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that muſt be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me, and I haue heard her ſelf come thus neere, that ſhould ſhee fancie, it ſhould bee one of my complection. Beſides ſhe vſes me with a more exalted reſpect, then any one elſe that followes her. What ſhould I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could ſo beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I ſay

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piſtoll him, piſtoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Straſey*, married the yeoman of the wardrob

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Hauing been three moneths married to her, ſitting in my ſtate.

To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left *Oliuia* ſleeping

To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of ſtate: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they ſhould doe theirs: to aske for my kinſman *Toby*.

To. Bolles and ſhackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient ſtart, make out for him I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my ſome rich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curſies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our ſilence be drawne from vs with cars yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Coſine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing caſt me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of ſpeech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſſe.

To. Out ſcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the ſinewes of our plot?

Mal. Beſides you waſte the treaſure of your time, with a foolliſh knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One ſir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the ſpirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theſe be her very *C's*. her *U's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes ſhee her great *P's*. It is in contempt of queſtion her hand.

An. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. *To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good wiſhes*: Her very Phraſes: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe vſes to ſeale: 'tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.

Mal. I am neuer peeuish. Plaine, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee *Maluolio?*

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucresse knife:

With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M.O.A.I. doth sway my life Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she dresst him?

To. And with what wing she stallon checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why shee may command me. I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

To O I. make vp that, he is now at a cold sent

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox

Mal. M. Malueolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope

To. I, or I le cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not worthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell. Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction drives mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deare my sweete, I prethee* Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me. *Exit*

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pention of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To Wilt thou set thy foote o'my neck.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vitæ with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnsutteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And Ile make one too *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill glouue to a good witte, how quickely the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Clo

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Clo. Trouth sir, I can yeeld you none without words, and words are growne so false, I am loath to proue reason with them.

Vio I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris: I thinke I saw your wisedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Iove in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*

Vio. I understand you sir, tis well begg'd

Clo The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is over-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit He must obserue their mood on whom he iests, The quality of persons, and the time And like the Haggard, cheeke at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practise, As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art: For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit; But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. *Dieu vous guard Monsieur*

Vio. *Et vous aussi vostre seruiteure.*

And. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare

And Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue me to my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.

Vio My duetie Madam, and most humble seruice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your seruants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complement y are seruant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Vio And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me

Vio Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalfe

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you, I bad you neuer speake againe of him: But would you vndertake another suite I had rather heare you, to solicit that, Then Musicke from the spheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did heare, A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you: Vnder your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you in a shamefull cunning Which you knew none of yours What might you think? Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can thinke? To one of your receiuing Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome, Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio I pittie you.

Ol That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize: for 'tis a vulgar proofe That very oft we pitty enemies

Ol Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen: O world, how apt the poore are to be proud? If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time: Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you, And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest, your wife is like to reape a proper man: There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe. Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship: you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vio Would it be better Madam, then I am? I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, looks beautifull? In the contempt and anger of his lip, A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone, Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone. *Cesario*, by the Roses of the Spring, By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing, I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Loue sought, is good: but given vnsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venome, giue thy reason.

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*?

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the Counts Serving-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee: I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Asse o'me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reason.

To. And they haue beene grand-Iurie men, since before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer: you should then haue accosted her, and with some excellent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bang'd the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownist, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him: hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.

And. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the licence of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gall enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. We'l call thee at the Cubicule: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him: but you'le not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selues into stitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee's in yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as 'tis: I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skilleſſe in theſe parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often prooue
Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thankes,
And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?
Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gamst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarse be answer'd.
Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.
Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue given vs bloody argument:
It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.
Seb. Do not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.
Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre
Ant. To th'Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civill,
And suites well for a servant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio*?
Mar. He's coming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?
Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now *Malvolio*?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse gartering, but what of that?
If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
Mal. Why how doest thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Malvolio*?
Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you *Malvolio*?
Malv. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.
Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.
Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.
Ol. What meanst thou by that *Malvolio*?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse.
Ol. What sayst thou?
Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.
Ol. Heauen restore thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.
Ol Thy yellow stockings?
Mal And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.
Ol. Crosse garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.
Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentlemen of the Count *Orsino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure.
Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*
Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently sets downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres togither, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be inuis'd? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of ſanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himſelfe poſſeſt him, yet Ile ſpeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how iſt with you ſir? How iſt with you man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you. let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee muſt deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Malvolio*? How iſt with you? What man, defie the diuell: conſider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not looſe him for more then ile ſay.

Mal. How now miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not ſee you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleneſſe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doſt ſ chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with Sathan Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good ſir *Toby* get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneſſe.

Mal. Go hang your ſelues all: you are idle ſhallow things, I am not of your element, you ſhall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Iſt poſſible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a ſtage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leaſt the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his penſance, til our very paſtime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Iſt ſo ſawcy?

And. I, iſt? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatſoeuer thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhow thee no reaſon for't. (Law

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of ſ

To. Thou comſt to the Lady Olivia and in my ſight ſhe vſes thee kindly: but thou lyeſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good ſence-leſſe.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilſt me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie ſide of the Law: good.

Tob. Farthewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our ſoules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo looke to thy ſelfe. Thy friend as thou vſeſt him, & thy ſworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. Yon may haue verie fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſit *Andrew*: ſcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: ſo ſoone as euer thou ſeeſt him, draw, and as thou draw'ſt, ſweare horrible: for it comes to paſſe oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it ſelfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leſſe. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir; I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; ſet vpon *Agne-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuoſitie. This will ſo fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and preſently after him.

To I wil meditate the while vpon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue ſaid too much vnto a hart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's ſomething in me that reproues my fault:
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the ſame hauiour that your paſſion beares,
Goes on my Maſters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beſeech you come againe to morrow.
What ſhall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (ſau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my maſter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my ſoule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſaue thee.

Vio.

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Vio. And you sir

To. That defence thou hast, betake thee too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a dueller in private brall, soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulchre: Hob, nob, is his word: giue't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vnder take that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forsweare to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vncivill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what, manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloody, & fatall opposite that you could possibly haue found in any part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie duell, I haue not seen such a firago: Had a passe with him, rapier, scabbard, and all: and he gues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't I'le not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,

Fabian can scarse hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry I'le ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pawes, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarse to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honours sake haue one bowt wish you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but he has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this young Gentleman Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and reason well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee as the suit of Count *Orsino*

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?
For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuision of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man
As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses

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That I haue done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Not know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauens themſelues.

2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death, (heere,
Releu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature, ſhame.
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him.
Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on. *Exit*

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from ſuch paſſion flye
That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Well
whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.

To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his frend heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward ſhip ſake *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in it.

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sebaſtian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Coſario*, nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou know ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good report, after fourteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong ſouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Coſario*:
Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway
In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:
Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'ſt be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in ſuch

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in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Studient: but to be said an honest man and a good house keeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bliesse thee M. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies* sir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that never saw pen and inke, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darkenesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vse the deuell himselfe with courtesie: sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as barricadoes, and the clearestores toward the South north, are as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is darke.

Clo. Madman thou errest: I say there is no darkenesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Aegyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell, and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way approue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, least thou dispossesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

Tob. My most exquisite sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst haue done this without thy beard and gowne, he sees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findst him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppe-shot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, *pardie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deserue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue wittes?

Mal. Foole, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wittes the heauens restore: endeauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble

Mal. Sir *Topas*

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas: Marry Amen. I will sir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

Clo. Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will helpe you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeue me I am not. I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile ne're beleeue a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree: I prethee be goue.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your needs to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the aire, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

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Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to ſeeke me out,
His counſell now might do me golden ſeruice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſence,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am readie to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo;
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceiue ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt ieallous, and too doubtfull ſoule
May liue at peace. He ſhall conceale it
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you ſay?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing ſworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairely note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'ſt me, let me ſee his Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence deſire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well how doeſt thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truely ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Iuſt the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſſe of me now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelfe, and by my friends I am abuſed. ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counſell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play, and the olde ſaying is, the third payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-gen. I go ſir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my deſire of hauing is the ſinne of couetouſneſſe: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the ſmoake of warre:
A bawbling Veſſell was he Captaine of,
For ſhallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cride fame and honor on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi. Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* loſt his legge:
Heere in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Theefe,
What fooliſh boldneſſe brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudie, and ſo deere
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſſe, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemie. A watchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingratefull boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paſt hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerſe Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purſe,
Which I had recommended to his vſe,
Not halfe an houre before.
Vio. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No int'rim, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Oliuia and attendants.
Du. Heere comes the Countеſſe, now heauen walkes on earth:
But for thee ſellow, thy words are madneſſe,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Oliuia* may ſeeme ſeruiceable?
Ceſario, you do not keepe promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam.
Du. Gracious *Oliuia.*
Ol. What do you ſay *Ceſario*? Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would ſpeake my duttie hufhes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine eare
As howling after Muſicke.
Du. Still ſo cruell?
Ol. Still ſo conſtant Lord.
Du. What to perueriſeneſſe? you vncluill Ladie
To whoſe ingrate, and vnautpicious A tars
My ſoule the faithfull'ſt offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Ol Euen what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhal become him
Du. Why ſhould I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at points of death
Kill what I loue: (a ſtoſtage iealouſie,
That ſometime ſauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrewes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-breſted Tirant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I ſweare, I tender dearely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſters ſpight
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in miſchiefe:
Ile ſacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To ſpight a Rauens heart within a Doue.
Vio. And I moſt iocund, apt, and willingſtie,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would dye
Ol. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue theſe eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I ſhall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witneſſes aboue
Punniſh my life, for tainting of my loue.
Ol. Aye me detected, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Ol. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelfe? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, awey.
Ol. Whether my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the baſeneſſe of thy feare,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes vp
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.
Enter Prieſt.
O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneſſe, what occaſion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt, betweene this youth, and me.
Prieſt. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attеſted by the holy cloſe of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauell'd but two houres.
Du. O thou diſſembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft to quickely grow,
That thine owne trip ſhall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt.
Ol. O do not ſweare,
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much feare.
Enter Sir Andrew.
And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, ſend one preſently to ſir *Toby*.
Ol. What's the matter?
And. He has broke my head a-croſſe, and has giuen Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.
Ol. Who has done this ſir *Andrew*?
And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Ceſario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.
Du. My Gentleman *Ceſario*?
And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir *Toby*
Vio Why do you ſpeake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your ſword vpon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you faire, and hurt you not.
Enter Toby and Clowne.
And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you ſet nothing by a bloody Coxecombe.
Heere comes ſir *Toby* halting, you ſhall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did
Du. How now Gentleman? how iſt with you?
To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th end on't: Sot, didſt ſee Dicke Surgeon, ſot?
Clo. O he's drunke ſir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes were ſet at eight i'th morning.
To. Then he's a Rogue, and a paſſy meaſures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.
Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?
And Ile helpe you ſir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.
To. Will you helpe an Aſſe-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?
Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry *Madam* I haue hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you.
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but fo late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio: O my deere *Antonio*,
How haue the houres rack'd, and torture me,
Since I haue loft thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'ft thou that *Antonio*?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd.
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline*: *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reft goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viole* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer shouldst loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That sowers day from night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah?

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staues end as
well as a man in his case may do; has heere writ a letter to
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much
when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
Vox.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue
eare.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me,
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
and speake out of my iniury *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This sauours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistris

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Malvolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or ſay, tis not your ſeale, not your inuention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſtie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me ſuch cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſſe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frowne
Vpon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a darke houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geeke and gull
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe much like the Charracter
But out of queſtion, tis *Maria*s hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was ſhee
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which heere were preſuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam heare me ſpeake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice againſt *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon ſome ſtubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at ſir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iuſtly weigh'd,
That haue on both ſides paſt.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why ſome are borne great, ſome atchieue greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe throwne vpon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one ſir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcall, and you ſmile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirligigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath beene moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conſents
A ſolemne Combination ſhall be made
Of our deere ſoules. Meane time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are ſeene,
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

Clowne ſings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the wynde and the rayne:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the rayne it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans eſtate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gates ſtands Knaues and Theeues men ſhut their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With toſpotes ſtill had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'l ſtriue to pleaſe you euery day.

FINIS.

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The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you ſhall chance (*Camillo*) to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſeruices are now on-foot, you ſhall ſee (as I haue ſaid) great diſference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation, which hee iuſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame vs: we will be iuſtified in our Loues: for indeed—

Cam. Beſeech you—

Arch. Verely I ſpeake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay—We will giue you ſleepie Drinkes, that your Senſes (vn-intelligent of our inſufficience) may, though they cannot praiſe vs, as little accuſe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. Beleeue me, I ſpeake as my vnderſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſtie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*. They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Neceſſities, made ſeperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perſonall) hath been Royally attorneyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embaſſies, that they haue ſeem'd to be together, though abſent: ſhooke hands, as ouer a Vaſt; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greateſt Promiſe, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Phyſicks the Subiect, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne deſire yet their life, to ſee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould deſire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would deſire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been The Shepheards Note, ſince we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we ſhould, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet ſtanding in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thouſands moe, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow: I am queſtion'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our abſence, that may blow No ſneaping Winds at home, to make vs ſay, This is put forth too truly: beſides, I haue ſtay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'le part the time betweene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-ſaying.

Pol. Preſſe me not ('beſeech you) ſo: There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So ſoone as yours could win me: ſo it ſhould now, Were there neceſſitie in your requeſt, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my ſtay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to ſaue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? ſpeake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to ſtay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure All in *Bohemia's* well: this ſatisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, ſay this to him, He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Sonne, were ſtrong: But let him ſay ſo then, and let him goe; But let him ſweare ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay, We'l thwack him hence with Diſtaffes. Yet of your Royall preſence, Ile aduenture The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commiſſion, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geſt Preſſi'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*, I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind

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What Lady (he her Lord. You'le ſtay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would ſeek t'unſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going. Verely
You ſhall not goe; a Ladyes Verely'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſaue your Thanks. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread Verely,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madame:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me, leſſe eaſie to commit,
Then you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hoſteſſe. Come, Ile queſtion you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?
Pol We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence, for innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould haue anſwer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guiltie; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript ſince
Pol O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations haue ſince then been borne to's: for
In thoſe vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Gurle?
Your precious ſelfe had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow
Her. Grace to boot
Of this make no concluſion, leaſt you ſay
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, we'le anſwere.
If you firſt ſinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue faule; and that you ſlipt not
With any, but with vs
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. He'le ſtay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my requeſt he would not
Her mouse (my deareſt) thou neuer ſpoak'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once
Her What? haue I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſſe,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting vpon that.
Our prayes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft Kiſſe a thouſand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My laſt good deed, was to entreat his ſtay.
What was my firſt? it has an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you. O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I ſpoke to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.
Leo Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had ſowr'd themſelues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand
And clap thy ſelfe, my Loue; then didſt thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.
Her. Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartineſſe, from Bountie, fertile Boſome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I grant:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practiſ'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſſe; and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Boſome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam I, my good Lord.
Leo. I'ſecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what, haſt ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Copy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heyfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo Thou want'ſt a rough paſh & the ſhoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Egges; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing) But were they falſe
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: ſweet Villaine,
Moſt dear'ſt, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-ioyne with ſomething, and thou do'ſt,
(And that beyond Commiſſion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeemes vnſettled.
Pol How? my Lord?
Leo What cheere? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderneſſe? and make it ſelfe a Paſtime
To harder boſomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did recouple
Twenty three yeares, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite its Master, and so prouse
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) I'le fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my (sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Soldier: States-man: all:
He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,
We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am shaking now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too
How the holds vp the Neb? the Bill to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deepe, ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinkes she has been sluyc'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselues. Physicke for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerfull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didd'st note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didd'st perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How can't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreaty.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? Say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
Bohemia stayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which houes honestie behind, restraying
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for iest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In euery one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?
(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker than a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is ſlipperie? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe, deſerues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and iuſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Miſtreſſe clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: ſhrew my heart,
You neuer ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deepe as that, though true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noſes
Kiſſing with inſide Lip? ſtopping the Carriere
Of Laughter, with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſtie) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt, a mindleſſe Slaue,
Or elſe a houering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not liue
The running of one Glaſſe.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which ſhould vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainely, as Heauen ſees Earth, and Earth ſees Heauen,
How I am gall'd, might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly, like Poyſon. But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſoueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,
Leo Make that thy queſtion, and goe rot:
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy, ſo vnſettled,
To appoint my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue, is Sleepe; which being ſpotted,
Is Goades, Thornes Nettles, Tayles of Waſpes)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt beleeue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firſt,
Euen for your Sonnes ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ſt aduiſe me,
Euen ſo as I mine owne courſe haue ſet downe:
Ile giue no blemiſh to her Honor, none.
Cam My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholeſome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one halfe of my heart:
Do't not, thou ſplitt'ſt thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't my Lord.
Leo. I will feeme friendly, as thou haſt aduis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelfe, will haue
All that are his, ſo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thouſand's that had ſtruck anoynted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſſe, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it ſelfe forſweare't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hayle moſt Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himſelfe. euen now I met him
With cuſtomarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, ſpeedes from me, and
So leaues me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe, what you doe know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't
Cam. There is a ſickneſſe
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper, but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I haue

I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentile: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not answere.

Pol. A Sickenesse caught of *me*, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be euen as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nostrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read

Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabricke of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawed, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th' Cuitie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. I doe beleeue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies. Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you. he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That has been blew, but not her eye-browes

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd want on with vs,
If we would haue you.

2. *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly, Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

Leon Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them Euen to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion? Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd, In being so blest? There may be in the Cup A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart, And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge Is not infected) but if one present Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider. *Camillo* was his helpe in this, his Pandar: There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne; All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him: He has disconer'd my Designe, and I Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick For them to play at will: how came the Posternes So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority, Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so, On your command.

Leo. I know't too well. Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him: Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you Haue too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her, Away with him, and let her sport her selfe With that she's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes* Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not; And I'le be sworne you would beleeue my saying, How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords) Looke on her, marke her well: be but about To say she is a goodly Lady, and The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde 'Tis pitty she's not honest: Honorable; Praise her but for this her without-dore-Forme, (Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out, That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's, When you haue said she's goodly, come betweene, Ere you can say she's honest: But be't knowne (From him that has most cause to grieue it should be) She's an Adulteresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so, (The most replenish'd Villaine in the World) He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord) Doe but mistake.

Leo. You haue mistooke (my Lady) *Polixenes* for *Leontes*: O thou Thing, (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place, Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent) Should a like Language vse to all degrees, And mannerly distinguishment leaue out, Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said She's an Adulteresse, I haue said with whom: More; she's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is A Federarie with her, and one that knowes What she should shame to know her selfe, But with her most vild Principall: that she's A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life) Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord, You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake In those Foundations which I build vpon, The Centre is not bigge enough to beare A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison: He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie, But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raigues: I must be patient, till the Heauens looke With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords, I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew Perchance shall dry your pittyes: but I haue That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes Worse then Teares drowne: beseech you all (my Lords) With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities Shall best instruct you measure me; and so The Kings will be performed.

Leo. Shall I be heard.

Her. Who is't that goes with me? beseech your Highnes My Women may be with me, for you see My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles) There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris Has deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares, As I come out; this Action I now goe on, Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord) I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Anti. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iust ce Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer, Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord) I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir) Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane In this, which you accuse her.)

Anti. If it proue She's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her: Then when I feele, and see her, no further trust her For every inch of Woman in the World, I, every dram of Womans flesh is false, If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Anti. It is for you we speake, not for our selues. You are abus'd, and by some putter on. That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine, I would

I would Lord-shame him: be she honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine: and some five:
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gall'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

Leo. Cease, no more.
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

Anti. If it be so,
We needs no grave to bury honesty.
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dunghy-earth.

Leo. What? lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her Honor true, then your suspition
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what needs we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth, like us: informe your selves,
We need no more of your advice. the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Anti. And I wish (my Liege)
You had only in your silent judgement tride it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th'deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfide, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th'minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise us all.

Anti. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Castor, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gen. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gen. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expresse commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do, to locke up honesty & honour from
Th'access of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*?

Gen. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray now call her:
With-draw your selves.

Gen. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.

Paul. Well: be's so prethee.
Here's such a-doe, to make no stayne, a stayne,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queene receives
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't upon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'le shew't the King, and undertake to bee
Her Advocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodnesse is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot misse
A thriving issue: there is no Lady living
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd.

Paul.

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vſe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Hauing no warrant.
Paul. You need not feare it (ſir)
This Childe was priſoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeue it.
Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but ſhee,
I can hooke to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd
Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceyuing the diſhonour of his Mother.
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leaue me ſolely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himſelfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may ſerue. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Feare you his tyrannous paſſion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is ielous.
Anti. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Paul. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſighe
At each his needleſſe heauings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do, come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor
That preſſes him from ſleepe.
Leo. Who noyſe there, hoe?
Paul. No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Anti I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſtie he can: in this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Anti. La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her ru...,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beſeech you heare me, who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor: yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Euilles,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your bleſsing
Leo Out.
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'doore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt:
Lord. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Giue her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroodled
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Baſtard,
Take't vp, I ſay; giue't to thy Creatre.
Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt vp the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he has put vpon't
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Anti. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himſelfe: for he.

The

The ſacred Honor of himſelfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was ſound.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſſe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now baytes me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Noſe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſſe *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaſt the ſuſpect, as he do't,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groſſe Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your ſelfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moſt vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moſt cruell vſage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) ſomething ſauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea ſcandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not puſh me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Ioue* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy Wife to this
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp ſtraight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimonie) or Ile ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-braynes with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou ſer't on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleaſe,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly ſeru'd you, and beſeech
So to eſteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge.
(As recompence of our deare ſeruices
Paſt, and to come) that you doe change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foule Iſſue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blowes:
Shall I liue on, to ſee this Baſtard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it: let it liue.
It ſhall not neither. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſaue this Baſtards life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To ſaue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Nobleneſſe impoſe: at leaſt thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To ſaue the Innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: ſeeſt thou for the faile
Of any point in't, ſhall not onely be
Death to thy ſelfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou beare it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by ſtrange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iuſtice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I ſweare to doe this: though a preſent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inſtruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolues and Beares, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſauageneſſe aſide) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be proſperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleſſing
Againſt this Cruelty, fight on thy ſide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loſſe.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Seruant.*

Ser. Pleaſe your Highneſſe, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre ſince: *Cleomenes* and *Dion*,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.

Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene abſent: 'tis good ſpeed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will haue

The

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Triall. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymate's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Ioves* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th' event o'th' Journey
Prove as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers. Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies. Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much below'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Prisoner.
Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the prosecution whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.*
Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Imprisonie
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owne
A Mouse of the Throne. a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came so your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrant, I
Haue strayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or wit
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Grave.
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Then to performe it first.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not owne it.
Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd.
With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's absence.
Her. Sir,

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Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not;
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which I'le lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on every Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here shall sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
[illegible] *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
[illegible] not [illegible]'d to breake the holy Seale,
[illegible] the Oracle is't.
Omn. All this we sweare.
Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo
a true Subiect, Leontes a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truely begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found.
Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.
Her. Praised.
Leo. Hast thou read truth?
Officer. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the businesse?
Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themselues
Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Looke downe
And see what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneneſſe 'gainſt thine Oracle.
I'le reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Iealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Vnclaſp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, least my heart, (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receiue? whose every word deserues
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,
Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue shed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answere: but the last: O Lords,
When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The ſweet'ſt, deer'ſt creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higheſt powres forbid.
Paw. I ſay ſhe's dead: Ile ſweare't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ſerue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can ſtirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but diſpaire. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand yeares together, naked, faſting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and ſtill Winter
In ſtorme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on
Thou canſt not ſpeake too much, I haue deſerv'd
All tongues to talke their bittereſt.
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the buſineſſe goes, you haue made faulte
I th boldneſſe of your ſpeech
Paw. I am ſorry for't;
All faultes I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſſe of a woman: he is touch'd
To th Noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt helpe
Should be paſt greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that haue minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolliſh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile ſpeake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile ſay nothing
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeake but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne.
One graue ſhall be for both: Vpon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appeare (vnto
Our ſhame perpetuall) once a day, Ile viſit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exerciſe, ſo long
I dayly vow to vſe it. Come, and leade me
To theſe ſorrowes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch't vpon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia*.
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the ſkies looke grimly,
And threaten preſent blaſters. In my conſcience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon't.
Ant. Their ſacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.
Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.
Ant. Go thou away,
Ile follow inſtantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo ridde o'th buſineſſe. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I neuer ſaw a veſſell of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very ſanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the furie ſpent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this vngentle buſineſſe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and ſo, with ſhrieckes
She melted into Aire. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelfe, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*) it ſhould here be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſome, ſpeed thee well,
There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (pretty)
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorme begunnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers faule, art thus expos'd
To looſſe, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more, thou'rt like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer ſaw
The heauens ſo dim, by day. A ſauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chaſe,
I am gone for euer. *Exit purſued by a Beare.*
Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting
ches with childe, wronging the Ancientry,
fighting hearke you now: would any
braines of nineteene, and two and
ther? They haue ſcar'd away two
which I feare the Wolfe will ſooner finde
ſter; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the
zing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and 'ſ
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A
one) ſure ſome Scape; Though

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has beene ſome ſtaire-worke, ſome Trunke-worke, ſome behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my ſonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoo-ho-hoo.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I haue ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poore ſoules, ſometimes to ſee 'em and not to ſee 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Cocke into a hogſ-head. And then for the Land-ſeruice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cride to me for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelfe: thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a ſight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Golde.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue ſo: vp with't, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecie. Let my ſheepe go. Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings. Ile go ſee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou may'ſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'light of him.

Clowne. Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'l do good deeds on't. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O're ſixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my powre
To o'erthrow Law, and in one ſelfe-borne howre
To plant, and o're-whelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaſſe, and giue my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept betweene: *Leontes* leauing
Th'effects of his fond iealouſies, ſo greeuing
That he ſhuts vp himſelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In fairе Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her infues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherds daugh-
And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Country: though I haue (for the moſt part) bin aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay, or I o'reweene to thinke ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſeruices, by leauing me now: the needе I haue of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buſineſſes, (which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done: which if I haue not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, ſhall bee my ſtudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Country Sicillia, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming, puniſhes me with the remembrance

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when saw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizell* my ſon? Kings are no leſſe vnhappy, their iſſue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (miſsingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is leſſe frequent to his Princely exerciſes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care, ſo farre, that I haue eyes vnder my ſeruice, which looke vpon his remouednesſe: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is ſeldome from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepheard: a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I haue heard (ſir) of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our ſonne thither. Thou ſhalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue ſome queſtion with the ſhepheard; from whoſe ſimplicity, I thinke it not vneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſonnes reſort thether. Prethe be my preſent partner in this buſines, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelues. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When Daffodils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'the yeere.
For the red blood raigns in ỹ winters pale

The white ſheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pug-ging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King

The Larke that tirra Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thruſh and the Jay:
Are Summer ſongs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue ſeru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſeruice.

But ſhall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone ſhines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moſt go right.
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my accounts I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch it.

My Traffycke is ſheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewiſe a ſnapper-vp of vnconſidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Capariſon, and my Reuennew is the ſilly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I ſleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me ſee, every Leauen-weather toddes, every tod yeelds pound and odde ſhilling: fiftéene hundred ſhorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this ſiſter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Miſtris of the Feaſt, and ſhe layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Noſe-gayes for the ſheaters (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Meanes and Baſes; but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings Pſalmes to horne-pipes. I muſt haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, ſeuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyſons o'th Sun.

Aut Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo I'th name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee. plucke but off theſe ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore ſoule, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue theſe off

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſſe of them offend mee, more then the ſtripes I haue receiued, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money, and apparell tane from me, and theſe deteſtable things put vpon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (ſweet ſir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horſemans Coate, it hath ſeene very hot ſeruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore ſoule.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I feare (ſir) my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, deere ſir: good ſir, ſoftly. you ha done me a charitable office

Clo. Doeſt lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeech you ſir: I haue a Kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I ſhall there haue money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart

Clow What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (ſir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a ſeruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.

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Clo. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſſe-ſerver (a Bayliffe) then hee compaſt a Motion of the Prodigall ſonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and (having flowne over many knauiſh profeſſions) he ſetled onely in Rogue: ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true ſir: he ſir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If yon had but look'd bigge, and ſpit at him, hee'ld haue runne.

Aut. I muſt conſeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better then I was: I can ſtand, and walke: I will even take my leaue of you, & pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then farthewell, I muſt go buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice: Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers proue ſheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Iog-on Iog-on, the foot path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your vnuſuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdeſſe, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obſcur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feaſts
In every Meſſe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt with a Cuſtome, I ſhould blaſh
To ſee you ſo attyr'd: ſworne I thinke,
To ſhew my ſelfe a glaſſe.

Flo. I bleſſe the time.
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſſe
Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now Loue affoord you cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſſe
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſſe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to ſee his worke, ſo noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſternneſſe of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themſelues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-rob'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I ſeeme now. Their tranſformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Luſts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppoſ'd (as it muſt be) by th' powre of the King:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeake, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'ſt *Perdita*,
With theſe fore'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feaſt: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue ſworne ſhall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſſe your ſelfe to entertaine them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: ſerv'd all,
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her meaſure: now here
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing ſhe tooke to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retyred,
As if you were a ſeaſted one: and not
The Hoſteſſe of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is.
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelfe
That which you are, Miſtris o'th' Feaſt. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your ſheepe-ſhearing,
As your good flocke ſhall proſper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on mee
The Hoſteſſeſhip o'th' day: you're welcome ſir.
Giue me thoſe Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keepe
Seeming, and ſauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſſe shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Scion, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.
Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twer well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Marioram,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle Summer, and I think they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing.
Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be so leane, that blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairest
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dyſes* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roſes,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.
Flo. What? like a Coarse?
Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitſon-Paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queenes.
Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd
With wiſedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.
Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.
Po. This is the prettiest Low-borne Laſſe, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
Clo. Come on: strike vp.
Dorcas. *Mopſa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners.
Come, strike vp.

Heere a Dounce of Shepheards and Shepheardeſſes.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as he'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant.*
Ser. O Maſter: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee sings
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters
them as he had eaten ballads and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.
Clo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede and
sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Millainer can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a foule gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, slights him, with *whoop, doe me no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Pointes, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'grosse: Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes. why he sings 'em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would thinke a Smocke were a she-Angell, he so chaunts to the sleeue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Maskes for faces, and for noses
Bugle-bracelet, Necky-Lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poulting-sticks of steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyers.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, life, for then we are sure they are true

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see more Ballads We'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom aboue water. & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Aut. Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

Clo Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarse a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you:

Song *Get you hence, for I must goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thether:*
Mop *Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou dost ill.*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut: *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,*
Mop *Thou hast sworne it more to mee.*
Then whether goest? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; follow me girles. *Aut:* And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*
My dainty Ducky, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a meddler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a. *Exit.*

Ser. man. Maysters, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made them

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themſelues all men of haire, they cal themſelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away: We'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weare too.

Pol. You weare thoſe that reſreſh vs: pray let's ſee theſe foure-threes of Heardſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worſt of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'ſquire.

Shep. Leaue your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleaſ'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that hereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them. He's ſimple, and tells much. How now (faire Shepheard) Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take Your minde from feaſting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed loue, as you do; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranſackt The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and haue powr'd it To her acceptance: you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Laſſe Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were ſtraited For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are: The gifts ſhe lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it ſhould ſeeme) Hath ſometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As ſoft as Doues-downe, and as white as it, Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd ſnow, that's bolted By th'Northerne blaſts, twice one.

Pol. What followes this? How prettily th'yong Swaine ſeemes to waſh The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out. But to your proteſtation: Let me heare What you profeſſe.

Flo. Do, and be witneſſe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all; That were I crown'd the moſt Imperiall Monarch Thereof moſt worthy, were I the fayreſt youth That euer made eye ſwerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer man, I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her ſeruice, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This ſhewes a ſound affection.

Shep. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeake So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine; And friends vnknowne, you ſhall beare witneſſe to't: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muſt bee I'th'Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I ſhall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore theſe Witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beſeech you, Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his ſonne, a gueſt That beſt becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapeable Of reaſonable affayres? Is he not ſtupid With Age, and alering Rheumes? Can he ſpeake? heare? Know man, from man? Diſpute his owne eſtate? Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No good Sir He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeede Then moſt haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him (if this be to) a wrong Something ſubſtituall. Reaſon my ſonne Should chooſe himſelfe a wife, but as good reaſon The Father (all whoſe ioy is nothing elſe But faire poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſaile In ſuch a buſineſſe.

Flo. I yeeld all this; But for ſome other reaſons (my graue Sir) Which yet are not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this buſineſſe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong ſir) Whom ſonne I dare not call: Thou art too baſe To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a ſheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor, I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can but ſhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, freſh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muſt know The royall Foole thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty ſcratcht with briers & made More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou doſt but ſigh, That thou no more ſhalt neuer ſee this knacke (as neuer I meane thou ſhalt) we'l barre thee from ſucceſſion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Charle, for this time (Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wor-

Worthy enough a Heardſman: yea him too,
That makes himſelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
Theſe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuiſe a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Euen here vndone:
I was not much a-feard: for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeake, and tell him plainely,
The ſelfe-ſame Sun, that ſhines vpon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beſeech you
Of your owne ſtate take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of foureſcore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhouels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and would'ſt aduenture
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why looke you ſo vpon me?
I am but ſorry, not afear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaſh vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech: (which I do ghеſſe
You do not purpoſe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endore your ſight: as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highneſſe ſettle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it:
I thinke *Camillo*.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid my dignity would laſt
But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The Violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reaſon:
If not, my ſenſes better pleas'd with madneſſe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muſt thinke it honeſtly. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereto gleaned: for all the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend
When he ſhall miſſe me, as (in faith I meane not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſailes
Vpon his paſſion: Let my ſelfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who here I cannot hold on ſhore:
And moſt opportune to her need, I haue
A Veſſell rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſigne. What courſe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for aduice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Reſolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ſerue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchaſe the ſight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſe, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore ſeruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deſerv'd: It is my Fathers Muſicke
To ſpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neereſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled proiect
May ſuffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you ſhall haue ſuch receiuing
As ſhall become your Highneſſe, where you may
Enioy your Miſtris; from the whom, I ſee
There's no diſiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my beſt endeuours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtriue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more then man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, ſo we profeſſe
Our ſelues to be the ſlaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there preſent your ſelfe, and your fayre Princeſſe,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;

Sheer

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rearc 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Trompperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Senses stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was senceleſſe; 'twas nothing to geeld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
We'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouerty, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe flea'd alreadv.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?

Pray

Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, ſhall be to tell the King Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevaile, To force him after: in whoſe company I ſhall re-view *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight, I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed vs.

Then we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I vnderſtand the buſineſſe, I heare it: to have an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out worke for th'other Senſes. I ſee this is the time that the vniuſt man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere connive at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles.) if I thought it were a peece of honeſtie to acquaint the King withall, I would not doe it: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aſide, aſide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, ſee: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whiſtle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes prancke too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Fardell, will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruſtiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worſhip.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Fardell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, diſcouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men, and they often giue vs (Soulidiers) the Lye, but we pay them for it with ſtamped Coyne, not ſtabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your ſelfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether is like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the ayre of the Court, in theſe enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the meaſure of the Court? Receiues not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, at toaze from thee thy Buſineſſe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther puſh-on, or plucke-back, thy Buſineſſe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Buſineſſe, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate has't thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: ſay you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men? Yet Nature might haue made me as theſe are, Therefore I will not diſdaine

Clo. Thus cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeemes to be the more Noble, in being fantaſticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Fardell there? What's i'th' Fardell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch Secrets in this Fardell and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which hee ſhall know within this houre, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himſelfe: for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe

Shep. So 'tis ſaid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that ſhould haue married a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faſt, let him flye; the Curſes he ſhall haue, the Tortures he ſhall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monſter.

Clo Thinke you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Germane to him (though remou'd fifte times) ſhall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is neceſſarie. An old Sheepe-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay hee ſhall be ſton'd: but that death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee has a Sonne. who ſhall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, ſet on the head of a Waſpes Neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquauite, or ſome other hot Infuſion: then, raw as he is (and in the hotteſt day Prognoſticators proclaymes) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death) But what talke we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capitall? Tell

Tell me(for you seeme to be honeſt plaine men)what you haue to the King: being ſomething gently conſider'd,Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfes: and if it be in man, beſides the King,to effect your Suites, here is man ſhall doe it.

Clow. He ſeemes to be of great authoritie: cloſe with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a ſtubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Noſe with Gold: ſhew the in-ſide of your Purſe to the out-ſide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ſton'd, and flay'd alriue.

Shep. And't pleaſe you(Sir)to vndertake the Buſineſſe for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promiſed?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Buſineſſe?

Clow. In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a pittifull one,I hope I ſhall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort,good comfort: We muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Siſter: wee are gone elſe. Sir,I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Buſineſſe is performed,and remaine(as he ſayes)your pawne till it be brought you

Aut. I will truſt you. Walke before toward the Sea-ſide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge,and follow you.

Clow. We are bleſs'd,in this man: as I may ſay, euen bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before,as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt,I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer mee: ſhee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion:(Gold,and a means to doe the Prince my Maſter good; which,who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring theſe two Moales,theſe blind-ones,aboord him. if he thinke it fit to ſhoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo farre officious, for I am proofe againſt that Title,and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them,there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes,Cleomines,Dion,Paulina,Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir,you haue done enough,and haue perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow. No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence then done treſpas: At the laſt Doe,as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill, With them,forgiue your ſelfe.

Leo. Whileſt I remember Her,and her Vertues, I cannot forget My blemiſhes in them,and ſo ſtill thinke of The wrong I did my ſelfe: which was ſo much, That Heire-leſſe it hath made my Kingdome,and Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt Companion,that eare man Bred his hopes out of.true.

Paul. Too true(my Lord:) If one by one,you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are,tooke ſomething good, To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd, Would be vnparalell'd.

Leo. I thinke ſo. Kill'd? She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me Sorely,to ſay I did: it is as bitter Vpon thy Tongue,as in my Thought. Now,good now, Say ſo but ſeldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady: You might haue ſpoken a thouſand things,that would Haue done the time more benefit,and grac'd Your kindneſſe better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not ſo, You pitty not the State,nor the Remembrance Of his moſt Soueraigne Name: Conſider little, What Dangers,by his Highneſſe faile of Iſſue, May drop vpon his Kingdome,and deuoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holyer,then for Royalties repayre, For preſent comfort,and for future good, To bleſſe the Bed of Maieſtie againe With a ſweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Reſpecting her that's gone:) beſides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes: For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* ſaid? Is't not the tenor of his Oracle, That King *Leontes* ſhall not haue an Heire, Till his loſt Child be found? Which,that it ſhall, Is all as monſtrous to our humane reaſon, As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue, And come againe to me: who,on my life, Did perſih with the Infant. 'Tis your counſell, My Lord ſhould to the Heauens be contrary, Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for Iſſue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander* Left his to th' Worthieſt: ſo his Succeſſor Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*, Who haſt the memorie of *Hermione* I know in honor: O,that euer I Had ſquar'd me to thy counſell: then,euen now, I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes, Haue taken Treaſure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them More rich,for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth: No more ſuch Wiues,therefore no Wife: one worſe, And better vs'd,would make her Sainted Spirit Againe poſſeſſe her Corps,and on this Stage (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext, And begin,why to me?

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power, She had iuſt ſuch cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me To murther her I married.

Paul. I

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Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
I'le haue no Wife, *Paulina*.
Paul. Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) so be blest's my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath
Clco. You tempt him ouer-much.
Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Clco. Good Madame, I haue done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuse your Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she
The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and sudd'aine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Traine?
Ser. But few,
And those meane.
Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?
Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.
Paul Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she has obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomenes*,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo. Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs performd before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me say so) more then all the Sceptors,
And those that beare them, liuing.
Leo Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vsage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th'aduenture of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person

(So ſacred as it is) I haue done ſinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſſe. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Sonne, who has
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeake.

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Meſſage. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whoſe honor, and whoſe honeſtie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay's ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. Camillo (Sir) I ſpoke with him: who now
Has theſe poore men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneele, they kiſſe the Earth;
Forſweare themſelues as often as they ſpeake:
Bohemia ſtops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen ſets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I ſee) will kiſſe the Valleyes firſt:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as ſorry,
Your Choiſe is not ſo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemie,
Should chaſe vs, with my Father; powre no ſot
Hath ſhe to change our Loues. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris,
Which he counts but a Triſle

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your Queene dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in theſe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fardell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednes) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Buſineſſe; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one anothers, to teare the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſſe, Language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th'importence were Ioy, or Sorrow: but in the extremitie of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: ſuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſſe it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the verities of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Moſt true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you heare, you'le ſweare you ſee, there is ſuch vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maieſtie of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneſſe, which Nature ſhewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie to be the Kings Daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you loſt a Sight which was to be ſeene, cannot bee ſpoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was caſting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Perſon.

Our

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Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that ioy were now become a Loſſe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiuenesſe, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ſtands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of ſuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's deſcription to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will haue matter to rehearſe, though Credit be aſleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This ouzcheſ the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not only his Innocence (which ſeemes much) to iuſtifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent 3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: ſo that all the Inſtruments which ayded to expoſe the Child, were euen then loſt, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loſſe of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princeſſe from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhee would pin her to her heart, that ſhee might no more be in danger of looſing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

Gent 3. One of the prettyeſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how ſhee came to't bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how ſtrictneſſe wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine ſay, bleed Teares; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt Marble, there changed colour: ſome ſwounded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could haue ſeen't, the Woe had beene vniuerſall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeſſe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Piece many yeares in doing, and now newly performe'd, by that rare Italian Maſter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himſelfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtome, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeake to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that remou'd Houſe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceſſe? euery winke of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be borne: our Abſence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferments drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Fardell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-ſond of the Shepheards Daughter (ſo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myſterie remained vndiſcouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue rellliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come thoſe I haue done good to againſt my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloſſomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy. I am paſt moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman borne. See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and thinke me ſtill no Gentleman borne: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been ſo any time theſe foure houres.

Shep. And ſo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeſſe (my Siſter) call'd my Father, Father; and ſo wee wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like teares that euer we ſhed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to ſhed many more.

Clow. I: or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worſhip, and to giue me your good report to the Princes my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clow. Giue me thy hands: I will ſweare to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſweare it.

Clow. Not ſweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Franklins ſay it, Ile ſweare it.

Shep. How if it be falſe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile ſweare to the Prince thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile ſweare it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue ſo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Maſters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue paid home. But that you haue vouchſaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laſt to anſwere.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As ſhe liu'd peereleſſe,
So her dead likeneſſe I doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To ſee the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and ſay 'tis well.
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhewes-off
Your wonder: but yet ſpeake, firſt you (my Liege)
Comes it not ſomething neere?
Leo. Her naturall Poſture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding: for ſhe was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not ſo much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this ſeemes.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by ſome ſixteene yeeres, and makes her
As ſhe liu'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood,
Euen with ſuch Life of Maieſtie (warme Life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maieſtie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleſſing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kiſſe.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too ſore laid-on,
Which ſixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: ſcarce any Ioy
Did euer ſo long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it ſelfe much ſooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, haue powre
To take-off ſo much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himſelfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not haue ſhew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leaſt your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thoſe veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol. Maſterly done:
The very Life ſeemes warme vpon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almoſt ſo farre tranſported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.
Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke ſo twentie yeeres together:
No ſetled Senſes of the World can match
The pleaſure of that madneſſe. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry (Sir) I haue thus farre ſtir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſſe her.
Paul Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddineſſe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kiſſe it; ſtaine your owne
With Oyly Painting: ſhall I draw the Curtaine.
Leo. No: not theſe twentie yeeres.
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit preſently the Chappell, or reſolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to ſpeake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all ſtand ſtill:
On: thoſe that thinke it is vnlawfull Buſineſſe
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot ſhall ſtirre.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: deſcend; be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: ſtirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numneſſe (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue ſhe ſtirres:
Start not: her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not ſhun her,
Vntill you ſee her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your Hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh ſhe's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law-

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relations. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and here iustified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. } Seuerall Lords of Sicilia.
Cleomines. }
Dion.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus

Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepheardesses.

FINIS.

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The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastillion of France.

King Iohn.

Now say *Chastillon*, what would *France* with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of *France*,
In my behaviour to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of *England* here.

Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes* sonne,
Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poytiers*, *Anioy*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay asside the sword
Which sways vsurpingly these seuerall titles,
And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

K. Iohn. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held.

K. Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke to't: farewell *Chastillon*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Elea. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of loue,
Which now the manage of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate.

K Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbeys and our Priories shall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
Of *Cordelion* Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge*

K. Iohn Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
At least from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he slanderd me with bastardy.
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be iudge your selfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elea. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

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K.John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got:
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his,
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K.John. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate.
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre.
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele-skins stuft, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell you face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K.John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun.

Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

K.John. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand.
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Ele. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho:
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K.John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honestie.

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable
For your conuersion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Abbey booke:
O sir, (sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service sir:
No sir, (sayes question, I sweet sir as yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the riuer *Po*,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so,
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smoake of obseruation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practise to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.
Bast. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* sonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* sonne that you seeke so?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir *Roberts* sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.
Bast. *Iames Gurney*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
Gour. Good leaue good *Philip*.
Bast. *Philip*, sparrow, *Iames*,
There's toyes abroad, anon I'le tell thee more.
Exit Iames.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne,
Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and ne're broke his fast:
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me sir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?
Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basiliſco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne,
I haue disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope. who was it mother?
Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?
Bast. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.
Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.
Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wish a better father:
Some sinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his disposse,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Against whose furie and vnmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a woman: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sinne;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met braue *Austria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine*,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vsurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English *Iohn*,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
Arth. God shall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of vnstained loue,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Aust. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreine purposes,
Euen till that vtmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdowes thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
Aust. The peace of heauen is theirs y lift their swords
In such a iust and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best aduantages:
We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it subiect to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Least vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,
My Lord *Chatillion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.
Enter Chatillion.
King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish
Our Messenger *Chatillion* is arriu'd,
What *England* saies, say briefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, *Chatillion* speake,
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your iust demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse windes

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Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Aege firring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
And all th'unfeeled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a braver choyse of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes have waft o're,
Did never flote upon the swelling tide.
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,
Drum heard.
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition.

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake indeavor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to *France*: if France in peace permit
Our just and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from loving *England* art so farre,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey* and the hand of time,
Shall draw this brefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou o're-masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*

Fra. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost usurpe authoritie.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat usurping downe.

Quee. Who is it thou dost call usurper *France*?

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping sonne.

Quee. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.

Con. My bed was ever to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or devill to his dame;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father never was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou were his mother. (ther

Quee. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-

Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Aust. What the devill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the devill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke to't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the backe of him,
As great *Alcides* shooes upon an Asse:
But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very summe of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee.
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe defie thee *France*,
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere love Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.

Quee. Come to thy grandame child.

Const. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy he

Con. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heaven-moving pearles fro his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heaven shall be brib'd
To doe him justice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remooued from thy sinne-conceiuing wombe.
Iohn. Bedlam haue done.
Con. I haue but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this remooued issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
Qu. Thou vnreuerent scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will: a cankred Grandams will.
Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill becomes this presence to cry ayme
To these ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet sounds.
Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
Fra. 'Tis France, for England.
Iohn. England for it selfe.
You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.
Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first.
These flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:
All preparation for a bloody siedge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort yours Cities eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had blowne disbanded, and wide breaches made
For bloody power to rush vppon your peace.
But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To saue vnscratch'd your Cities threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a shaking feuer in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
To make a faithlesse errour in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kinde Citizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.
France. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'inuulnerable clouds of heauen,
And with a blessed and vn-vext retyre,
With vnhack'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundest of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,
And stalke in blood to our possession?
Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed
Bast. Bastards and else.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.
Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.
Bast. Some Bastards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgiue the sinne of all those soules,
That to their euerlasting residence,
Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sit's on's horse-backe at mine Hostesse dore
Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionesse,
I would set an Ox-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace, no more.
Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.
Bast. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.
Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right. *Exeunt*
Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.
F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

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Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an Englifh mother,
Whofe fonnes lye fcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband grouelling lies,
Coldly embracing the difcoloured earth,
And victorie with little loffe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly difplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter Englifh Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence fo filuer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood.
There fhucke no plume in any Englifh Creft,
That is removed by a ftaffe of France.
Our colours do returne in thofe fame hands
That did difplay them when we firft marcht forth
And like a lolly troope of Huntfmen come
Our loffhe Englifh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying flaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From firft to laft, the on-fet and retyre
Of both your Armies, whofe equality
By our beft eyes cannot be cenfured: (blowes.
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue anfwerd
Strength matcht with ftrength, and power confronted
power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One muft proue greateft. While they weigh fo euen.
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at feuerall doores.

Iohn. France, haft thou yet more blood to caft away?
Say, fhall the current of our right rome on,
Whofe paffage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore-fwell
With courfe difturb'd euen thy confining fhores,
Vnleffe thou let his filuer Water, keepe
A peacefull progreffe to the Ocean.

Pra. England thou haft not fau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more than we of France,
Rather loft more. And by this hand I fweare
That fwayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iuft-borne Armes,
We'l put thee downe, gainft whom thefe Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the fcrowle that tels of this warres loffe,
With flaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baft. Ha Maieftie: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is fet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chops with fteele,
The fwords of fouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feafts, mouthing the flefh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why ftand thefe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the ftained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled fpirits,
Then let confufion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whofe party do the Townefmen yet admit?

Pra. Speake Citizens for England, whofe your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Pra. Know him in vs, that beare hold vp his right.

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare poffeffion of our Perfon heare,
Lord of our prefence Angiers, and of you.

Pra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former fcruple in our ftrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares refolu'd
Be by fome certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Baft. By heauen, thefe fcroyles of Angiers flout you
And ftand fecurely on their batterlements, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induftrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall prefences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ierufalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioynedly bend
Your fharpeft Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By Eaft and Weft let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their foule-fearing clamours haue brau'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incefſantly vpon thefe Iades,
Euen till vnfenced defolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, diſſeuer your vnited ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour ſhe ſhall giue the day,
And kiſſe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counſell mighty States,
Smackes it not ſomething of the policie.

Iohn. Now by the ſky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, ſhall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuiſh Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artilleric,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcie walles,
And when that we haue daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our ſelues, for heauen or hell.

Pra. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

Iohn. We from the Weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſome.

Auſt. I from the North.

Fren. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From North to South:
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each others mouth.
Ile ſtirre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchſafe awhile to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without ſtroke, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come ſacrifices for the field.
Perſeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

Iohn. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of *Lewis* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If luſtie loue ſhould go in queſt of beautie,

Where

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Where ſhould he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*:
If zealous loue ſhould go in ſearch of vertue,
Where ſhould he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
If loue ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veines bound richer blood then *Lady Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way complete,
If not complete of, ſay he is not ſhee,
And the compleine vnites nothing, to ſome vnit,
If vnion it be not, that ſhe is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhee,
And ſhe a fayre diuided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſſe of perfection lyes in him.
O two ſuch ſiluer currents when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreames made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion ſhall do more then battrie can
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not halfe ſo deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himſelfe
In mortall furie halfe ſo peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Baſt. Heeres a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carkaſſe of old death
Out of his ragges. Heere's a large mouth indeede,
That ſpits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and ſeas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this luſtie blood,
He ſpeakes plaine Cannon fire, and ſmoake, and bounce,
He giues the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fiſt of France:
Zounds, I was neuer ſo bethumpe with words,
Since I firſt cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, liſt to this conioination, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough.
For by this knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye
Thy now vnſur'd allieageance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy ſhall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiſeth a mightie fruite.
I ſee a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whiſper, vrge them while their ſoules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Leaſt zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of ſoft petitions, pittie and remorſe,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why anſwer not the double Maieſties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Pra. Speake England firſt, that hath bin forward firſt
To ſpeake vnto this Citie: what ſay you?

Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely Cozen,
Can in this booke of beauzie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie ſhall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Anioy*, and faire *Touraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we vpon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this Citie now by vs beſieg'd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As ſhe in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princeſſe of the world.

Pra. What ſai'ſt thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſonne,
Becomes a ſonne and makes your ſonne a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I neuer lou'd my ſelfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.
whiſper: with Blanch.

Baſt. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth eſpie
Himſelfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there ſhould be
In ſuch a loue, ſo vile a Lout as he,

Blan. My vnckles will in this reſpect is mine,
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſee's which moues his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeake more properly,
I will enforce it eaſie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord
That all I ſee in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelues ſhould be your
Iudge,
That I can finde, ſhould merit any hate.

Iohn. What ſaie theſe yong-ones? What ſay you my
Neece?

Blan. That ſhe is bound in honor ſtill to do
What you in wiſedome ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her moſt vnfainedly.

Iohn. Then do I giue *Volqueſſon*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
Poyctiers, and *Anioy*, theſe faire Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Markes of Engliſh coyne.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy ſonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

Pra. It likes vs well young Princes: cloſe your hands

Auſt. And your lippes too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.

Pra. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell preſently,
The rights of marriage ſhallbe ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Conſtance* in this troope?
I know ſhe is not for this match made vp,
Her preſence would haue interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is ſad and paſſionate at your highnes Tent.

Pra. And by my faith, this leagues that we haue made
Will giue her ſadneſſe very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For we'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repaire
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill vp the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation,
Go we as well as haſt will ſuffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition:
Iohn to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne ſouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly diuel,
That Broker, that ſtill breakes the pate of faith,
That daily breake-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to looſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelfe is peyſed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a reſolu'd and honourable warre,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why raile I on this Commoditie?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would ſalute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to ſweare a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood ioyn'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe Prouinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well aduiſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe
It cannot be, thou do'ſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, ſubiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but ieſt
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou meane by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou looke ſo ſadly on my ſonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breaſt of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them falſe,
That giue you cauſe to proue my ſaying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the furie of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy ſight,
This newes hath made thee a moſt vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it ſelfe ſo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that ſpeake of it.

Ar. I do beſeech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and ſlanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtaines,
Lame, ſooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe-blowne Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee.
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vncle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread downe faire reſpect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maieſtie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that vſurping *Iohn*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not *France* forſworne?
Euenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maiſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee,
I will inſtruct my ſorrowes to be proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ſtoope,
To me and to the ſtate of my great greefe,
Let kings aſſemble: for my greefe's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and ſorrowes ſit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, Prince, Dolphin, Blanch, Elinor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fra. Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festivall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Const. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride.
Proues valueless: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Armes, armes, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the dates in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloudy spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, & coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou ever strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
But when her humorous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
And soothst vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.

Aust. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs

Aust Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Milane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Arshbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea.
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can taste the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supreame head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuenuse cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Const. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law.
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand Philip of *France*, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of *France* vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Deuill, lest that *France* repent,

And

And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule.
Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.
Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
Because,
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
Iohn. *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinall?
Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heauy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the easier.
Blan. That is the curse of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.
Blan The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue against by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
Iohn. The king is moued, and answers not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and answere well.
Aust. Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.
Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say.
Pan. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conuention of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and linkt together
With all religous strength of sacred vowes,
The lateſt breath that gaue the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were besmear'd and ouer-staind
With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,
Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,
Make such vnconstant children of our selues
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
Saue what is opposite to *Englands* loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mothers curse, on her reuoking sonne:
France thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
Fra. I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre sets oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
And may not be performed by thy selfe,
For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st
And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Bast. Wilt not be?
Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Dau. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trompets, and loud churlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did neer pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Vnele.
Const. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Dauphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blan. Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curse vpon his head.
Fra. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall frō thee.
Const. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.
Elea. O foule reuolt of French inconstancy.
Eng. *France*, y shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bast

Bast. Old Time the clocke-setter, y bald sexton Time:
Is it so he will? well then, *France* shall rue.
Blo. The Sunne's ecclipst with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurtle a-funder, and dismember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured losse, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blo. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.
Iohn. Cosin, goe draw our puissance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition:
That nothing can allay, nothing but bloud,
The bloud and deerest valued bloud of *France*.
Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our bloud shall quench that fire:
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Armes let's hie.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarmes, excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And powrs downe mischiefe. *Austrias* head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
Iohn. Hubert, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is assayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
Bast. My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarmes, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded: Cosin, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
Iohn. Cosen away for *England*, haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.
Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,
When gold and siluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray.
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your true safety: so I kisse your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Cosen.
Iohn. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
Hub. By heauen *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I haue of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty.
Iohn. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt haue: and creepe time ne're so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes:
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:
Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it.
Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldst?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'le tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'le keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Maiesty.
Iohn. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. A Graue.
Hub. He shall not liue.
Iohn. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well, I'le not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well.
Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty.
Ele. My blessing goe with thee.
Iohn. For *England* Cosen, goe.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duetie: On toward *Calice*, hoa.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted ſaile
Is ſcattered and diſ-ioyn'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane priſoner? diuers deere friends ſlaine?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption ſpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch aduice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could finde ſome patterne of our ſhame:

Enter Conſtance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a ſoule,
Holding th'eternall ſpirit againſt her will,
In the vilde priſon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Con. Lo now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance*.
Con. No, I defie all Counſell, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſell, true Redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottennesſe,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperitie,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulte browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold wormes,
And ſtop thou gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelfe:
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeries Loue,
O come to me.
Fra. O faire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world,
And rouſe from ſleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which ſcornes a moderne Inuocation.
Pand. Lady, you vtter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
O, if I could, what griefe ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of greefe,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliuer'd of theſe woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my ſelfe:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
Fra. Binde vp thoſe treſſes: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haires;
Where but by chance a ſiluer drop hath ſtaine,
Euen to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Doe glew themſelues in ſociable griefe,
Like true, inſeparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.
Con. To England, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haires.
Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeeme my ſonne
As they haue giuen theſe hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poore childe is a priſoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy againe;
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-childe
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-ſorrow eat my bud
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And ſo he'll dye: and riſing ſo againe,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I ſhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heynous a reſpect of greefe.
Conſt. He talkes to me, that neuer had a ſonne.
Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
Con. Greefe fits the roome vp of my abſent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme:
Then, haue I reaſon to be fond of griefe?
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſſe as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire ſonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrowes care. *Exit.*
Fra. I feare ſome out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoyl'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yeelds nought but ſhame and bitternesſe.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe
Euen in the inſtant of repaire and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew euill:
What haue you loſt by loſing of this day?
Dol. All dales of glory, ioy, and happineſſe.
Pan. If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moſt good,
She's lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ſtrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearely wonne:

Are

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me speake with a prophetick spirit:
For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines
The misplac'd *John* should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruly hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp:
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthur* fall?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.

Dol. And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
John layes you plots: the times conspire with you,
For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.
This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none so small aduantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no customed event,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abortiues, presages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *John*.

Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall reuolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I haue nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you. looke to't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.

Hub Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.

Art. Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne?
No indeede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
In sooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispitious torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
And neere haue spoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was crafticke loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you muſt vſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes.
Theſe eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
So much as frowne on you.
Hub. I haue ſworne to do it:
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it.
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot
Approaching neere theſe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborne-hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Hubert's*.
Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Art. O ſaue me *Hubert*, ſaue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Giue me the Iron I ſay, and binde him heere.
Art. Alas, what needs you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill.
For heauen ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lambe
I will not ſtirre, nor winch, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.
Hub. Go ſtand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deede.
Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Giue life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelfe.
Art. Is there no remedie?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there,
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your toong
Art. *Hubert*, the vttrance of a brace of tongues,
Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no vſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Lo, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
Hub. I can heate it, Boy
Art No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeſerued extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould vſe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to liue: I will not touch thine eye
For all the Treaſure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out.
Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.
Hub. Peace: no more Adieu,
Your Vnckle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty childe, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with mee.
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

Iohn. Heere once againe we ſit: once againſt crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.
Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere ſtained with reuolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly:
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garniſh.
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſſe.
Pem. But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being vrged at a time vnſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the Antique, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much diſfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde vnto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
Pem. When Workemen ſtriue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in couetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As patches ſet vpon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſſe will.

Iohn.

Iob. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I haue possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your sequests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong should moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barborous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Iohn. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lines in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleeue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.

Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickneſſe was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

Iob. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
Think you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
So thrust it to your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced grase.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*

Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mef.*
There is no sure foundation set in blood:
No certaine life atchiu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleares not without a storme,
Powre downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Iob. Oh where hath our *Intelligence* bin drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And she not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Iohn. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'st out are landed here?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What saiyes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

Iohn. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I haue collected shall expresse:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames.
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Iohn. Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Bast. The *French* (my Lord) men's mouths are ful of it:
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your
Iohn. Gentle kinsman, go (suggestion.
And thrust thy fiste into their Companies,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seeke them out.
Iohn. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit*
Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.
Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.
Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
Iohn. Fiue Moones?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
Young *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
Iohn. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him. I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had (my Lord) why did you not prouoke me?
Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maiestie, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Iohn. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Hadst not thou beene by
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words.
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne.
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name
Out of my sight, and neuer see me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres.
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.
Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue slander d Nature in my forme,
Which howsoeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
Iohn. Doth *Arthur* liue? O haste thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art
Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S *Edmondsbury*,
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Melune*, a Noble Lord of France.
Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.

By

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Bastard.
Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossest himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were best.
Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now
Bast. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?
P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty.
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The height, the Creft: or Creft vnto the Creft
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloudiest shame,
The wildest Sauagery, the vildest stroke
That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.
Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;
And proue a deadly bloud-shed, but a iest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The graceless action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue?
It is the shamefull worke of *Hubert's* hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
Till I haue set a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.
Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth liue, the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
Hu I am no villaine. *Sal.* Must I rob
Bast Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.
Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say:
By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours,
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not proue me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to peeces.
Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.
Sal Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'vncleanly sauours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.
Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex Lords.*
Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art damn'd *Hubert*.
Hub Do but heare me sir.
Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.
Hub. Vpon my soule.
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
I do suspect thee very greeuously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world

How eafie doſt thou take all *England* vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The vn-owed intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Rauen on a ſicke-faine beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted pompe.
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with ſpeed: Ile to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand,
And heauen it ſelfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneſſe and authoritie.
Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſſe vſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties do reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of ſoule
To ſtranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempred humor,
Reſts by you onely to be qualified.
Then pauſe not. for the preſent time's ſo ſicke,
That preſent medcine muſt be miniſtred,
Or ouerthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt vp.
Vpon your ſtubborne vſage of the Pope.
But ſince you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue ſhall hufh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land:
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſeruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit*
Iohn. Is this Aſcenſion day: did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould giue off? euen ſo I haue:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſ. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Douer Caſtle: London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Hoſt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſeruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue?
Baſ. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets
An empty Caſket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
Baſ. So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew.
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you ſad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence:
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doores,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee.
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
Baſ. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes inuaſius? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton braue our fields,
And ſleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely ſpred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
Iohn Haue thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſ. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melioune, Pembroke, Bigot, Soudiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melioune*, let this be copied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance:
Returne the preſident to theſe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
Sal Vpon our ſides it neuer ſhall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-vrg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeue me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of Time
Should ſeeke a plaiſter by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many: Oh it grieues my ſoule,
That I muſt draw this meaſure from my ſide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of *Salsbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyſicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of ſterne Iniuſtice, and confuſed wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the ſonnes and children of this Iſle,
Was borne to ſee ſo ſad an houre as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Vpon her gentle boſome, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I muſt withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the ſpot of this inforced cauſe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldſt remoue,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy ſelfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affections wraſtling in thy boſome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat haſt fought
Betweene compaſſion, and a braue reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That ſilterly doth progreſſe on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhowre, blowne vp by tempeſt of the ſoule,
Scardles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I ſeene the vaulcie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
And with a great heart heaue away this ſtorme:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That neuer ſaw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping:
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deepe
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelfe: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinewes to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell ſpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himſelfe to *Rome*, his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the ſauage ſpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fottered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in ſhewe.

Dol. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be propertied
To be a ſecondary at controll,
Or uſefull ſeruing-man, and Inſtrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaſtis'd kingdome and my ſelfe,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that ſame weake winde which enkindled it
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this Land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muſt I backe,
Becauſe that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* ſlaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition ſent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſſe, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard theſe Iſlanders ſhout out
Vive le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Towners?
Haue I not heere the beſt Cards for the game
To winne this eaſie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And ſhall I now giue one the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my ſoule it neuer ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-ſide of this worke.

Dol. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not returne
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out-looke Conqueſt, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon vs?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am ſent to ſpeake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue deale for him:
And, as you anſwer, I doe know the ſcope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull oppoſite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly ſaies, hee'l not lay downe his Armes.

Baſt. By all the blood that euer fury breath'd,
The youth ſaies well. Now heare our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth ſpeake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon to he ſhould,
This apiſh and vnmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd Maske, and vnaduiſed Reuell,
This vn-heard ſawcineſſe and boyiſh Troopes,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, euen at your doore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To dieue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your ſtable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in cheſts and trunckes,
To hug with ſwine, to ſeeke ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his eyrie towres,
To sowse annoyance that comes neere his Neast:
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leaue to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Plead for our interest, and our being heere.

Bast. Indeede your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted*. to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They say King *Iohn* sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceiue,
Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euen this night whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Creft
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field,
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and deuout desires.

Sal. We do beleeue thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankenesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in mine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set
But stayd, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retyre: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And wonn'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count *Melune* is slaine: The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. Ah foule, shrow'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart
I did not thinke to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our weerie powres?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. *Hubert*, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endlesse night,
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bast. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolued villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recouer.

Bast Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiestie.

Bast. With bold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Washes haue deuoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he sang.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them insensible, and his seige is now
Against the winde, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselues. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme vpon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,

It

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It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a ſummer in my boſome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to duſt:
I am a ſcribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maieſty?

Iohn. Poyſon'd, ill fare: dead, forſooke, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſome, nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kiſſe my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort, and you are ſo ſtraight
And ſo ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were ſome vertue in my teares,
That might releeue you.

Iohn. The ſalt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion
And ſpleene of ſpeede, to ſee your Maieſty.

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſaile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Baſt. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a night the beſt part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Waſhes* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath theſe dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen ſo muſt I run on, and euen ſo ſtop
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behinde.
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my ſoule ſhall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy ſeruant ſtill.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly returne with me againe.
To puſh deſtruction, and perpetuall ſhame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land.
Straight let vs ſeeke, or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought,
The Dolphine rages at our very heeles.

Sal. It ſeemes you know not then ſo much as we.
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who halfe an houre ſince came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honor and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leaue this warre.

Baſt. He will the rather do it when he ſees
Our ſelues well ſinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrell
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinall,
With whom your ſelfe, my ſelfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſſe happily.

Baſt. Let it be ſo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worſter muſt his bodie be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Baſt. Thither ſhall it then,
And happily may your ſweet ſelfe put on
The lineall ſtate, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull ſeruices
And true ſubiection euerlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue we make
To reſt without a ſpot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde ſoule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Baſt. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our griefes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did helpe to wound it ſelfe.
Now, theſe her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we ſhall ſhocke them: Naught ſhall make vs rue,
If England to it ſelfe, do reſt but true.

Exeunt

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The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

LEt *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold ſon:
Heere to make good boiſtrous late appeale,
Which then our leyſure would not let vs heare,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake:
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.

Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And with (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeakes, my right drawn ſword may proue

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, vntill it had return'd
Theſe termes of treaſon, doubly downe his throne.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoken, or thou canſt deuiſe.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniuſtly fight.

King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thouſand Nobles,

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In name of lendings for your Highneſſe Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments.
Like a falſe Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſuruey'd by Engliſh eye,
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glouſters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the toongleſſe cauernes of the earth)
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares?
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayeſt thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyar.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-ſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule.
He is our ſubiect (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech, and fearleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lyeſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his Highneſſe ſouldiers:
The other part reſeru'd I by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that Lye. For Glouſters death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine owne diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my greeued ſoule:
But ere I laſt receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degeherate Traitor,
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſome.
In haſt whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſitian,
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed.
Our Doctors ſay, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun.
We'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid again.

King Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boote.

Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foo:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Deſpight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not haue
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare.
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood.
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his ſpots. take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit, in a loyall breſt.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King Coſin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſin.
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my might
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare.
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues ſhall anſwer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſſe of Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glouſters blood,
Doth more ſolicite me then your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.

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But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Duc. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe are one)
Were as ſeuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dride by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloſter,
One Violl full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaſes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe
Ah *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liu'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is diſpaire,
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breſt:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloſters death.
Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.
Duc. Where then (alas may I) complaint my ſelfe?
Gaun. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence
Duc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Coſine Herford, and ſell Mowbray fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on Herfords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breſt:
Or if miſfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be Mowbrayes ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming Courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her compaſſion Greefe, moſt end her life.
Gaun. Siſter farewell: I muſt to Couentree,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with moe.
Duc. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit mee.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee
But empty lodgings, and vnfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels every where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appeallants Trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach. *Flourſh.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt thus knightely clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Trumpet. Enter Herreford, and Harold.
Rich. Marſhall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore com'ſt thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heauen.
Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do ſtand in Armes,
To proue by-heauens grace, and my bodies valour)
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liſtes,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kiſſe your hand, and take his leaue.
Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lamente we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Coſin) Lord *Aumerle*,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreete
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furniſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſty hautour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cauſe make thee proſp'rous
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thriue.
Mow. How euer heauen or fortune caſt my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More then my dancing ſoule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battell, with mine Aduerſarie.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to ieſt,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. Harris of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1. *Her. Harry* of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derbie*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2. *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Tho: Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares:
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deere blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors ſwords,
Which ſo rouz'd vp with boyſtrous vntun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Coſin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier doombe,
Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The flye ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleſſe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauy ſentence, my moſt Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highneſſe mouth:
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands.
The Language I haue learn'd theſe forty yeares
(My natiue Engliſh) now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more,
Then an vnſtringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument caſ'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis't with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries ligh
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall ſword, your baniſht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor

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Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

Bul. I ſweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our ſoules had wandréd in the ayre,
Baniſh'd thus frailé ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.

Mow. No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*

Rich. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy greeued heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home, from baniſhment.

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton ſprings
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeeres to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to ſurrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Ric. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?

Gaun. Things ſweet to taſt, proue in digeſtion ſowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong.
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.

Rich. Coſine farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*
Flouriſh.

Au. Coſine farewell: what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou returnſt no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaun. Thy greefe is but thy abſence for a time.

Bull. Ioy abſent, greefe is preſent for that time.

Gaun. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickely gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gaun. Call it a reaſell that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gaun. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteppes
Eſteeme a ſoyle, wherein thou art to ſes
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſtie *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or Wallow naked in December ſnow
by thinking on fantaſticke ſummers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth euer rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaun. Come, come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: ſweet ſoil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerue. Coſine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him ſo)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeaſt wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepie rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart diſdained my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch greefe,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of Farwels,
but ſince it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis double,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe, and *Bushy*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obſeru'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues;
Wooing poore Craftſ-men, with the craft of ſoules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their effects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.

Ru. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters.
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wantes
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely houſe.

Ru. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exu.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his vnſtaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt.
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Lafciuous Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten,
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So is he new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regards
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rath fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort.
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne Iury
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumarle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?

Ri. What comfort man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leannеſſe, leannеſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee

Rie. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?

Cou. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that dye.

Rich. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.

Cou Oh no, thou dyeſt, though I the ſicker be.

Rich. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.

Cou. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians, that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou were poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why (Coſine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlaue to the law,
And——

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſtie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaun. Oh ſpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly caroufs'd
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withet'd flowre.
Liue in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*

Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yor. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herfords* loue, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſtie.

Rich. What ſayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall woe.

Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glouſters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Haue euer made me ſowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howres:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd Herford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſerving ſonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attorneyes generall, to ſue
His Liuerie, and deniе his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke

Rie. Thinke what you will: we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exeu.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe. to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iuſt, and alwayes lou'd vs well
Come on our Queen, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flourſh.*
Manet North. Willoughby. & Roſſ
Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſ. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew
Nor. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſ. My heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind. & let him ne'r ſpeake more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
Wil Tends that thou dſt ſpeake to th Du. of Hereford,
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Merrely in hate 'gainſt any of vs all.
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute
'Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſ. The Commons hath he pil'd with grieuous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not.
But baſely yeelded vpon compromize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and diſſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſſ. He hath not monie for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinſmen, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoid the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours
Roſſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port *le Blanc*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainſton*,
Sir *Iohn Norberne*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*.
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlauiſh yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Ranenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſſ. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them y feare
Wil. Hold our my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Biſhop, and Bagot.
Buſh. Madam, your Maieſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe me King, I did. to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*: yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne ſorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a greefe hath twenty ſhadowes
Which ſhewes like greefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire, to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweet Maieſtie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of greefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrowes eie, (ſeene
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo: but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heauy ſad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Queene

Qu. Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore-father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heauen ſaue your Maieſty, and welmet Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland. (men:

Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is ſo
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henry Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Buſh. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.

Buſh. Deſpaire not Madam.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of careſull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens ſake ſpeake comfortable woeds:

Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a ſeruant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why ſo: go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall greeue you to report the reſt.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(So my vnreaſon had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And duetie bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
And meete me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too: but time will not permit.
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſix and ſeuen. *Exit*

Buſh. The winde ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſsible.

Gr. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King.

Ba And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much hls their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we haue beene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wilteſhire is alreadie there.

Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hateſull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie:
Farewell, if heart's preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbrooke*.

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taſke he vndertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.

Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exi.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Herford, and Northumberland.

Bol. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearieſomer
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way ſweet and deleſtable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tedioſineſſe, and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe;
And hope to ioy, is little leſſe in ioy.
Then hope enioy'd: By this the wearie Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Buſh. Of much leſſe value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter*: Whence ſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſehold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolu'd, when we laſt ſpake together.

Percie. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barkely, to diſcouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſert.

Buſh. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus ſeales it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fierie red with haſte.

Buſh. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traytor; all my Treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Roſſ. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord.

Will. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.

Buſh. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you.

Buſh. My Lord, my Anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England,
And I muſt finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Natiue Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Buſh. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe dutie is deceiuable, and falſe.

Buſh. My gracious Vnckle.

York. Tut, tut Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Leggers,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighning her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my ſelfe
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy Fault.

Buſh. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Euen in Condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.

Buſh. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*
And Noble Vnckle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You haue a Sonne, *Aumarle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowſe his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all diſtrayned, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe imployd.

What

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Diſcent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Reſſ. It ſtands your Grace vpon, to doe him righe.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coſens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r ſee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

Yorke. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needes conſeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe reſeruine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Nighe.

Bull. An offer Vockle, that wee will accept:
But wee muſt winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weed, and plucke away.

Yorke. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile paeuſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our forces: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to looſe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreſt:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percie, Willoughby, with Buſhie and Greene Priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappied, and diſfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him miſ-interprete me,
Haue ſtoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houſehold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague Iniuſtice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vncle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heauens ſake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I haue diſpatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vockle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendour*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Scæna

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Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yes, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for joy
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooses:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee favor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his ravenous sence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And heavie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies,
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my senceleſſe Conjuration, Lords;
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad vnseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breach of worldly Lawes cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth!
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy loyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thicker come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name forty thousand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Fauorites of a King: are we not high:
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as we?
Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,
We'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which makes the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:
So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, coueting your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
Thy very Beadſmen learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Rich. Too well too well thou tell'ſt a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villaine, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, easily woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Bushie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scroope. Yea all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Rayne eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome.
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vncle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The newest is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would
Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vncle) farther then you should.

York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vncle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is man'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-

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Bull. Royally: Why, it containes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carliſle.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Braſen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perſon: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vſe th'aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meet
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and anſwere within: then a Flouriſh. Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, Saliſbury.

See ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieſtie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew
Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd vs from our Stewardſhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That liſt your Vaſſall Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery ſtride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowne's of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithfull Engliſh Blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be ruſh'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne, or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall party graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend toRuſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie:
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaſe our ſelfe (Couſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since Foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. What muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe.
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Iewels for a ſett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I liue;
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Cousin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome prettie Match, with ſhedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd there lyes
Two Kinſmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I ſee
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Moſt mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I.
North. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the baſe Court come downe: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls ſhrike, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.
Bull. What ſayes his Maieſtie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire duetie to his Maieſtie.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Couſin.
You debaſe your Princely Knee,
To make the baſe Earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleaſ'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Vp Couſin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſeruice ſhall deſerue your loue.
Rich. Well you deſerue'd:
They well deſerue to haue,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get.
Vncle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares ſhew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London.
Couſin, is it ſo?
Bull. Yea, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deuiſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame Ile ſing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weepe.
La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could ſing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.
But ſtay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees.
My wretched doeſſe, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State; for euery one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.
Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly Children, make their Syre
Stoope with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight:
Giue ſome ſupportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyſome Weedes, that without profit ſucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholeſome flowers.
Ser. Why ſhould we, in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Eſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltſhire, *Bagot*, *Greene*.

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adam's* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden?
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing
What Eue? what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my ſad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe.
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow. *Exit.*
O Poore Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, ſowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carliſle, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timeleſſe end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bol. Coſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnſay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glouſters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Calliſ, to my Vnkles head.
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonor my faire Scarres,
On equall termes to giue him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honor ſoyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his ſland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy beſt blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bol. *Bagot* forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mou'd me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vaunting'ly thou pak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.
If thou deniеſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt.
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) liue to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. *Fitz-water* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vnlike:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heauen,
As Heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyeſt.
Surrey. Diſhonorable Boy:
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heauy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz.

Fitz. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesſe,
And ſpit vpon him, whileſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* did'ſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And (though mine Enemie) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigneuries: when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.

Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.

Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norfolke* dead?

Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appellants your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bull. In Gods Name Ile aſcend the Regall Throne.

Carl. *Marry*, Heauen forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake.
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King.
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should ſhew ſo heynous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subiects, and a Subiect ſpeakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to proud *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the woefulleſt Diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed Earth.
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.

North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge.
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.

Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*

Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tutore me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The fauors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thouſand, none.
God ſaue the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what ſeruice, am I ſent for hither?

Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maieſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize the Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'ſt you mount vp on high.

Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am: but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares ſet vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though given away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes,
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forsweare:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.
Long may'st thou liue in *Richards* Seat to sit,
And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God saue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes
What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraignty, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Peasant.

North. My Lord

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haughty-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,
That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read o're this Paper, while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell

Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, cracke in an hundred shiuers.
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely shadowes, to the vnseene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no need to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe

Bull Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues *Exeunt.*

Abbot A woefull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What euer I shall happen to deuiſe.
I ſee your Browes are full of Diſcontent,
Your Hearts of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint Boſome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let vs reſt, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to dew,
And wash him freſh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did ſtand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am ſworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Neceſſitie; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. Hie thee to France,
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe:
Our holy lines muſt winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue ſtricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o're-pow'r'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſſe the Rodde,
And ſwone on Rage with baſe Humilitie,
Which act becomes a Lyon, and a King of Beaſts?

Rich. A King of Beaſts indeed: if ſigh'e but Beaſts,
I had beene ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woefull Ages, long a goe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenſeleſſe Brands will ſympathize
The heauie accent of thy moaning Tongue,
And in compaſſion, weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome coale-black,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vſurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deſerued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a Kiſſe 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where ſhiuering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or ſhorter day.

Qu. And muſt we be diuided? muſt we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand, my Loue (and heart fro heart.

Qu. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longeſt Way ſhall haue the longeſt Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one ſtep Ile groane, Way being ſhort,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in Griefe:
One Kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to Kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt, let Sorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Dutcheſſe.

Dutch. My Lord you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins coming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richards* head.

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Yorke. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cride, God ſaue thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would haue thought the very windowes ſpake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Ieſu preſerue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'ſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Beſpake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God ſaue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce haue melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe haue pitied him.
But heauen hath a hand in theſe euents,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subiects now,
Whoſe State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my ſonne: who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-ſpring of time
Leaſt you be crept before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold thoſe luſts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpoſe ſo.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy boſome?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? Let me ſee the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not haue ſeene.

Yorke. Which for ſome reaſons ſir, I meane to ſee
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What ſhould you feare?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell againſt the Triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himſelfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it

Yor. I will be ſatisfied: let me ſee it I ſay. *Snatches it*
Treaſon, foule Treaſon, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horſe.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I ſay: Saddle my horſe:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace ſooliſh Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwer.

Dut. Thy life anſwer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots. I will vnto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my ſight.

Yor. Giue me my Boots, I ſay.

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably ſet downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He ſhall be none:
We'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor Away fond woman: were he twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldeſt be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ſt ſuſpect
That I haue bene diſloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, ſweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may dee,
Not like to me, not any of my Kin,
A-dyet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruly Woman. *Exit*

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spurre poſt, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke:
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the Tauernes there:

For

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose Companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince.
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul What meanes our Cosin, that he stares
And lookes so wildely?

Aum. God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Haue thy desire. *Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause
to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vncle) speak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty proue
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame:
As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,
Or my shame'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Duchesse within.

Duc. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.

Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Duc. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchesse.

Duc. O King, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost y make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Duc. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise vp good Aunt.

Duc. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Duc. Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Duc. Nay, do not say stand vp.
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King), let pitty teach thee how.
The word is short: but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say *Pardonnez moy.*

Duc. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Duc. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen ſhall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order ſeuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coſin adieu:
Your mother well hath prai'd, and proue you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heauen make thee new.
Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didſt thou not marke the King what words hee ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou were't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penurie,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere, his iacke o'th' Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue helpe madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapeſt of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make miſfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muſt haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiueneſſe horſe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe,

And

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And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iaunsing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wile please you to fall too?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee;
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument.
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.
Exton strikes him downe.
That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King I'le beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Glouestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.
Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Brocas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.
Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is *Carlile*, liuing to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.
Bul. Carlile, this is your doome:
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life;
So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bul. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
With *Cayne* go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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The First Part of Henry the Fourth,

with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Strands a-farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall dawbe her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooses
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious cloze of ciuil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight.
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the vnregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord.
Farre more vneven and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approoued Scot,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a dewre and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Athell*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'st a Grouse, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Riot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yoong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

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Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Wor. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malecontent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Wor. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Poines.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know. What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prin What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights body, be call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Diana's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade. Minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaft mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the horny, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Antickе the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholy as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury similes, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet young Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupte a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man should speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee. From Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Poines. Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a Cup of Maders, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuel ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuel his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elſe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochеſter, I haue beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your Purſes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou haue the Spirit of perſwaſion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) prooue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaffe, Harvey. Roſſill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall robbe thoſe men that wee haue already way-layde, your ſelfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prin. But how ſhal we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'l ſet vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our ſelues.

Poy. Tut our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirrah, I haue Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the ieſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Poynz.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed;
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a ſullen ground;
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as yong Downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Theſe

Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſſe demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he ſayes) not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was deliuered to your Maieſty:
Who either through enuy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathleſſe, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt;
Freſh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at Harueſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
He gaue his Noſe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome Corſſe
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady terme
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all-ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not: For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God ſaue the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe:
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
That villanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſſe Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for theſe vile Gunnes,
He would himſelfe haue beene a Souldier.
This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwer indirectly (as I ſaid.)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come current for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
Whate'er *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably dye, and neuer riſe.
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Prouiſo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who (in my ſoule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower*:
Whoſe daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon, and indent with Feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeyted themſelues.
No: on the barren Mountaine let him ſtarue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſke me for one penny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes ſedgie banke,
In ſingle Oppoſition hand to hand,
He did conſound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement, of ſwift Seuernes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And bid his ſtrifpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did baſe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'ed with Reuolt.
King. Thou do'ſt belye him *Percy*, thou doſt belye him;
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We Licenſe your departure with your ſonne.
Send vs your Priſoners, or you'll heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo: for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choller? ſtay & pauſe awhile,
Heere comes your Vncle. *Enter Worceſter.*
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, I'le empty all theſe Veines,
And ſhed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Canker'd *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who ſtroake this heate vp after I was gone
Hot. He will (forſooth) haue all my Priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depoſ'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say——
Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnfledged hoofe of a Steare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rouze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Locks:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile hollo *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.
Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.
Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What do'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glouster shire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.
Nor. At Berkley Castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why what a candle deale of courtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Deuill take such Cozeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
We'l stay your leysure.
Hot. I haue done insooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imployd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And only stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wondrous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his looks of loue.
Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust.
Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and groues, applaud our sport. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles* waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iades is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bo tes: This house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* the Ostler dyed.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow never ioy'd since the price of oates rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most villanous house in all London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the first Cocke.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come away.

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And 'twere not as good a deed as drinke to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, can'st tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou varlest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that I dreame not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should be look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillity; Burgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but pray on her. For they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Boots? Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receit of Fern-seede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand
Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.

Gad. Go to: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue removed *Falstaffs* Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd *Poines*.

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe

Fal. What *Poines. Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, I le go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not given me medicines to make me loue him, I le hange'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal*, a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: Ile foote it ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be ta'ne, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Peto. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce.

Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will worke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *Iohn* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gaunt* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal*

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedge, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: euery man to his businesse.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: We'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu blesse vs.

Fal. Strike: downe with them, cut the villains throates: a whorson Caterpillars. Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand-Iurors, are ye? We'l iure ye, faith.

Here they rob them, and binde them. Exeunt the Prince and Poines

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse. The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were it not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our houſe. He ſhewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to ſleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it ſelfe vnforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo: I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I proteſt, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and conſtant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides, the *Douglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide my ſelfe, and go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of ſkim'd Milk with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſit'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholly
In my ſtarre-lothers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres;
Speake termes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frenchers, Parapets,
Of Baſiliskes, of Cannon, Culuerin,
Of Priſoners ranſome, and of Souldiers ſlaine,
And all the currents of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at Warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweate hath ſtood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed Streame;
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauie buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it: elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gillioms* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes fro the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horſe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my Loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toſt with. In ſooth Ile know your buſineſſe *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtirre about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So farre a foot, I ſhall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly vnto this queſtion, that I ſhall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt haue bloodie Noſes, and crack'd Crownes,
And paſſe them current too. Gods me, my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate*? what would'ſt thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you loue me not
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeak'ſt in ieſt or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſeback, I will ſweare
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whether I go: nor reaſon whereabout.
Whether I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This Euening muſt I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'ſt not know,
And ſo farre will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How ſo farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where haſt bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt 3. or foureſcore Hogſheads. I haue ſounded the verie baſe ſtring of humility. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their conſidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Courteſie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falſtaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I ſhall command all the good Laddes in Eaſt-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

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they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast loſt much honour, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillings and ſix pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, Anon ſir, Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe Moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prythee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerue, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord ſir, I would it had bene two.

Prin I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurſday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch.

Fran. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What ſir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, doſt thou heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Looke to the Gueſts within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. *Poines.*

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue ſhewed themſelues humorous, ſince the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clock at midnight. What's a cloche Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the ſonne of a Woman. His induſtry is vp-ſtaires and down-ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hoteſpurre of the North, he that killes me ſome ſixe or ſeuen dozen of Scots at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſaies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* (ſayes ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and anſweres, ſome fourteene, an houſe after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Browne ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rimo*, ſayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poin Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile ſowe nether ſtockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Doſt thou not ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the ſweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man: yet a Coward is worſe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing all manner of ſongs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Woolſack, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne! If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fleſh-punch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward: but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: Call you

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that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'ſt last.

Falſ. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all Cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falſ. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thouſand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falſ. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better fiace I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Prince. Speake ſirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſ. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſ. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſ. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, ſought yee with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore olde *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Peto. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſ. Nay, that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Suites. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſ. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, he ſaid foure.

Falſ. Theſe foure came all a-front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen poynes in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſ. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Suites.

Falſ. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Jack*.

Falſ. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſ. But as the Deuill would haue it, three miſ-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand.

Prin. Theſe Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groſſe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horſon obſcene greaſie Tallow Catch.

Falſ. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall Greene, when it was ſo darke, thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon *Jack*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? If Reaſons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this Horſ-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleſh.

Falſ. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pitſell, you ſtocke-fiſh: O for breath to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you ſheath you Bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale ſhall put you downe. Then did we two, ſet on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaffe*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou loueſt me.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

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Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is hee?

Hoſteſſe. An old man.

Falſt. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falſt. Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you ſought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amaimon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falſt. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You haue hit it

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Coppes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe lout me, praiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioynd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſt. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falſt. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſt. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falſt. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queen, For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Falſt. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely marueil where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to bee aſkt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be aſkt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to

many

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many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fifty, or (by'lady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly given, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so majesticall, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are falsse: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Bolting-Hutch of Beastliuesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roasted Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (saue your reuerence) a Whore-master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poines*: but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plumpe *Iacke* and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle stick: what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sheriffe and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Maiour*: if you will deny the Sheriffe, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sheriffe

Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sheriffe, what is your will with mee?

Sher. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:
And Sheriffe, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to answere thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And so let me entreate you, leaue the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Marke.

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell

Sher. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe!* fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Marke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets. *He*

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Poin. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's ſee, what be they? reade them.

Poin. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.
Item, Sawce. iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.
Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monſtrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is elſe, keepe cloſe, we'le reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: We muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-ſcore. The Money ſhall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and ſo good morrow *Poin.*

Poin. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotſpurre, Worceſter Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hotſp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit downe?
And Vnckle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hotſp. And you in Hell, as oft as he hearres *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotſp. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hotſp. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
if you ſuppoſe as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotſp. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke
To ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the ſtarting Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glend. Couſin: of many men
I doe not beare theſe Croſſings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my Life doe ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotſp. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh: Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſtie Deepe.

Hotſp. Why ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Deuill.

Hotſp. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Deuill,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the Deuill.*
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Deuill.

Mort. Come come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye.
And ſandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I ſent him
Bootleſſe home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotſp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, here's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order taene?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Coſine, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A Bonneſſe that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottiſh Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet;
Nor ſhall wee need his helpe theſe fourteene dayes:
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants Friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water ſhed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.
Hotſp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my Land,
A hugeh alfe Moone, a monſtrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Current in this place damm'd vp,
And here the ſmug and Siluer Trent ſhall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and comely:
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a Bottome here.
Glend. Not winde? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mort. Yea, but marke how he bears his courſe,
And runnes me vp with like aduantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſed Continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes ſtraight and euen.
Hotſp. Ile haue it ſo, a little Charge will doe it.
Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.
Hotſp. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hotſp. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hotſp. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in Welſh.
Glend. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the Engliſh Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an Engliſh Ditty, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hotſp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele graze on the Axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much, as mouſing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling Nagge.
Glend. Come, you ſhall haue Trent turn'd.
Hotſp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſeruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The Moone ſhines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haſte the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my Father.
Hotſp. I cannot chuſe: ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-leſſe Fiſh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt Night, at leaſt, nine howres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a raylling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmoakie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In ſtrange Concealements.
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbes himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you doe croſſe his humor: faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhew Greatneſſe, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtineſſe, Opinion, and Diſdaine:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth men hearts, and leaues behinde a ſtayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hotſp. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeede;
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight, that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glend. My Daughter weepes, ſhe'le not part with you,
She'le be a Souldier too, ſhe'le to the Warres.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glend. She is deſperate heere:
A peeuiſh ſelfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mort. I vnderſtand thy Lookes: that pretty Welſh
Which thou pour'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady anſwers in Welſh.

Mort. I vnderſtand thy Kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language; for thy tongue
Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harnest'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.
Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe so:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceive the Deuill understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous:
By'lady hee's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors.
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.
Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.
Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?
Hotsp. No.
Lady. Then be still
Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?
You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giveth such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou never walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady. I will not sing.
Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these two howres: and so come in, when ye will. *Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: we'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently have needs of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art match'd withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prince So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may (for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular)
Finde pardon on my true submission.
King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is he:
Others would say; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch Humilitie,
That I did pluckе Allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Perſon freſh and new,
My Preſence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at: and ſo my State,
Seldome but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And wonne by rareneſſe ſuch Solemnitie.
The ſkipping King he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow Ieſters, and raſh Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name profaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery Beardleſſe vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himſelfe to Popularitie:
That being daily ſwallowed by mens Eyes,
They ſurfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taſte of Sweetneſſe, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maieſtie,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As Cloudie men vſe to doe to their adueríaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tendernеſſe.

Prince. I ſhall beſeecher, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the State
Then thou, the ſhadow of Succeſſion;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on
To bloody Battailes, and to bruſing Armes.
What never-dying Honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Douglas*? whoſe high Deedes,
Whoſe hot Incurſions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maiorſtie,
And Militarie Title Capitall
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars*, in ſwathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Douglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-biſhops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell theſe Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deareſt Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vaſſall Feare,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo:
And Heauen forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſway'd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody Maſke:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For euery Honor ſitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worthip of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promiſe here:
The which, if I performe, and doe ſuruiue,
I doe beſeech your Maieſtie, may ſalue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of *Life* cancells all Bands,
And I will die a hundred thouſand Deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this:
Thou ſhalt haue Charge, and ſouereigne truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy Lookes are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the Buſineſſe that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath ſent word,
That *Douglas* and the Engliſh Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foole play in a State.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day:
With him my ſonne, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old.
On Wedneſday next, *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you ſhall march

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Through Glocesterſhire: by which account,
Our Buſineſſe valued ſome twelue dayes hence.
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth ſhall meete.
Our Hands are full of Buſineſſe: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph

Falſt. Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, ſince this laſt action? doe I not baſte? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies looſe Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falſt. Why there is it: Come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you muſt needes bee out of all compaſſe; out of all reaſonable compaſſe, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falſt. No, Ile be ſworne: I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never ſee thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy Face; my Oath ſhould bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkeneſſe. When thou ran'ſt vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchaſe in Money. O thou wt a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-Light: thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time two and thirtie yeares, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falſt. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſteſſe. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my Houſe? I haue ſearch'd, I haue enquired, ſo haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Falſt. Ye lye Hoſteſſe: *Bardolph* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a hayre; and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoſteſſe. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſt. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſteſſe. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falſt. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them.

Hoſteſſe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight ſhillings an Ell: You owe Money here beſides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falſt. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſteſſe. Hee? alas, hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falſt. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Noſe, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue loſt a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hoſteſſe. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſt. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falſt. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hoſteſſe. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſſe *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honeſt man.

Hoſteſſe. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falſt. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to mee.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, *Iacke*?

Falſt. The other Night I fell aſleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſt. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and (my Lord) hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and ſaid, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoſt. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elſe.

Falſt. There's

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Fall. There's no more faith in thee then a ſtu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drowne Fox: and for Woomen-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Hoſ. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fall. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Hoſ. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife: and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fall. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſ. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſ. Thou art vnworſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou ſay'ſt true Hoſteſſe, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſ. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſayde this other day, You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fall. A thouſand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'ſt me thy loue.

Hoſ. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ſt thou thinke I'le feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But ſirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horſon impudent imboſt Raſcall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houſes, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a Villaine. And yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares ſo by the Story.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee: Go make ready Breakfaſt, loue thy Husband, Looke to thy Seruants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts: Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: Thou ſeeſt, I am pacified ſtill. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hoſteſſe.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet Beefe: I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with vnwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynouſly vnprouided. Well God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I loue them, I praiſe them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Weſtmerland, Go *Poins*, to horſe: for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Iacke*, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, *Percie* ſtands on hye, And either they, or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. Hoſteſſe, my breakfaſt, come: Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotſpurre, Worceſter, and Douglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my Noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution ſhould the *Douglas* haue, As not a Souldiour of this ſeaſons ſtampe, Should go ſo generall current through the world. By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place In my heart's loue, hath no man than your Selfe. Nay, take me to my word: approue me Lord.

Doug. Thou art the King of Honor. No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground, But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt there? I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, He is grieuous ſicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyſure to be ſicke now, In ſuch a iuſtling time? Who leades his power? Vnder whoſe Gouernment come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters bezees his minde,as I his minde.

Wor. I prethee tell me,doth he keepe his Bed?

Meſſ. He did,my Lord,foure dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt beene whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had beene viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hotſp. Sicke now? droope now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither,euen to our Campe.
He writes me here,that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any Soule remou'd,but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpoſ'd to vs:
For,as he writes,there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a mayme to vs.

Hotſp. A perillous Gaſh,a very Limme lopt off:
And yet,in faith,it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
Were it good,to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we reade
The very Bottome,and the Soule of Hope
The very Liſt,the very vtmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dowg. Faith,and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend,vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.

Hotſp. A Randeuous,a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Miſchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuiſion. It will be thought
By ſome,that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome,loyaltie,and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings,kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke,how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know,we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes,every loope,from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.

Hotſp. You ſtrayne too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe:
It lends a Luſtre,and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe,can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We ſhall o're-turne it topſie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well,yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in Scotland,
As this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*,welcome by my Soule.

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome,Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland,ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards,with Prince *Iohn*.

Hotſp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further,I haue learn'd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighteie preparation.

Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap,Prince of Wales,
And his Comrades,that daſt the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?

Vern. All furniſht,all in Armes,
All plum'd like Eſtridges,that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles,hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates,like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates,wilde as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes,gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegaſus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horſemanſhip.

Hotſp. No more,no more,
Worſe then the Sunne in March:
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoakie Warre,
All hot,and bleeding,will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come,let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*,ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete,and ne're part,till one drop downe a Coarſe?
Oh,that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worceſter,as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my faith,that beares a frolty ſound.

Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs,may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come,let vs take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomeſday is neere; dye all,dye merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying,I am out of feare
Of death,or deaths hand,for this one halfe yeere.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scana

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Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through: we'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it do, take it for thy labour. and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine. farewell. *Exit*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowe't-Curnet: I haue miſ-vs'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe than a ſtruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger than Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: And now, my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Glutton Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſ-carded vniuſt Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers. Trade-faine, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, ten times more diſ-honorable ragged, than an old-*fac'd* Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their ſeruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottet'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huſkes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodyes. No eye hath ſeene ſuch ſkar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds Coate, without ſleeues: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of S. Albones, or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iack?* how now Quile?

Falſt. What *Hal?* How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'ſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of Weſt-merland, I cry you mercy, I thought you Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iack*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull Raſcals.

Falſt. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe; foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better. tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falſt. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falſt. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſtm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Vern. So doe we.

Hotſp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Coſſin be aduis'd, ſtirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counſaile well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no ſlander, *Douglas*, by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lines.
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotſp. To night, ſay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are
That you fore-ſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my Coſſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hotſp. So are the Horſes of the Enemie
In generall iourney bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

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Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hotſp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*.
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You conioure from the Breſt of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his duteous Land
Audacious Cruelties. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all ſpeed
You ſhall haue your deſires, with intereſt;
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led, by your ſuggeſtion.
Hotſp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his Liuerie, and beggе his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and termes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him.
The more and leſſe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh:
And now (forſooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was perſonall in the Iriſh Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotſp. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, hee depoſ'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranſome, to lye forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, drous vs to ſeeke out
This Head of ſafetie; and withall, to pric
Iuto his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the King?
Hotſp. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*.
Wee'le with-draw a while.
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early ſhall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotſp. And't may be, ſo wee ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Yorke and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhall,
This to my Couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayſed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt proportion:
And what with *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake Vrwin*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.
Sir Mo. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, Sir *Michael* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michael*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blustring day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.
The Trumpet sounds.
Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such termes,
As now we meet. You haue decern'd our truth,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in accompt
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You sweare to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safeties sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.
King. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such weeret-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggers, starting for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it: No good Worſter, no,
We loue our people well; euen thoſe we loſe
That are miſled vpon your Coſsins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you: yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and I'le be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they ſhall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly.

Exit Worceſter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Douglas* and the *Hotſpurre* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in Armes.

King. Heuce therefore, euery Leader to his charge.
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them:
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt.

Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falſtaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'ſt heauen a death.

Falſt. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What needs I be ſo forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor pricks me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour ſet too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wedneſday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore I'le none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worceſter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in others faults.
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who ne're ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his Anceſtors:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes.
And we ſhall feede like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cherriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Pruiledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotſpurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, I'le ſay 'tis ſo.
Heere comes your Coſsin.

Enter Hotſpurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vnkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dou. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord *Douglas*: Go you and tell him ſo.

Dou. Marry and ſhall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Weſtmerland that was engag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How ſhew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with ſuch a Grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his Wantonneſſe.

Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at Liberty
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers armes,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Armes, armes with ſpeed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If dye, braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking. Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſalch a courteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus thy croſſeſt me?
What honor doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dou. Know then my name is *Douglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dou. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſtead of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him. ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight. Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Douglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dou. All's done, all's woon, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dou. Heere.

Hot. This *Douglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.

Dou. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dou. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I feare the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of me, I needs no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pro. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle heere? Lend me thy ſword.
Many a Nobleman likes ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are vnreuenged. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile. Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Pro. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Pro. Giue it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Pro. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now. *Exit.*
Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P. Iob. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Pro. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leaſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Pro. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iob. We breach too long: Come coſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens ſake come.

Pro. By heauen thou haſt deceiu'd me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warriour.

Pro. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Dou. Another King? They grow like Hydra's head:
I am the *Douglas*, fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe: who *Douglas* grieues at hart

So

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dou. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the King being in danger,*
Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Shirley, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he meanes to pay.
They fight, Douglas flyeth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* over you,
Which would have bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sav'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton* Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percie*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creft,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for——

Prin. For Wormes, *brave Percy*. Farewell great heart.
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that bears the dead,
Beares not alive so stout a Gentleman,
If thou wer't sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderneffe.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Jacke, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struckt so fat a Deare to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*
Falstaffe riseth up.

Falf. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell me to day, Ile give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraide of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. *Takes Hotspurre on his backe.*
Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full bravely hast thou fleshe thy Maiden sword.

Iohn. But soft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not *Jacky Falstaffe*, then am I a Jacke: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I grant you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may be beleeved, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangeft Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangeft Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gild it with the happyeſt termes I haue.
A Retreat is ſounded.
The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*
Fal. Ile follow as they ſay, for Reward. He that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great againe, Ile grow leſſe? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould do. *Exit*

Scæna Quarta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter & Vernon Priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betweixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me.
King. Beare Worceſter to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
Exit Worceſter and Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when hee ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Douglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free:
His Valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our Aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Powre.
You Soonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend you, with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in Armes.
My Self, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Checke of ſuch anothor day:
And ſince this Buſineſſe ſo farre is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Indvction.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the winde my Poſt-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with falſe Reports.
I ſpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of ſafety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſes, Ieloufies, Coniectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotſpurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Douglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Anoynted head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes craftie ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Euery minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury
Nor. Good, and heauen will.
L.Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harry* ſlaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How it this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes fro you?

Tra.

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Trs. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Umfreuile* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came ſpurring head
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Cheſter: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that young *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able hacles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? Againe:
Said he young *Harries Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

North. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding Fellow, that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speaks at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgliеſt Maske
To fright our party.

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Sonne, and thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Douglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. *Douglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yea:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare, or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your Son is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes, ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Harrie Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few, his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt Peaſant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hotſpurres* loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (aymming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Douglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhunne
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath woone: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I ſhall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon, there is Phyſicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me ſicke,
Being ſicke, haue in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch;
A ſcalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muſt gloue this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne Cayne

Reigne in all bofomes, that each heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead. (Honor

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your *Hon.* The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're
To ſtormy Paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And ſumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you ſaid
Let vs make head: It was your preſurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his fleſh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moſt trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you ſay go forth: and none of this
(Though ſtrongly apprehended) could reſtraine
The ſtiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are o're-ſet, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my moſt Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do ſpeake the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But ſhadowes, and the ſhewes of men to fight.
For that ſame word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their ſoules,
And they did fight with queaſineſſe, conſtrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fiſh are in a Pond. But now the Biſhop
Turnes Inſurrection to Religion,
Suppoſ'd ſincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Riſing, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cauſe:
Tels them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land,
Gaſping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and leſſe, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to ſpeake truth,
This preſent greeſe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counſell euery man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and reuenge:
Get Poſts, and Letters, and make Friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what ſayes the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diſeaſes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this fooliſh compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reaſon, then to ſet mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horſon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will ſetre you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and ſend you backe againe to your Maſter, for a Iewell. The *Immerall* (the Prince your Maſter) whoſe Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will ſooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he ſhall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not ſticke to ſay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finiſh it when he will, it is not a haire amiſſe yet: he may keepe it ſtill at a Face-Royall, for a Barber ſhall neuer earne ſix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ouer ſince his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid *M. Dombledon*, about the Satten for my ſhort Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, you ſhould procure him better Aſſeurance, then *Bardolfe*: he would not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horſon *Achitophel*; a Raſcally-yea-forſooth-knaue, to beare a Gentlemen in hand, and then ſtand vpon Security? The horſon ſmooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honeſt Taking-vp, then they muſt ſtand vpon Securitie: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtoppe it with Security. I look'd her ſhould haue ſent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he ſends me Security. Well, he may ſleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightneſſe of his Wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy me a horſe in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Horſ'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iuſtice and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that commited the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch.Iuſt. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falſtaffe*, and's pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Iuſt. He that was in queſtion for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath ſince done good ſeruice at Shrewſbury: and (as I heare) is now going with ſome Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*.

Iuſt. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You muſt ſpeake lowder, my Maſter is deafe.

Iuſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I muſt ſpeake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What a yong knaue and beg? Is there not warres? is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack ſubiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on

on my side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throate, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay a-side that which grieves to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hare-counter, hence: Avaunt.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the soliticke of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Iust. Sir *Iohn*, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust. I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie. (you.

Iust. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a sleeping of the blood, a whorson Tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafenesse.

Iust. I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physician

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Poverty: but how I should be your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple is scilse.

Iust. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to come (speake with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned Counsel, in the lawes of this Land-service, I did not come.

Iust. Well, the truth is (*sir Iohn*) you live in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him, in my belt, cannot live in leste.

Iust. Your Meanes is very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Iust. You have misled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled me. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iust. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your dayes service at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe.

Iust. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Iust. You follow the yong Prince up and downe, like his ill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes upon me, will take me without, weighing: and yet in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Coster-mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-herd. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giving Reckonings: all the other gifts appertinents to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are yong: you measure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals. & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too.

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and will you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, sir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthemes. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & have at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iust. Well, heaven send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iust. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thinke your pretty sweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven blesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my Cosin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Coketousnesse, then he can part young limbes and lecchery: but the Gowt galles the

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one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the Degrees preſerue my curſes. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seuen groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this Conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to old Miſtris *Vrſula*, whome I haue weekly ſworne to marry, ſince I perceiu'd the firſt white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Penſion ſhall ſeeme the more reaſonable. A good wit will make vſe of any thing: I will turne diſeaſes to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbiſhop, Haſtings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Arch. Thus haue you heard our cauſes, & know our Means: And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And firſt (Lord Marſhall) what ſay you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occaſion of our Armes, But gladly would be better ſatisfied, How (in our Meanes) we ſhould aduance our ſelues To looke with forhead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puiſſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow vpon the File To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choice: And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes With an incenſed Fire of Iniuries.

L. Bar. The queſtion then (Lord *Haſtings*) ſtandeth thus Whether our preſent fiue and twenty thouſand May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:

Haſt. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My iudgement is, we ſhould not ſtep too farre Till we had his Aſſiſtance by the hand. For in a Theame ſo bloody fac'd, as this, ConieCture, Expectation, and Surmiſe Of Aydes incertaine, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed It was yong *Hotſpurres* caſe, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himſelfe with hope, Eating the ayre, on promiſe of Supply, Flatt'ring himſelfe with Project of a power, Much ſmaller, then the ſmalleſt of his Thoughes, And ſo with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt, To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this preſent quality of warre, Indeed the inſtant action: a cauſe on foot, Liues ſo in hope: As in an early Spring, We ſee th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite, Hope giue not ſo much warrant, as Diſpaire That Froſts will bite them. When we meane to build, We firſt ſuruey the Plot, then draw the Modell, And when we ſee the figure of the houſe, Then muſt we rate the coſt of the Erection, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at leaſt, deſiſt To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almoſt) to pluckе a Kingdome downe, And ſet another vp) ſhould we ſurney The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Conſent vpon a ſure Foundation: Queſtion Surueyors, know our owne eſtate, How able ſuch a Worke to vndergo, To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? Or elſe, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vſing the Names of men, inſtead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a houſe Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Coſt A naked ſubiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waſte, for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be ſtill-borne: and that we now poſſeſt The vtmoſt man of expectation: I thinke we are a Body ſtrong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To vs no more: nay not ſo much Lord *Bardolfe*. For his diuiſions (as the Times do braul) Are in three Heads: one Power againſt the French, And one againſt *Glendower*: Perforce a third Muſt take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King In three diuided: and his Coffers ſound With hollow Pouerty, and Emptineſſe.

Arch. That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither And come againſt vs in full puiſſance Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like ſhould lead his Forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmerland: Againſt the Welſh himſelfe, and *Harrie Monmouth*. But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on: And publiſh the occaſion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is ſicke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath ſurfeited: An habitation giddy, and vnſure Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe Did'ſt thou beate heauen with bleſſing *Bullingbrooke*, Before he was, what thou would'ſt haue him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne deſires, Thou (beaſtly Feeder) art ſo full of him, That thou prouok'ſt thy ſelfe to caſt him vp. So, ſo, (thou common Dogge) did'ſt thou diſgorge Thy glutton-boſome of the Royall *Richard*, And now thou would'ſt eate thy dead vomit vp, And howl'ſt to finde it. What truſt is in theſe Times? They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue Thou that threw'ſt duſt vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came ſighing on, After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*. Cri'ſt now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst.
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?
Fang. It is entred.
Hostesse. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?
Hostesse. I, I, good M. *Snare*..
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
Host. I good M. *Snare*, I haue entred him, and all.
Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues. he will stab
Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will sayne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.
Host. I am vndone with his going. I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombard-street, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, since my Exion is entred, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A tod. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.*
Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. *Quickly*.
Falst. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head. throw the Queene in the Channel.
Host. Throw me in the channel? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falst. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*. *Fang* A rescu, a rescu.
Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustilirian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter. Ch Iustice.*
Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you stand to me.
Ch Iust. How now Sir *Iohn*? What are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?
Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. *Ch. Iust.* For what summe?
Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; her hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.
Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.
Ch Iust. How comes this, Sir *Iohn*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?
Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?
Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking him to a singing man of Windsor; Thou didst (sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs, she had a good dish of Prawnes. whereby thou didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st thou not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?
Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath bin in good case, & the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may haue redresse against them.
Iust. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha'practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.
Host. Yes in troth my Lord.
Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.
Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man will curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iust. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman.
Falst. Come hither Hostesse. *Enter M. Gower*
Ch. Iust. Now Master *Gower*; What newes?
Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Hotspur* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper tells.
Falst. As I am a Gentleman.
Host. Nay, you said so before.
Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.
Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Watterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

Host. Well. you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper. You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Host. Will you haue *Doll Teare sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words Let's haue her.

Ch. Iust. I haue heard better newes.

Fal What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Iu. Where lay the King last night?

Mess. At Basing (stoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Iust. Come all his Forces backe?

Mess. No. Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lo?

Ch. Iust. You shall haue Letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good M. *Gower*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Iust. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere. I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn*.

Ch. Iust. Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master *Gower*?

Ch. Iust. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Iust Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poines, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought weerines durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a Compositon.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got. for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings thou hast (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepst not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy *Low* Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poines*?

Poin Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falstaffe*, for obdouracie and perfitrencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as *euery* man thinkes: never a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingraffed to *Falstaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Poines. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falstaffe*, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poin. Come you pernitious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window:

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window: as loft I ſpy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horſeon vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea's* dreame, away.

Prin. Inſtruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blоſſome could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is ſix pence to preſerue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes ſhall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Maſter, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good reſpect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Phyſition: but that moues not him: though that bee ſicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Lester. *Iohn Falſtaffe Knight*: (Every man muſt know that, as oft as hee hath occaſion to name himſelfe:) Euen like thoſe that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they ſay, there is ſom of the kings blood ſpilt. How comes that (ſayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Coſin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they will fetch it from *Iapher*. But to the Letter: —*Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neareſt his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes brauity in breath: ſhort-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Be not too familiar with Poines, *for he miſtakes thy Phamours ſo much, that he ſwears thou art to marrie his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou vſeſt him. Iacke Falſtaffe *with my Familiars*

Iohn *with my Brothers and Siſters*, & *Sir* Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will ſteepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vſe me thus *Ned*? Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worſe Fortune. But I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the ſpirits of the wiſe, ſit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Maſter heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where ſuppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Epheſians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Miſtris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Teare-ſheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maſters.

Prin. Euen ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyfers are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we ſteale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maſter that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your ſilence.

Bar. Thoſe no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we ſee *Falſtaffe* beſtow himſelfe to night, in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declenſion: It was Ioues caſe. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low tranſformation, that ſhall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned*.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harrie Percies Lady.

North. I prethee louing *Wife*, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the viſage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleſome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeak no more,
Do what you will: your Wiſedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens ſake, go not to theſe Warres;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy when my heart-deere *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honors loſt; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it ſtuck vpon him, as the Sunne
In the grey vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Chiualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſſe
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreſſe themſelues.
He had no Legges, that practiſe'd not his Gate:
And ſpeaking thicke (which Nature made his blemiſh)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For thoſe that could ſpeake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuſe,
To ſeeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glaſſe, Copy, and Booke.
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-ſeconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In diſ-aduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpurs* Name
Did ſeeme defenſible: ſo you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honor more preciſe and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhall and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpurs* Neck)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beſtrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-ſights.
But I muſt goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in another place,
And finde me worſe prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loues,
Firſt let them try themſelues. So did your Sonne,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow
And neuer ſhall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and ſprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-biſhop,
But many thouſand Reaſons hold me backe.
I will reſolue for Scotland. there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-Johns? Thou know'ſt Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, ſaid, I will now take my leaue of theſe fiue dry, round, old-withe'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and ſet them downe: and ſee if thou canſt finde out *Sneakes* Noyſe; Miſtris *Tearſheet* would faine haue ſome Muſique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poines*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* muſt not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then heere will be old *Vſher* it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile ſee if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Dol.

Hoſ. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulſidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marueilous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can ſay what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoſ. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſ. When Arthur firſt in Court—(empties the Iordan) *and was a worthy King*. How now Miſtris *Dol*?

Hoſt. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-ſooth.

Falſt. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddie Raſcall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falſt. You make fat Raſcalls, Miſtris *Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Falſt. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ſerue braue-ly, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent braue-ly, and to Surgerie braue-ly; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers braue-ly.

Hoſ. Why this is the olde faſhion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toaſters, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muſt beare, and that muſt bee you. you are the weaker Veſſell; as they ſay, the emptier Veſſell.

Dol. Can a weake empty Veſſell beare ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not ſeene a Hulke better ſtuff in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Piſtoll* is below, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcall, let him not come hither. it is the ſoule-mouth'dſt Rogue in England.

Hoſ. If hee ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt liue amongſt my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue ſwaggering now: ſhut the doore, I pray you.

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare, Hoſteſſe?

Hoſ. Pray you pacifie your ſelfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falſt. Do'ſt

Tall. Do'ſt thou heare it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally(*Sir Iohn*)never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſicke* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer ago then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue: Receiue (ſayes hee) no ſwaggering Companions. There comes none here. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, I'le no Swaggerers.

Falſt. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maſters, how I ſhake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſ. 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſ. I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſ. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcurule Companion), what? you poore, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſ. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldie Chapper, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Baſket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſ. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt No, good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Prunes, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falſt. Harke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol*.

Piſ. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could tame her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee goe downe.

Piſ. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Torments vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Piſtol* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeeke you now, aggreauge your Choler.

Piſ. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Canibales, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: ſhall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſ. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word (Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Piſ. Then feed, and be fat (*my faire Calipolis.*) Come, giue me ſome Sacke, *Si fortune me tormenta, ſperato me contento.* Feare wee broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me ſome Sacke: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cætera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſ. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaſes: what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſ. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if he doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſ. What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Sifters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtayres.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a threwd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art

act as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*, and ten times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raſcally Slaue, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Muſicque.

Page. The Muſique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſiluer.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Peto diſguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not ſpeake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewkeſburie Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legges are both of a bigneſſe: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioynd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very ſmooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreete ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that ſhew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelfe is ſuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Habor-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt giue me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a ſcuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I ſhall receiue Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life do'ſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentlemen, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleſſe that ſweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Maieſtie: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorſon Candle-mynde you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me euen now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhee is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not thinke, thou waſt within hearing.

Prince. I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal*) on mine Honor, no abuſe.

Prince. Not to diſprayſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal*.)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned* none. I diſprayſ'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuſe (*Hal*:) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with vs? Is ſhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe Zeale burnes in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwere thou dead Elme, anſwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but roſt Malt-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to bee eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. All Victuallers doe ſo: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſayes your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſayes that, which his fleſh rebells againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Weſtminſter, And there are twentie weake and wearied Poſtes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And aſking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Peto*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads. Giue me my Sword, and Cloake: *Falſtaffe*, good night. *Exit.*

Falſt. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſell of the night, and wee muſt hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently, A dozen Captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirrha: farewell Hoſteſſe, farewell *Dol*. You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: If I be not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot ſpeake: if my heart bee not readie to burſt—— Well (ſweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy ſides.

Falſt. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Hoſt Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come Peſcod-time, but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man—— Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtris *Tearſheet*.

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtris *Tearſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them o're-reade theſe Letters, And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. *Exit.*

How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subiects Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures ſoft Nurſe, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And ſteepe my Senſes in Forgetfulneſſe? Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoakie Cribs, Vpon vneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee, And huſh'ſt with buſſing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State, And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melodie? O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vilde, In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch, A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt, Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the viſitation of the Windes, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them With deafning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes? Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repoſe To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude: And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vneaſie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maieſtie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords.) Haue you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diſeaſes grow, And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd, Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd, With good aduice, and little Medicine: My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Booke of Fate, And ſee the reuolution of the Times Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of ſolide firmneſſe) melt it ſelfe Into the Sea: and other Times, to ſee The beachie Girdle of the Ocean Too wilde for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocke And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone, Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends, Did feaſt together; and in two yeeres after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres ſince, This *Percie* was the man, neereſt my Soule, Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires, And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot: Yea, for my ſake, euen to the eyes of *Richard* Gaue him defiance. But whoſe of you was by (You Couſin *Neuil*, as I may remember) When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*) Did ſpeake theſe words (now proou'd a Prophecie:) *Northumberland*, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſſe were compell'd to kiſſe:)
The Time ſhall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Times Condition,
And the diuiſion of our Amitie.

War. There is a Hiſtorie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaſured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the neceſſarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnleſſe on you.

King. Are theſe things then Neceſſities?
Then let vs meete them like Neceſſities;
And that ſame word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already haue ſent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine inſtance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Maieſtie hath, beene this fort-night ill,
And theſe vnſeaſon'd howres perforce muſt adde
Vnto your Sickneſſe.

King. I will take your counſaile:
And were theſe inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good Couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Couſin *Shallow.*)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. Hee muſt then to the Innes of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſtie *Shallow* then (Couſin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordſhire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-ſal-man, you had not ſeene ſuch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may ſay to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falſtaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Couſin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *Iohn*, the very ſame: I ſaw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee ſhall all follow (Couſin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very ſure, very ſure: Death is certaine to all, all ſhall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal Dead? See, ſee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee ſhot a fine ſhoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt i'th Clowt at Twelue-ſcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteene, and fourteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffes* Men (as I thinke)

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it good phraſes are ſurely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a good Phraſe.

Bard Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phraſe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phraſe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they ſay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iuſt : Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worſhips good hand : Truſt me, you looke well : and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good M. *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No ſir *Iohn*, it is my Coſin *Sdence* : in Commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good M. *Sdence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we ſir : Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee : ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo : yea marry Sir *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I calls let them do ſo, let them do ſo : Let me ſee, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou were vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vſe : very ſingular good. Well ſaide Sir *Iohn*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone : my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery ; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you ſhall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide : Know you where you are? For the other ſir *Iohn* : Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to ſit vnder : he's like to be a cold ſouldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers ſonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers ſonne : like enough, and thy Fathers ſhadow : ſo the ſonne of the Female, is the ſhadow of the Male : it is often ſo indeede, but not of the Fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir *Iohn*?

Fal. Shadow will ſerue for Summer : pricke him : For we haue a number of ſhadowes to fill vppe the Muſter-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere ſir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame ſtands vpon pinnes: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it ſir : you can doe it : I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere ſir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor ſir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, ſir?

Fal. You may :

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou haſt done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will ſir, you can haue no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good Womans Tailour : Well ſayde Couragious *Feeble* : thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Pricke the womans Taylour well Maſter *Shallow*, deepe Maſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone ſir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that he might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands : Let that ſuffice, moſt Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice

Fal. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble* : Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalfe of the Greene.

Fal. Yea marry, let vs ſee *Bullcalfe*.

Bul. Heere ſir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bullcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'ſt thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh ſir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul A whorſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the Warres in a Gowne : we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number : you muſt haue but foure heere ſir, and ſo I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you in good troth, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O ſir *Iohn*, doe you remember ſince wee lay all night in the Winde mill, in S Georges Field.

Falſtaffe. No more of that good Maſter *Shallow* : No more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never : ſhe would always ſay ſhee could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart : ſhee was then a *Bona Roba*. Doth ſhe hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot choooſe but be

old: certaine sheer's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fitte fine yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seene that. that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, said I well?

Fals. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and heere is fourre *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue forty, sir.

Bard. Go-too: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base mind: if it be my destinie, so. if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base mind.

Fals. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Fals. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, sir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Fals. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Fals. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, stay at home, till you are past seruice. and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likelyest men, and I would haue you serv'd with the best.

Fals. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great aime leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Caliuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

Fals. Come, manage me your Caliuer: so. very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab. hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say. Bounce would hee say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Fals. These fellowes will doe well. Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not vse many words with you: fare you well. Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fals. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Fals. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice *Shallow*. How subiect we old men are to this vice of Lying? This same starv'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery third word a Lye, duer payd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were innuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion. And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and I he be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne. and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colenale.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and t shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast Wee

Hast. Wee haue sent forth already.
Bish. Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland:*
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth he wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,
The which he could not leuie: whereupon
He is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And dash themselues to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?
Mess. Well of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.
Mow. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.
West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaster.
Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
West. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, native and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton houres,
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And we must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
So (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Military men
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
We see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles:
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
We are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,
Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
West. There is no neede of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?
West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me.
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should haue an inch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seigniories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowsed in their Seates,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue staid
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*:
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carryed vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

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Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue ſmil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
For all the Country, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were ſet on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more than the King.
But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes, to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appeare, that your demands are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Policy, not Loue.

Weſt. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names than yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vſe of Armes,
Our Armor all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee ſhall admit no Parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee ſhall ſtand vpon?

Weſt. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.

Biſh. Then take (my Lord of Weſtmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Greeuances:
Each ſeuerall Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are ingaoled to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purpoſes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall. Pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt decide it.

Biſh. My Lord, wee will doe ſo.

Mow. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe-deriued Cauſe,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall, to the King, taxe of this Action:
That weere our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a winde,
That euen our Corne ſhall ſeeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and ſuch picking Griefeuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Hiſtorie his loſſe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot ſo preciſely weede this Land,
As his miſ-doubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enrag'd her Lord, is growne ſtrong,
And hangs reſolu'd Correction in the Armes,
That was vprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Inſtruments of Chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a Pangleſſe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Biſh. Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it ſo:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, iuſt diſtance 'tweene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are well encountred here (my coſin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your expoſition on the holy Text,
Then now to ſee you heere an Iron man
Cheering a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that ſits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-ſhine of his fauor,
Would hee abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Miſchiefes might hee ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſſe? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is euen ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it ſelfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall beleeue,
But you miſ-vſe the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a falſe Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes diſ-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

Vnder the cosen-coloured Zeale of Heauen,
The Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-sworne them.

Bed. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulers of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd a sleepe,
With grauns of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to try our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some, about him, haue too lauishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.

Bed. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine *my* word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
Hie thee Captaine *Exit.*

Bed. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bed. I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to *my* Lord, and gentle Cosin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bed. Against ill Chances, men are ever merry,
But heauinesse fore-runner: the good euens.

West. Therefore be merry (Cosin) since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morrow.

Bed. Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is rendred: hearke how they shoute.

Mow. This had been cheerefull, after Victorie.

Bed. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie loser.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should haue coop'd within all.

Bed. Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismis'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
Enter Westmerland.
Now Cosin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bed. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*
Enter Falstaffe and Colbrande.

Falst What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colbrande* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Colbrande* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colbrande* shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still *Colbrande* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*?

Falst. As good a man as he Sir, who ere I am. doe you yeelde Sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obeysance to my mercy

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes one other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifference. I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes me. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Weſtmerland.

Iohn. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmerland*.
Now *Falſtaffe*, where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, breake ſome Gallowes back.

Falſt. I would bee ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibilitie. I haue ſwounded nine ſcore and odde Poſtes: and here (traueſt-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *Iohn Collenile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and glorious Enemie: But what of that? hee ſaw mee, and yeelded: that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, ſaw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courteſie, then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not: here he is, and here I yeeld him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be booke'd, with the reſt of this dayes deedes; or I ſweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Collenile* kiſſing my foot:) To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which ſhew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue no the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let deſert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Falſt Let it doe ſomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Collenile*?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, *Collenile*.

Falſt. And a famous true Subiect tooke him

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene tul'd by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'ſt thy ſelfe away, and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

Iohn. Send *Collenile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
Exit with Collenile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is ſore ſicke.
Our Newes ſhall goe before vs, to his Maieſtie,
Which (Couſin) you ſhall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, giue me leaue to goe through Glouceſterſhire: and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falſtaffe*. I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeake of you, then you deſerue. *Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no marualle, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of theſe demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth ſo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ſickneſſe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudde Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſettled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Puſillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the Inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdome (Man) to Armes: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land petite Spirits, muſter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puffe vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that ſtill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that ſets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act, and vſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, ſtirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sonnes, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſweare thinne Potations, and to addict themſelues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.* How now *Bardolph*?

Bard. The Armie is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarrence, Glouceſter.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue ſucceſſefull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inueſted,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wiſh;
Onely wee want a little perſonall Strength:
And pawſe vs, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieſtie
Shall ſoone enioy.

King. How-

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Glouceſter) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windſor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in preſence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas.*) Thou haſt a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cheriſh it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatneſſe, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue, Nor looſe the good aduantage of his Grace, By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will. For hee is gracious, if hee be obſeru'd: Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charitie: Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd: Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently, When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, giue him Line, and ſcope, Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themſelues with working. Learne this *Thomas*, And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in: That the united Veſſell of their Blood (Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion, As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in) Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong As *Aconitum*, or rath Gun-powder.

Clar. I ſhall obſerue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windſor with him (*Thomas?*)

Clar Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanyed? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poines*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt Soyle to Weedes: And hee (tho Noble Image of my Youth) Is ouer-ſpread with them: therefore my griefe Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death. The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe ſhape (In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes, And rotten Times, that you ſhall looke vpon, When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors. For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curbe, When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counſailors, When Meanes and lauiſh Manners meete together: Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye Towards fronting Peril, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but ſtudies his Companions, Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, 'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodeſt word Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd, Your Highneſſe knowes, comes to no further vſe, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groſſe termes, The Prince will, in the perfectneſſe of time, Caſt off his followers: and their remembrance Shall as a Patterne, or a Meaſure, liue, By which his Grace muſt mete the liues of others, Turning paſt-euills to aduantages.

King. 'Tis ſeldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Comb In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Who's heere? *Weſtmerland?*

Weſt. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineſſe Added to that, that I am to deliuer. Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kiſſe your Graces Hand: (*Mowbray*, the Biſhop, *Scroope*, *Haſtings*, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law. There is not now a Rebels Sword vnſheath'd, But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where. The manner how this Action hath beene borne, Here (at more leyſure) may your Highneſſe reade, With euery courſe, in his particular.

King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird, Which euer in the haunch of Winter ſings The lifting vp of day

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maieſtie: And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall, As thoſe that I am come to tell you of. The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*, With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots, Are by the Sheriſe of Yorkeſhire ouerthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (pleaſe it you) containes at large.

King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes Make me ſicke? Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full, But write her faire words ſtill in foule'ſt Letters? Shee either giues a Stomack, and no Foode, (Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt, And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich, That haue abundance, and enioy it not.) I ſhould reioyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie. O me, come neere me, now I am much ill

Glo Comfort your Maieſtie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

Weſt. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your ſelfe, looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, thoſe Fits Are with his Highneſſe very ordinarie. Stand from him, giue him ayre: Hee'le ſtraight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: theſe pangs, Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his Minde, Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in, So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obſerue Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: The Seaſons change their manners, as the Yeere Had found ſome Moneths aſleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene: And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles) Say it did ſo, a little time before That our great Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber. softly pray.
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnleſſe some dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper Muſicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Muſicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauineſſe.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be ſicke with ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Phyſicke.

War. Not ſo much noyſe (my Lords)
Sweet Prince ſpeake low.
The King your Father, is diſpos'd to ſleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will't pleaſe your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No. I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow?
O pollitik'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: ſleepe with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deepely ſweete,
As hee whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maieſtie!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downy feather which ſtirres not:
Did hee ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleepe is ſound indeede: this is a ſleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and hearty Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneſſe,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
Deriues it ſelfe to me. Loe, heere it ſits,
Which Heauen ſhall guard:
And put the worlds whole ſtrength into one gyant Arme,
It ſhall not force this lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maieſtie? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)

Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee ſee him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee ſtayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe ſeeke him out.
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my diſeaſe, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her Obiect?
For this, the foolish over-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their ſleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they haue engroſſed and pyl'd vp
The canker'd heapes of ſtrange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inueſt
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercizes:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue:
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taſte yeelds his engroſſements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his Friend Sickneſſe hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Waſhing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanure, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quaffe but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*

P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.

King. Thy wiſh was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſſe, that will ouer-whelme thee.
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with ſo weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd vp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifeſt, thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtonie heart,
To ſtab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then

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Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy care
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead
Let all the Teares, that ſhould bedew my Hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you ſage Counſailors, hence:
And to the Engliſh Court, aſſemble now
From euery Region, Apes of Idleneſſe.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that will ſweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the newſt kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, ſhall double gill'd, his trebble guile.
England, ſhall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd Licenſe plucker
The muzzle of Reſtraine; and the wilde Dogge
Shall fleſh his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (ſicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernes againe,
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moſt Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowme,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this proſtrate, and exterior bending.
Heauen witneſſe with me, when I heere came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Maieſtie,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my preſent wildeneſſe, dye,
And neuer liue, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead.
(And dead almoſt (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I ſpake vnto the Crowne (as hauing ſenſe)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold, art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſſe fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preſeruing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt Fine, moſt Honour'd, moſt Renown'd,
Haſt eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts, to any ſtraine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreſt Vaſſaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harry*, ſit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very lateſt Counſell
That euer I ſhall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my ſelfe know well
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head.
To thee, is ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the ſoyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in mee,
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boyſt'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which daylie grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace.
All theſe bold Feares,
Thou ſeeſt (with peril) I haue anſwered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer ſort.
So thou, the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſiuely.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, then I could do,
Thou are not ſtrong enough, ſince greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy Friends
Haue but their ſtings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt aduanc'd,
And by whoſe power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe diſplac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpoſe now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leaſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my *Harry*)
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Minds
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be:
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Warwicke

King Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaſter.

Iohn Health, Peace, and Happineſſe,
To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe and Peace
(Sonne *Iohn*:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſſe makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.
King. Doth any name particular belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heauen:
Euen there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there lle lye:
In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What *Dauy*, I say.
Fal. You must excuse me, *M. Robert Shallow.*
Shal I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serue: you shall not be excus'd.
Why *Dauie*
Dauie. Heere sir.
Shal. Dauy, Dauy. Dauy, let me see (*Dauy*) let me see: *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you shal not be excus'd.
Dauy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee seru'd. and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate?
Shal With red Wheate *Dauy.* But for *William* Cook: are there no young Pigeons?
Dauy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shoeing,
And Plough-Irons.
Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you shall not be excus'd.
Dauy Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hunckley* Fayre?
Shal. He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell *William* Cooke.
Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
Shal Yes *Dauy*:
I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dauy*, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.
Dauy No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they haue marueilous fowle linnen.
Shallow. Well conceited *Dauy*: about thy Busines, *Dauy.*
Dauy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance *William Visor* of Woncot, against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.
Shal. There are many Complaints *Dauy*, against that *Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.
Dauy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue Sir: But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue (should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshippe truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worshippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd.
Shal. Go too,
I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy.*
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe.*
Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.
Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master *Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir *Iohn.*
Falst. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow.*
Bardolfe, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermites staues, as Master *Shallow.* It is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are so married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Company. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Termes) or two Actions, and he shall laugh with *Interuallums.* O it is much that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.
Shal. Sir *Iohn.*
Falst. I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow.* *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Warwicke How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether away?
Ch. Iust. How doth the King?
Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.
Ch. Iust I hope, not dead.
Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more.
Ch. Iust I would his Maiestie had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life.
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War.

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War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch.Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time.
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fancasie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harry*:
O, that the liuing *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?
Ch.Iust. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
Iohn. Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin.
Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
Iohn Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
Ch.Iust. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.
Iohn. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.
Clar. Well, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.
Ch.Iust. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and forc-stall'd Remission.
If Truth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince,

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iust. Good morrow, and heauen saue your Maiesty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a woyst burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Harries* dead, and so will I.
But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse.
Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.
Prin. You all looke Strangely on me: and you most.
You are (I thinke) assur'd I loue you not.
Ch.Iust. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.
Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch.Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the Course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne,
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Liedges Soueraignty.
Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions
And Princes all, beleeue me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formoſt hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And (heauen (configning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
Heauen ſhorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Piſtoll.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a laſt yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a diſh of Carraweyes, and ſo forth (Come Cofin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn*: Marry, good aire. Spread *Dauy*, ſpread *Dauie*: Well ſaid *Dauie*.

Falſt. This *Dauie* ſerues you for good vſes: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *Iohn*: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit downe, now ſit downe. Come Coſin.

Sil. Ah ſirra (quoth-a) we ſhall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praiſe heauen for the merrie yeere. when fleſh is cheape, and Females deere, and luſtie Lads roome heere, and there: ſo merrily, and euer among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. *Siluer*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M *Bardolfe*: ſome wine, *Dauie*.

Da. Sweet ſir, ſit: Ile be with you anon: moſt ſweete ſir, ſit. Maſter Page, good M. Page, ſit: Proface. What you want in meate, we'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both ſhort, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. *Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Dauy. There is a diſh of Leather-coats for you.

Shal. *Dauie*.

Dau. Your Worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight. A cup of Wine, ſir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, M *Silence*.

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life vnto you, M. *Siluer*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolfe*, welcome. If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dau. I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bar. If I might ſee you there, *Dauie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will ſticke by thee. I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile ſticke by him, ſir.

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lacke nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not ſo?

Fal. Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why then ſay an old man can do ſomewhat.

Dau. If it pleaſe your Worſhippe, there's one *Piſtoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piſtoll.

How now Piſtoll?

Piſt. Sir *Iohn*, 'ſaue you ſir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piſtoll?

Piſt. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I think he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barſon.

Piſt. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, moſt recreant Coward baſe. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Piſtoll, and thy Friend: helter ſkelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

Piſt. A footra for the World, and Worldlings baſe, I ſpeake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Cambis* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piſt. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Helicons*?
And ſhall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If ſir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Vader which King?

Bezonian, ſpeake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.
Harry the Fift's the man, I ſpeake the truth.
When Piſtoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pist. As nayle in doore.
The things I speake, are iust.
Fal. Away *Bardolffe*, Saddle my Horſe,
Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Pist. What? I do bring good newes.
Fal. Carrie Maſter *Silence* to bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, we ride all night. Oh ſweet Piſtoll:
Away *Bardolffe*: Come Piſtoll, utter more to me: and
withall deuiſe ſomething to do thy ſelfe good. Boote,
boote Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſick for
me. Let vs take any meanes Horſſes: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which
haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Cheefe
Iuſtice.
Pist. Let Vultures vil'de ſeize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why here it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hoſteſſe Quickly, Dol Tare-ſheet, and Beadles.

Hoſteſſe. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou haſt drawne my ſhoulder out of ioynt.
Off. The Conſtables haue deliuer'd her ouer to me: and ſhee ſhall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.
Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcall, if the Childe I now go with, do miſcarrie, thou had'ſt better thou had'ſt ſtrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.
Hoſt. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miſcarry.
Officer. If it do, you ſhall haue a dozen of Cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Piſtoll beate among you.
Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſor; I will haue you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blew-Bottell'd Rogue: you filthy famiſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd, Ile forſweare halfe Kirtles.
Off. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.
Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'recome might. Well of ſufferance, comes eaſe.
Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iuſtice.
Hoſt. Yes, come you ſtarv'd Blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.
Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raſcall.
Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Grooms.

1. *Groo.* More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.
2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue ſounded twice.
1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtoll, Bardolffe, and Page.

Falſtaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that he will giue me.
Piſtol. Bleſſe thy Lungs good Knight.
Falſt. Come heere *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore ſhew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.
Shal. It doth ſo.
Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe in affection.
Piſt. It doth ſo.
Fal. My deuotion.
Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to ſhift me.
Shal. It is moſt certaine.
Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with Trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.
Piſt. *'Tis ſemper idem*: for *obſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in euery part.
Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.
Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Doll*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in baſe Durance, and contagious priſon: Hall'd thither by moſt Mechanicall and dirty hand. Rouze vppe Reuenge from Eboni den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Doll* is in. Piſtol, ſpeakes nought but truth.
Fal. I will deliuer her.
Piſtol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Cheefe Iuſtice.

Falſt. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.
Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, moſt royall Impe of Fame.
Fal. 'Saue thee my ſweet Boy.
King. My Lord Cheefe Iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.
Ch. Iuſt. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeake?
Falſt. My King, my Ioue; I ſpeake to thee, my heart.
King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Ieſter?

I haue

I haue long dream'd of ſuch a kinde of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dreame.
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gormandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne ieſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Self,
So will I thoſe that keepe me Companie.
When thou doſt heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots.
Till then, I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come neere our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
Exit King.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieue at this: I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnleſſe you ſhould giue me your Doublet, and ſtuffe me out with Straw. I beſeech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let me haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant *Piſtoll*, come *Bardolfe*, I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night.

Ch. Iuſt. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* to the Fleete, Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone: Take them away.

Piſt. *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contento.*
Exeunt. Manet Lancaſter and Chiefe Iuſtice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings: He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are baniſht, till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe, and modeſt to the world.

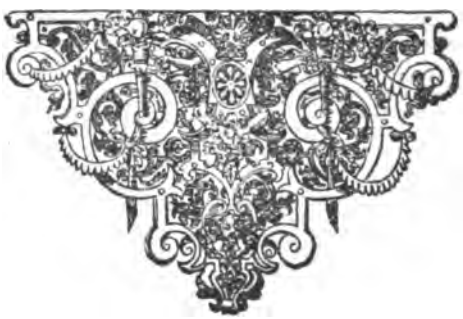
Ch. Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament, My Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay odds, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?
Exeunt

FINIS.



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EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtſie: laſt, my Speech. My Feare, is your Diſpleaſure: My Curtſie, my Dutie: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to ſay, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) proue mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſt you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: Will you command me to vſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, bane forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our bumble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falſtaffe ſhall dye of a ſweat, vnleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Caſtle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.

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THE ACTORS NAMES.

RVMOVR the Prefentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *Iohn* of Lancaſter. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Byſhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Haſlings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
} Oppoſites againſt King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Weſtmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.
} Of the Kings Partie.

Poinz.
Falſtaffe.
Bardolphe.
Piſtoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humorists.

Shallow. } Both Country Iuſtices.
Silence.
Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
} Country Soldiers

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hoſteſſe Quickly.
Doll Teare-sheete.
Epilogue.

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The braſteſt Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelfe,
Aſſume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Leaſht in, like Hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unraiſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect? Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſtie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this wooden O, the very Caſkes
That did affright the Aire at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whoſe high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts aſunder:
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puiſſance.
Thinke when we talke of Horſes, that you ſee them,
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th'accompliſhment of many yeeres
Into an Houres glaſſe: for the which ſupplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Hiſtorie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. Exit.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Biſhops of Canterbury and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

My Lord, Ile tell you, that ſelfe Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'eleventh yeere of the laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what preuention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradiſe,
T'inuelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
Never was ſuch a ſodaine Scholler made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currance ſcowring faults:
Nor never *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneſſe
So ſoone did looſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Heare him but reaſon in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of Warre; and you ſhall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Muſique.

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Turne him to any Cause of Policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retirement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet crescive in his faculty.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Majestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part.
Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Majestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seuerals and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Suites not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe a sore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Conjuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of *our* Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clotharie*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Lorraine, ſole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himſelfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewis* The Emperour, and *Lewis* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewis* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heire to the Vſurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till ſatisfied,
That faire Queene *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of Lorraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sonne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Claime,
King *Lewis* his ſatisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highneſſe claiming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vſurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The ſinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the mans dyes, let the Inheritance
Deſcend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Anceſtors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moſt mightie Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble Engliſh, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe ſtand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arme renew their Feates;
You are their Heire, you ſit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighties Enterpriſes.

Exet. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you ſhould rowſe your ſelfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſſe: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whoſe hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauilion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Cant. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayſe your Highneſſe ſuch a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.

King. We muſt not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Bish. Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Aſſayes,
Girding with grieuous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes:
That England being empty of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin then more fear'd then harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Sheer hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhee did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treaſuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Neſt, the Weaſell (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and hamocke more then ſhe can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd neceſſity,
Since we haue lockes to ſafegard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduiſed head defends it ſelfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The ſtate of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeauour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for ſo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home.
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor
Who buſied in his Maieſties ſurueyes
The ſinging Maſon building roofes of Gold,
The ciuill Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The fad-ey'd Iuſtice with his fuſty bummе,
Deliuering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,
As many Arrowes looſed ſeuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege.
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſſe and policie.

King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Empyre,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our graue
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall haue a tongueleſſe mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embaſſie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Vnto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubiect
As is our wretches fettred in our priſons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainneſſe,
Tell vs *Dolphins* minde

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highneſſe lately ſending into France,
Did claime ſome certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claime, the Prince our Maſter
Sayes, that you ſauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore ſends you meeter for your ſpirit
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeakes.

King. What Treaſure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with vs,
His Preſent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderſtand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
We never valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our ſelfe
To barbarous licenſe: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
That I will deaze all the eyes of *France*,
Yes ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: for many a thouſand widowes
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands;
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe:
And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
His Ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.

King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it.
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſſe.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe Warres
Be ſoone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſſe adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries*.
For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crowned and Coronets
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Policy
Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:

What

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What might thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye,
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'l digest
Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
We'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. Whos, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, and we'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't be so good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will hue so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doo as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendeuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may: men may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoste *Pistoll*?

Pist. Base Tyke, call'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honestly by the prickt of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O well-a-day Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilfull adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere. *Nym.* Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, Iland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iland.

Host. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shoge off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most mervailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lunge, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nasty mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pistols* cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow foule with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in Fayre termes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good termes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grane doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a Soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy foote-foote to me giue: Thy spirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll Tere-sheet*, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickely* for the onely shee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my Master, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and doo the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. We must to France together: why the diuel should we keep knaues to eat one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting?

Pist. Base is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I will haue: that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw*

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him: By this sword, I will.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oathes must haue their course

Bar. Corporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too: prethee put vp.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shall Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall haue my Noble?
Piſt. In caſh, moſt iuſtly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to ſir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Piſt. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreeres.

Piſt. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and euen they do beat themſelues,
As if allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he ſhould for a forraigne purſe, ſo ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Grey.

King. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maieſty; there's not I thinke a ſubiect
That ſits in heart-greeſe and vneaſineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment.
Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.
Scro. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes toyle,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruices.
King. We iudge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rayl'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
King Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Orifons 'gainſt this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appeare before vs? We'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Grey*, in their deere care
And tender preſeruation of our perſon
Would haue him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Grey. And I my Royall Soueraigne.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineſſe.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you looſe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of appearance.
Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſſe mercy.
Grey. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reaſons turne into your boſomes,
As dogs vpon their maiſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furniſh with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworne vnto the practiſes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworne. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, ſauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt beare the key of all my counſailes,
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoule,
That (almoſt) might'ſt haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'ſt thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vſe?
May it be poſſible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one ſparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtands off as groſſe
As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarſely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels ſworne to eythers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſely in an naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to waite on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoeuer cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glift'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand vp,
Gaue thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaſtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A ſoule ſo eaſie as that Engliſhman.
Oh, how haſt thou with iealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeeme they graue and learned
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seeme they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſe paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerued with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement truſting neither,
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot.
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purpoſes, God iuſtly hath diſcouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in ſufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Neuer did faithfull ſubiect more reioyce
At the diſcouery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my ſelfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Heare your ſentence
You haue conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon,
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would haue ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to ſeruitude,
His Subiects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender
Whoſe ruine you ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exe.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is ſmoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition
Chearely to Sea, the ſignes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. Prythee honey ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rouſe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, briſtle thy Courage vp: for *Falſtaffe* hee is dead, and wee muſt erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoſteſſe. Nay ſure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriſtome Child: a parted eu'n iuſt betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſſe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſſe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Deules incarnate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would haue him about Women.

Hoſteſſe. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember, a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.

Nim. Shall wee ſhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sence rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* be thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horſe leeche

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leeches my Boyes, to ſucke, to ſucke, the very blood to ſucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hoſteſſe.

Nym. I cannot kiſſe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Piſt. Let Huſwiferie appeare: keepe cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſſe. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the Engliſh with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concernes, To anſwer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, ſhall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all ſwift diſpatch To eyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prouident, As feare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatall and neglected Engliſh, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father, It is moſt meet we arme vs 'gainſt the Foe: For Peace in ſelfe ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queſtion) But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the ſick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no ſhew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, thee is ſo idly King'd, Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne, By a vaine giddie ſhallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

Conſt. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much miſtaken in this King: Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors, With what great State he heard their Embaſſie, How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors, How modeſt in exception; and withall, How terrible in conſtant reſolution: And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent, Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*, Couering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thoſe Roots That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable. But though we thinke it ſo, it is no matter: In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh The Enemie more mightie then he ſeemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly proiection, Doth like a Miſer ſpoyle his Coat, with ſcanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* ſtrong: And Princes, looke you ſtrongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath beene fleſhe vpon vs: And he is bred out of that bloodie ſtraine, That haunted vs in our familiar Paths: Witneſſe our too much memorable ſhame, When Creſſy Battell fatally was ſtruck, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine ſtanding Vp in the Ayre, crow'n'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Native mightineſſe and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maieſtie.

King. Weele giue them preſent audience. Goe, and bring them. You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſinne, As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie: He wills you in the Name of God Almightie, That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne, And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertaine By Cuſtome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Claime, Picke from the worme-holes of long-vaniſht dayes, Nor from the duſt of old Oblitions rakt, He ſends you this moſt memorable Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonſtratiue; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deriu'd From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors, *Edward* the third; he bids you then reſigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or elſe what followes?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vaſtie Iawes and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controuerſie. This is his Cleyme, his Threatning, and my Meſſage: Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence here; To whom expreſſely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin.
I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſayes my King: and if your Fathers Highneſſe
Doe not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Maieſtie;
He'le call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Treſpas, and return your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.
Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.
Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mightie Europe:
And be aſſur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects have in wonder found,
Betweene the promiſe of his greener dayes,
And theſe he maſters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmoſt Graine: that you ſhall reade
In your owne Loſſes, if he ſtay in France.
King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.
Exe. Diſpoſych vs with all ſpeed, leaſt that our King
Come here himſelfe to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.
King. You ſhalbe ſoone diſpatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breathe, and little pawſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift Scene flyes,
In motion of no leſſe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you haue ſeene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuiſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the lofty Surge. O, doe but thinke
You ſtand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dancing:
For ſo appeares this Fleet Maieſticall,
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Navie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babyes, and old Women,
Either paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enrich't
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choyſe-drawne Cauiliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on gurded Harflew.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynſtock now the diuelliſh Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall vp with our Engliſh dead:
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſſe, and humanitie:
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinewes, commune vp the blood,
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſſe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſtefull Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noble Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Haue in theſe parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Copy now to me of grofſer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whoſe Lyms were made in England; ſhew vs here
The mettell of your Paſture: let vs ſweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo meane and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſtre in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.
Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Caſe of Liues: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.
Piſ. The plaine-Song is moſt iuſt: for humours doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.
Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafetie.
Piſ. And

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Pist. And I: If wishes would prevayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thether would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Flewellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; avaunt you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obserud these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath beard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfepence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuersarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is dig himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmurrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmurrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch Captaine *Iamy* is a marvellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchient Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Flewellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Makmurrice*, haue you quit the Mynes: haue the Pioners giuen o're.

Irish. By Christ Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Christ saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Makmurrice*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that sall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Christ saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Christ do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselues to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it: ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmurrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Bastard, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Makmurrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Christ saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Makmurrice*, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

Then

Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defie vs to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut vp,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, ſhall raunge
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſſe
Your freſh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his ſmyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waſt and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelues are cauſe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneſſe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootleſſe ſpend our vaine Command
Vpon th enraged Souldiers in their ſpoyle,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come aſhore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to ſee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Defire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſtriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the ſilver Beards,
And their moſt reuerend Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raiſe ſo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Vſe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

Flouriſh, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. *Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Langage.*

Alice. *En peu Madame.*

Kath. *Ie te prie m'enſeigner, il faut que ie apprend a parler: Comment appelle vous la main en Anglois*

Alice. *Le main il & appelle de Hand.*

Kath. *De Hand.*

Alice. *Et les doyts.*

Kat. *Le doyts, ma foy ie oublie, a doyt mays, ie vous ſupplie-moy le doyt ſe penſe qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.*

Alice. *Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholer.*

Kath. *I'ay gagnee deux mots d'Anglois viſtement, comment appelle vous le ongles?*

Alice. *Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*

Kath. *De Nayles eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, & de Nayles.*

Alice. *C'eſt bien dell Madame, il & fort bon Anglois*

Kath. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

Alice. *De Arme, Madame.*

Kath *E de coudee.*

Alice. *D'Elbow.*

Kath. *D'Elbow: Ie mon foy le repiticio de tous les mots que vous mauez, apprent des a preſent.*

Alice. *Il & trop difficile Madame, comme ie penſe.*

Kath. *Excuſe moy Alice eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles & Arme, de Elbow*

Alice. *D'Elbow, Madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu, ie mon oublie d'Elbow, comment appelle vous le col.*

Alice. *De Nick, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nick, e le menton.*

Alice. *De Chin.*

Kath. *De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.*

Alice. *Oüy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verité vous prononcez ces les mots auſi droitt, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Ie ne doute point d'apprender par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'auez vous y deſia oublie ce que ie vous a enſeigne.*

Kath. *Nenne ie reciteray a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles.*

Alice. *De Nayles, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nayles de Arme, de Elbow.*

Alice. *Sans voſtre honneur d'Elbow.*

Kath. *Ainſi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: comment appelle vous les pied & de roba.*

Alice. *Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*

Kath. *Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il ſont le mots de ſon mauvais corruptible groſſe & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honneur d'vſer: Ie ne voudray prononcer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, ſo le Foot & le Count, ne non mays, Ie reciteray vn autreſfoys ma lecon enſemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

Kath. *C'eſt aſſes pour vne foyes, alons nous a dinner.*

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Conſtable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath paſt the Riuer Some.

Conſt. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. *O Dieu viuant:* Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and ſauage Stock,
Spirt vp ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-look their Grafters?

Bri. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will ſell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a ſlobbry and a dettie Parme
In that nookſhotten Ile of Albion.
Conſt. *Dieu de Batailles*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for ſur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iſyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.
Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriors.
Bri. They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loftie Run-awayes.
King Where is *Mountioy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgoine*,
Iaques Chaſtillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beaumont, *Grand Pree*, *Roſſi*, and *Fauconbridge*,
Loys, *Loſtrale*, *Boucicquald*, and *Charaloys*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings:
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Barre *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruſh on his Hoaſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaſſall Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.
Conſt. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and ſcarſhit in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
He'le drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for atchiuement, offer vs his Ranſome.
King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Mountioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.
King Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt*

Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my ſoule and my heart, and my deuie, and my liue, and my liuing, and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſeruice.
Gower. What doe you call him?
Flu. Hee is call'd auncient *Piſtoll*.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.
Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours; the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.
Piſt *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.
Flu. By your patience, auncient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilitie, and variation; and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.
Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but Exeter hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.
Flu Auncient *Piſtoll*, I doe partly vnderſtand your meaning.
Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flu. Certainly Auncient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to vſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execution; for diſcipline ought to be vſed.
Piſt Dye, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.
Flu. It is well.
Piſt The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*
Flu. Very good.
Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcall, I remember him now; a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.
Flu. Ile aſſure you, a vttered as praue words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he has ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerue.
Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Conuoy: who came off bruely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they tricke vp

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vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muſt learne to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make ſhew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I muſt ſpeake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleſſe your Maieſtie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Maieſtie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and moſt praue paſſages: marry, th'athuerſarie was haue poſſeſſion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Maſter of the Pridge: I can tell your Maieſtie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you loſt, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerſarie hath beene very great, reaſonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maieſtie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his noſe, and it is like a coale of fire, ſometimes plew, and ſometimes red, but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all ſuch offendors ſo cut off: and we giue expreſſe charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abuſed in diſdameſull Language; for when Lenitie and Cruelitie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what ſhall I know of thee?

Mountioy. My Maſters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus ſayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England. Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rathneſſe. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruiſe an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee ſpeake vpon our Q, and our voyce is imperiall: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakeneſſe, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him therefore conſider of his ranſome, which muſt proportion the loſſes we haue borne, the ſubiects we haue loſt, the diſgrace we haue digeſted; which in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſſe would bow vnder. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effuſion of our bloud, the Muſter of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his owne perſon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthleſſe ſatisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Maſter; ſo much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. *Mountioy.*

King. Thou doo'ſt thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not ſeeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to ſay the ſooth, Though 'tis no wiſdome to confeſſe ſo much Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with ſickneſſe much enfeebled, My numbers leſſen'd: and thoſe few I haue, Almoſt no better then ſo many Frenech; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought vpon one payre of Engliſh Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God, That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I muſt repent: Goe therefore tell thy Maſter, heere I am; My Ranſome, is this frayle and worthleſſe Trunke; My Army, but a weake and ſickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himſelfe, and ſuch another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*. Goe bid thy Maſter well aduiſe himſelfe. If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindred, We ſhall your tawnie ground with your red blood Diſcolour: and ſo *Mountioy*, fare you well. The ſumme of all our Anſwer is but this: We would not ſeeke a Battaile as we are, Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it: So tell your Maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliuer ſo: Thankes to your Highneſſe.

Glou. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the Riuer we'le encampe our ſelues, And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conſt. Tut, I haue the beſt Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horſe haue his due.

Conſt. It is the beſt Horſe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Conſtable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horſe with any that treades but on foure poſtures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegaſus, *chez les narines de feu*. When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth ſings, when he touches it: the baſeſt horne of his hooſe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt for *Perſeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient ſtillneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horſe, and all other Iades you may call Beaſts.

Conſt. In-

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfreyes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued praiſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compoſ'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Bogges: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vomiſſement eſt la truye lauee au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt vſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet doe I not vſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your braggs diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the Engliſh.

Conſt. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Sweare by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt active Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is activitie, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name ſtill.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conſt. Marry hee told me ſo himſelfe, and hee ſayd he car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conſt. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never ſayd well.

Conſt. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendſhip.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtande your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is ſoone ſhot.

Conſt. You haue ſhot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the firſt time you were ouer-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance What a wretched and peeuiſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-braind followers ſo farre out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could never weare ſuch heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Foolliſh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, and haue their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conſt. Iuſt, iuſt: and the men doe ſympathize with the, Maſtiffes, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele, they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I.

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Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

Conſt. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius

Chorus.

Now entertaine conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veſſell of the Vniuerſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receiue
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile ſees the others vmber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luſtie French,
Doe the low-rated Engliſh play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediouſly away. The poore condemned Engliſh,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Morning danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inueſting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Preſented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghoſts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Praiſe and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and viſites all his Hoaſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearied and all-watched Night:
But freſhly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull ſemblance, and ſweet Maieſtie:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeſſe vniuerſall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to every one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineſſe define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night.
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pitty, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With foure or fiue moſt vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill diſpoſ'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloſter, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almightie,
There is ſome ſoule of goodneſſe in things euill,
Would men obſeruingly diſtill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſſe vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himſelfe.
Enter Erpingham.
Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churliſh turfe of France.
Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.
King. 'Tis good for men to loue their preſent paines,
Vpon example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowſie Graue and newly moue
With caſted ſlough, and freſh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pauilion.
Gloſter. We ſhall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Boſome muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleſſe thee, Noble *Harry*.
Exeunt.
King. God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearefully.
Enter Piſtoll.
Piſt. Che vous la?
King. A friend.
Piſt. Diſcuſſe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common, and popular?
King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Piſt. Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pyke?
King. Euen ſo: what are you?
Piſt. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
King. Then you are a better then the King.
Piſt. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſſe his dirtie ſhooe, and from heart-ſtring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?
King. Harry le Roy.
Piſt. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?
King. No, I am a Welchman.
Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?
King. Yes.
Piſt. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. *Dauies* day.
King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaſt he knock that about yours.

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Pist. Art thou his friend?

Kang. And his Kinſman too.

Pist. The *Pugo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Ieſu Chriſt, ſpeake fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the vniuerſall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatiues and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble babble in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you ſhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modeſtie of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why the Enemie is loud, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee ſhould alſo, looke you, be an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee ſhall neuer ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ſerue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a moſt kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our eſtate?

King. Euen as men wracke vpon a Sand, that looke to be waſht off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Senſes haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedneſſe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoupe, they ſtoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame relliſh as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſſe him with any appearance of feare; leaſt hee, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſ-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh himſelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, ſo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the King: I thinke hee would not wiſh himſelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poore mens liues ſaued.

King. I dare ſay, you loue him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoeuer you ſpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being iuſt, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee ſhould ſeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, ſhall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgean; ſome vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; ſome vpon the Debts they owe, ſome vpon their Children rawly left: I am afeard, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, doe ſinfully miſcarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednеſſe, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed vpon his Father that ſent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Maſters command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſſe of the Maſter the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maſter of his Seruant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſeruices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe neuer ſo ſpotleſſe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all vnſpotted Souldiers: ſome (perauenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee ſafe, they periſh. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Euery Subiects Duty is the Kings, but euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore ſhould euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery ſicke man in his Bed, waſh euery Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gayned: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſinne to thinke, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to ſee his Greatneſſe, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis

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Will. Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and we ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le never trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap. if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *Exit Souldiers.*

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of every foole, whose sence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high shore of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,
Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
Neuer sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleepes in *Elysium*: next day after dawne,
Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
And followes so the ever-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whose houres, the Peasant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers:
Plucke their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yearely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glocester.

Glou. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glocesters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee.
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Via les eaues & terre.

Orleance. Rien pau le air & feu.

Dolph. Cem, Couſin *Orleance.* *Enter Conſtable.*

Now my Lord Conſtable?

Conſ. Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes, And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood? How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conſ. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe. Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band, And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules, Leauing them but the ſhales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines, To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne. That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out, And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them 'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions, Lords, That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peſants, Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme About our Squares of Battaile, were enow To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe; Though we vpon this Mountaines Baſis by, Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation: But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets ſound The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field, That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe, And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully. Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaſt, And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes. The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks, With Torch-ſtaues in their hand: and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt Lyes foule with chaw'd-graſſe, ſtill and motionleſſe. And their executors, the knauiſh Crowes, Flye o'te them all, impatient for their howre. Deſcription cannot ſute it ſelfe in words, To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile, In life ſo liueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe.

Conſ. They haue ſaid their prayers, And they ſtay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and freſh Suites, And giue their faſting Horſes Prouender And after fight with them?

Conſ. I ſtay but for my Guard: on To the field. I will the Banner from a Trumpet take. And vſe it for my haſte. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunte.*

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoaſt: Salisbury, and Weſtmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himſelfe is rode to view their Battaile.

Weſt. Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's fiue to one, beſides they all are freſh.

Salisb. Gods Arme ſtrike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes. God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen; Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England, That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wiſhes ſo? My Couſin *Weſtmerland.* No, my faire Couſin: If we are markt to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey loſſe: and if to liue, The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more. By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coſt: It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my deſires. But if it be a ſinne to couet Honor, I am the moſt offending Soule aliue. No 'faith, my Couze, wiſh not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not looſe ſo great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me, For the beſt hope I haue. O, doe not wiſh one more: Rather proclaime it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Hoaſt, That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made, And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purſe: We would not dye in that mans compaine, That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with vs This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*: He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home, Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rouſe him at the Name of *Criſpian*. He that ſhall ſee this day, and liue old age, Will yeerely on the Vigil feaſt his neighbours, And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*. Then will he ſtrip his ſleeue, and ſhew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot: But hee'le remember, with aduantages, What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,

Henry

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloucester*,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here,
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are bravely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minde be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England, Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast vnwish't fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen.
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all besmyrched
With rainy Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast
Good argument (I hope) we will not fly:
And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will plucke
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.
Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but those my loynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue 'em them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Cure.

French. *Le pensé que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualité.*

Pist. Qualitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. *O prennes misericordie ayes pitie de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forth Moyes for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. *Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.*

Pist. Brasse, Cure? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. *O pardonne moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

French. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He sayes his Name is *M. Fer.*

Pist. *M. Fer:* I le fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throst.

French. *Que dit il Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faites vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposé tout asture de couppez vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, cuppele gorge permafoy peſant, voleſſe tuus boue me Crownes, brasse Crownes, or mangled shals thou be by this my Sword.

French. *O Ie vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: me pardonner, Ie suis le Gentilhomme de bon maiſon, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son serment de pardonner aucune prisonnier: neanmoins pour les escues que vous l'ayt a promets, il est content a vous donner la liberte le franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux ie vous donnes mille remercions, et ie mestime heureux que ie tombe entre les mains d'vn Chevalier ie pense le plus brave valiant et tres dispose Seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He gives you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I suckе blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy Suivez vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true. The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had ten times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his styles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Rambures.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O seigneur le iour est perdu, tout est perdue.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reproach, and euerlasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A short Alarum.*
O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:
Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilst a base slaue, no gender then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To smother vp the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, I'le to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his traine, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of Yorke commends him to your Maiestie

King. Liues he good Vncle? thrice within this houre
I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-breast:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chiualrie.
Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne.
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes neck
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistfull eyes, or they will issue to. *Alarum*
But hearke, what new alarum is this same?
The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then euery Souldiour kill his Prisoners,
Giue the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Flewellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreſſely against the Law of Armes, 'tis as arrant a peece of knauery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd euery Souldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, bee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is borne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you ſall finde in the compariſons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the ſituations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is alſo moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my prames, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexander* his life well, *Harry of Monmouth* his life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his choleres, and his moodes, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prames, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the figures, and comparitons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of ieſts, and gypes, and knauiſhes, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maieſty

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with priſoners. Flouriſh.

King. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Vntill this inſtant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horſemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our ſight.
If they do neithes, we will come to them,
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings.
Beſides, wee'l cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Know'ſt thou not,
That I haue fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſome?
Com'ſt thou againe for ranſome?

Her. No great King,
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength for it.
What is this Caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleaſe your Maieſty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a moſt praue pattle here in France.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maieſty ſayes very true: If your Maieſties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good ſeruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, weaning Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maieſty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the ſeruice: And I do beleeue your Maieſty takes no ſcorne to weare the Leeke vppon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot waſh your Maieſties Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſſe it, and preſerue it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Maieſty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieſhu, I am your Maieſties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeſſe it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Maieſty, praiſed be God ſo long as your Maieſty is an honeſt man.

King. Good keepe me ſo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iuſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you muſt come to the King.

Kin Souldier, why wear'ſt thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Maieſty, tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Engliſhman?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Maieſty, a Raſcall that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue ſworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can ſee my Gloue in his cappe, which he ſwore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Craues and a Villaine elſe, and't pleaſe your Maieſty in my conſcience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great ſort quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelfe, it is neceſſary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (ſee you now). his reputacion is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke ſawce, as euer his blacke ſhoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conſcience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So, I will my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who ſeru'ſt thou vnder?

Wil.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literature in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I plucke this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeu'd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would fayne see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please y u.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Glocster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.
The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should
Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:
If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:
For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And touch'd with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an injurie.
Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vncle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.
Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.

Enter Warwick and Glocester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayse be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, heere is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue beene as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanson*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vncle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will neuer of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaughter'd French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
Iaques of Chatillon, Admirall of France,
The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Maſter of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of Alanſon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of luſtie Earles,
Grandpre and *Roſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke.
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plaine ſhock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne ſo great and little loſſe?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe we in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his onely.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Maieſtie, to tell how many is kill'd?
King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that haue not read the Story,
That I *may* prompt them: and of ſuch as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there ſeene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You *may* imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to haue borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-neſſe, and ſelfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Ceſar* in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelfe haue play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? S. *Dauies* day is paſt.
Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my friend, Captaine *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggerly, lowſie, pragging Knaue *Piſtoll*, which you and your ſelfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and ſault yeſterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to weare it in my Cap till I ſee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.
Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you ancient *Piſtoll*, you ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, God pleſſe you.
Piſt. Ha, art thou Bedlam? doeſt thou thirſt, baſe Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am ſqualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.
Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becauſe, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eate it
Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goates.
Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knaue, as eate it?
Piſt. Baſe Troian, thou ſhalt dye.
Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make

you

you to day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gow. Enough Captaine, you have aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eate ſome part of my leeke, or I will peeze his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Piſ. Muſt I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of queſtion too and ambiguities.

Piſ. By this Leeke, I will moſt horribly reuenge I eate and eate I ſweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue ſome more ſauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to ſweare by.

Piſ. Quoth thy Cudgell, thou doſt ſee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you ſcald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occaſions to ſee Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piſ. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piſ. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth ye u ſhall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, wh. ch you ſhall eate.

Piſ. I take thy groat in earneſt of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Piſ. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition begun vppon an honourable reſpect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valour, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue ſeene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeake Engliſh in the natiue garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh Cudgell: you finde it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction, teach you a good Engliſh condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Piſ. Doeth fortune play the huſwife with me now? Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and ſomething leane to Cut-purſe of quicke hand: To England will I ſteale, and there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get vnto theſe cudgeld ſcarres,
And ſweare I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Iſabel, the King, the Duke of Burgonie and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wiſhes
To our moſt faire and Princely Coſine *Katherine*:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contrib'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (Engliſh) every one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Baſiliskes:
The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loſt their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You Engliſh Princes all, I doe ſalute you.

Burg. My duetie to you both, oh eqnall loue,
Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and ſtrong endeuors,
To bring your moſt imperiall Maieſties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightineſſe on both parts beſt can witneſſe.
Since then my Office hath ſo farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourſe of Arts, Plenteyes, and ioyfull Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Viſage?
Alas, thee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fenetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke,
Conceiues by idleneſſe, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thiſtles, Kekſyes, Burres,
Looſing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.
Euen ſo our Houſes, and our ſelues, and Children,
Haue loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that ſhould become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and ſterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And euery thing that ſeemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell theſe inconueniences,
And bleſſe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our laſt demands,
Whoſe Teeures and particular effects
You haue enſchedul'd briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer:

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France: I haue but with a curselarie eye
O're-glance the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell presently
To sit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-suruey them; we will suddenly
Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best
Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on

England. Yet leaue our Cousin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And plead his Loue-suit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse it brokenly with your Englisth Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que je suis semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy vrayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush to affirme it

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont pleins de tromperies.

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princesse.

King. The Princesse is the better Englisth-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better Englisth, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou would'st thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite. Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargaine: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellowes of Infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad: a good Legge will fall, a straite Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will waxe hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould loue de enemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Neck, hardly to be shooke off; *Ie quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous mes le possession de moy*, (Let mee see, what then? Saint *Denis* bee my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois que vous parlois, il & meilleur que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st thou vnderstand thus much Englisth? Canst thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou loueſt me: and at night when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a saying Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-brecder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Denis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Englisth,

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that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by th Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flowre-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batchelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon treschere & deuin deesse.*

Kath. Your Maiestee sae fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou loueſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'ſt; notwithſtanding the poore and vnpoliſhed effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborne out-ſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I waxe, the better I ſhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more ſpoyle vpon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou ſhalt no ſooner beſſee mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I ſpeake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt finde the beſt King of Good-fellowes. Come, your Anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voyce is Muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken Engliſh; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſall alſo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, mon foy: Ie ne veux point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le main d'une moſtre Seigneur indigne ſeruiteur excuſe moy. Ie vous ſupplie mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kath. Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſe deuant leur nopces il nest pas le coſtume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what ſayes ſhee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhon pour le Ladies of Frooyce; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Anglish.

King. To kiſſe.

Lady. Your Maieſtee *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a faſhion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy vrayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curſie to-great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Liſt of a Countreyes faſhion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, ſtoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice faſhion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſaue your Maieſtie, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Couſin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot ſo conioure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeneſſe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſſe of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conioure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if conioure vp Loue in her in his true likeneſſe, hee muſt appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet roſ'd ouer with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſtie, if ſhee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flye, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhee muſt be blinde too.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thanke Loue for my blindneſſe, who cannot ſee many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue conſented to all termes of reaſon.

England. Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

Weſt. The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter firſt; and in ſequele, all,
According to their firme propoſed natures.

Exe. Only

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France having any occasion to write for matter of Grauns, shall name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Nostre trescher fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heritere de Frances:* and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so denyed,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood raysе vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Conionction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate:* and beare me witnesse all
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.
Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Paction of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.
Sound Exeunt

Enter Chorus

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shewne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

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The firſt Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus Scæna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Glouſter, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Vncle, the Biſhop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerſet.

Bedford.

Hung be the heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your cryſtall Treſſes in the Skie,
And with them ſcourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue conſented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fifi, too famous to liue long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glouſt. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deſeruing to command,
His brandiſht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes ſpred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and driue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exet. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall reuiue:
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Death's diſhonourable Victorie,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or ſhall we thinke the ſubtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſes haue contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his ſight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hoſts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Glouſt. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not ſo ſoone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. Glouſter, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is proud, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Glouſt. Name not Religion, for thou lou'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Iarres, & reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In ſtead of Gold, we'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead.
Poſteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moiſtned eyes, Babes ſhall ſuck.
Our Ile be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifi, thy Ghoſt I inuocate:
Proſper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerſe Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cæſar*, or bright——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſſe, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bedf. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarſe?
Speake ſoftly, or the loſſe of thoſe great Townes
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.

Glouſt. Is Paris loſt? is Roan yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
Theſe newes would cauſe him once more yeeld the Ghoſt.

Exet. How were they loſt? what trecherie was vs'd?

Meſſ. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine ſeuerall Factions:
And whil'ſt a Field ſhould be diſpatcht and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little coſt;
Another would flye ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guiletull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh Nobilitie,
Let not ſloath dimme your Honors, new begot;
Croppe are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exet. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my fleeced Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with theſe diſgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in ſtead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſiue Miſeries.

Enter

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Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd:
Reynold Duke of Anion, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whether shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke. Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Wm. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so?

3. *Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o rethrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set upon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For living idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farewell my Masters, to my Task will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *George* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:
Either to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Governor,
And for his safetie there Ile best devise. *Exit.*

Watch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanson. and Reignier, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeves:
Either they must be dyeted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reignier. Let's rayse the Siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.

Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reignier. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

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Alanson. Proyſard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samſons* and *Goliasſes*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Raſcals, who would e're ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forſake the Siege.

Reignier. I thinke by ſome odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are ſet, like Clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne're could they hold out ſo as they doe:
By my conſent, wee'le euen let them alone.

Alanſon. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleance.

Baſtard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes for him.

Dolph. Baſtard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.

Baſt. Me thinks your looks are ſad, your cheer appall'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to raiſe this tedious Siege,
And driue the Engliſh forth the bounds of France:
The ſpirit of deepe Prophecie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speake, ſhall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but firſt, to try her skill,
Reignier ſtand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Queſtion her prowdly, let thy Lookes be ſterne,
By this meanes ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe theſe wondrous feats?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer ſeene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reignier. She takes vpon her bravely at firſt dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Loe, whileſt I waited on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat diſplay'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Viſion full of Maieſtie,
Will'd me to leaue my baſe Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſſe.
In compleat Glory ſhee reueal'd her ſelfe:
And whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe cleare Rayes, which ſhee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I bleſt with, which you may ſee.
Aske me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolue on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou haſt aſtonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe I'le of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I choſe forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I liue, I'le ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.

Dolph. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Deborah*.

Puzel. Chriſts Mother helpes me, elſe I were too weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou muſt helpe me:
Impatiently I burne with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſeruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin ſueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I muſt not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profeſſion's ſacred from aboue:
When I haue chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alanſ. Doubtleſſe he ſhriues this woman to her ſmock,
Elſe ne're could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.

Reignier. Shall we diſturbe him, ſince hee keepes no meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reignier. My Lord, where are your what deuiſe you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I ſay: diſtruſtfull Recreants,
Fight till the laſt gaſpe: I'le be your guard.

Dolph. What ſhee ſayes, I'le confirme: wee'le fight it out.

Puzel. Aſſign'd am I to be the Engliſh Scourge.
This night the Siege aſſuredly I'le raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into theſe Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelfe,
Till by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henries* death, the Engliſh Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inſulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dooue?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, ſitting downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worſhip thee enough?

Alanſon. Leaue off delayes, and let vs raiſe the Siege.

Reignier. Wo-

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſaue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Preſently we'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if thee proue falſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloſter, with his Seruing-men.

Glost. I am come to ſuruey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Glost. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloſter.
2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villaines, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We doe no otherwiſe then we are will'd.
Glost. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Gloſters men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant ſpeakes within.

Woodv. within. What noyſe is this? what Traytors haue we here?
Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloſter* that would enter.
Woodvile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I haue expreſſe commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Glost. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Seruingmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or we'le burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious *Vmphrey*, what meanes this?
Glost. Piel'd Prieſt, doo'ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Winch. I doe, thou moſt vſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Glost. Stand back thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contriued'ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'ſt Whores Indulgences to ſinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou will.
Glost. I will not ſlay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Glost What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you ſoundly.
Vnder my feet I ſtampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winch. Gloſter, thou wilt anſwere this before the Pope.
Glost Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them ſtay?
Thee Ile chaſe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords that you being ſupreme Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould breake the Peace.
Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diſtrayn'd the Tower to his vſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himſelfe King, and ſuppreſſe the Prince.
Glost. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmiſh againe.

Maior. Naught reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtriſe,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men, aſſembled here in Armes this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you, in his Highneſſe Name, to repayre to your ſeuerall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or vſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.
Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloſter, wee'le meet to thy coſt, be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.
Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.
Glost. Maior farewell: thou doo'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Winch. Abhominable *Gloſter*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*
Maior. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks beare,
I my ſelfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'ſt how Orleance is beſieg'd,
And how the Engliſh haue the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue ſhot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miſs'd my aymе.
M. Gunner. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Maſter Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I muſt doe to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyals haue informed me,
How the Engliſh, in the Suburbs cloſe entrench'd,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence diſcouer, how with moſt aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I haue plac'd,

And

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spy'e them. *Exit.*

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salish. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the treacherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salish. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou were entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, say'd they, is the Terror of the French,
The scare-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of sudden death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salish. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrane*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargrane. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls downe.*

Salish. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

Garg. O Lord haue mercy on me, woefull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake:
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this woefull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none alike,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrane*, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles——
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
Plantagenet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord my Lord, the French haue gather'd head:
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Pucell* ioyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to raysе the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Pucell or *Puffel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Pucell, driuing Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our Englishe Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Pucell.

Here, here thee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee. *Here they fight.*

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My breast Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight again.

Pucel. Talbot farewell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must go Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O'ver-

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Driues back our troopes, and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fierce conditions, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.
A short Alarum.
Hearke Countreymen, either renew the fight,
Or tearre the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not halfe so treacherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaues.
Alarum. Here another Skirmish.
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all consented vnto *Salisburies* death,
For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.
Pucell is entred into Orleance,
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Pucell, Dolphin, Reignier, Alanson, and Souldiers.

Pucell. Aduance our waning Colours on the Walls,
Reseu'd is Orleance from the English.
Thus *Ioane de Pucell* hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Diuinest Creature, *Astrea's* Doughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adons* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.
Reignier. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
Alanson. All France will be replete with mirth and ioy,
When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.
Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse praise.
A Statelyer Pyramis to her I'le reare,
Than *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* euer was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Denis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Pucell* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.
Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Pucell* whom they tearme so pure?
Tal. A Maid, they say.
Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?
Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolue to scale their flinty bulwarkes.
Bed. Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ouer the walles in their shirts. Enter seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnready so?
Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Neere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.

Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I marueil how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bast. Tot, holy *Ioane* was his defensiue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuidente Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weighty Charge.

Alanſ. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they fly, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vsy'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here aduance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this curst Towne.
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,
Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,
The treacherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape ore the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Meſſ. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely traine
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Meſſ. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes craue to be encountered with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will.
And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I giue in charge,
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchieuements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,
To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crau'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what is this the man?

Meſſ. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I

I thought I ſhould haue ſeene ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and wrinkled ſhrimpe
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his Enemmies.

Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leyſure,
Ile ſort ſome other time to viſit you.

Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Meſſ. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that ſhee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be be, then art thou Priſoner.

Talb. Priſoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirſtie Lord:
And for that cauſe I trayn'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chayne theſe Legges and Armes of thine,
That haſt by Tyrannie theſe many yeeres
Waſted our Countrey, ſlaine our Citizens,
And ſent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.

Talb. Ha,ha,ha.

Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turne to mone.

Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbots* ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeuerity.

Count. Why art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I ſubſtance too.

Talb. No,no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelfe:
You are deceiu'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not ſufficient to containe't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.
Winds his Horne, Drummes ſtrike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter Souldiers.
How ſay you Madame? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelfe?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinewes, armes, and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Raſeth your Cities, and ſubuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I finde thou art no leſſe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not diſmay'd, faire Lady, nor miſconſtrue
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers ſtomacks alwayes ſerue them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my Houſe.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient.

Yorke. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then between vs.

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth beare him beſt,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryeſt eye,
I haue perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of Iudgement:
But in theſe nice ſharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiſer then a Daw.

Yorke. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So cleare, ſo ſhining, and ſo euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

Yorke. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeake,
In dumbe ſignificants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And ſtands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Roſe with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorne with me.

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Roſe, with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are croſt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
If I haue feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.

Yorke. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainneſſe of the Caſe
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaſt bleeding, you doe paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the ſide where ſtill I am.

Som: Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Vn

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In ſigne whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.
Torky. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloody red.
Tork. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes:
For pale they looke with feare, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No *Plantagenet*:
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.
Torky. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet*?
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?
Torky. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeene.
Torky. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet*.
Torky. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by converſing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Creſtleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?
Torky. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treaſon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Torky. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treaſon, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.
Torky. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farewell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*
Torky. How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,
Shall be wiſht out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Trace of *Winchester* and *Glouceſter*:
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Roſe.
And there I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Torky. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Torke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Impriſonment:
And theſe grey Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pith-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,
(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;
And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* beene obſcur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,
Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vncle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Boſom ſpend my latter gaſpe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.
And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stocke,
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou were deſpis'd?
Rich. Firſt

Rich. Fie, Reuse thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument vpon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which termes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,
And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vncle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discouer more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent:
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,
Endeauour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I derined am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They labored, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pitty of my hard distresse,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue installd me in the Diademe:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppresst.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy grane admonishments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vncle is removing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Rich. O Vncle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Only giue order for my Funerall.
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Counsell in my Breast,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet, Gloster offers to put vp a Bill: Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuis'd?
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extempot all speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranckes,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernitious Vsurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Treacherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou laydst a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious malice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. Gloster. I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
As he will haue me: how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
Or raise my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glost. Am I not Protector, saucie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloucester*.

Glost. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your durie to forbeare.

Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Plan. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.

King. Vncles of *Gloster* and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vncle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.

1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.

2. *Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Glost. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
We and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtered by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin again.

Glost. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbeare a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth affflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vncle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grieuous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vncle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. *Serv.* Content, I'le to the Surgeons.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Taverne affords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

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King. And thoſe occaſions, Vncle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood,
So ſhall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Worth. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Winchester.*
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the Houſe of *Yorke,*
From whence you ſpring, by Lineall Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſeruant vowes obedience,
And humble ſeruice, till the point of death.
King. Stoope then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke.*
Riſe *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet,*
And riſe created Princely Duke of *Yorke.*
Rich. And ſo thriue *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Maieſty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke.*
Som. Periſh baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke.*
Glost. Now will it beſt auaile your Maieſtie,
To croſſe the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The preſence of a King engenders loue
Amongſt his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
As it diſ-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Glouſter* ſayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counſaile cuts off many Foes.
Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readineſſe.
Sound Flowriſh. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder feigned aſhes of forg'd loue,
And will at laſt breake out into a flame,
As feſtred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and fleſh and ſinewes fall away,
So will this baſe and enuious diſcord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of euery ſucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth ſhould winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windſor, looſe all:
Which is ſo plaine, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His dayes may finiſh, ere that hapleſſe time. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell diſguis'd, with ſoure Souldiers with Sacks vpon their backs.

Pucell. Theſe are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Policy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar ſort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we ſhall,
And that we finde the ſlouthfull Watch but weake,
I'le by a ſigne giue notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks ſhall be a meane to ſack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore we'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Qui la.
Pucell. Peaſanes la pauure gens de Frances,
Poore Market folkes that come to ſeil their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile ſhake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleſſe this happy Stratagame,
And once againe wee'le ſleepe ſecure in Roan.
Baſtard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practiſants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecifie?
Here is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in.
Reig. By thruſting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once diſcern'd, ſhewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſſe) which ſhe entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thruſting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites!*
Baſtard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret ſtands.
Charles. Now ſhine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, preſently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excurſion.

Talb. France, thou ſhalt rue this Treaſon with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but ſuruiue thy Treecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorcereſſe,
Hath wrought this Hellish Miſchiefe vnawares,
That hardly we eſcap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excurſions. Bedford brought in ſicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Baſtard, and Reignier on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will faſt,
Before hee'le buy againe at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and ſhamelesſe Curtizan,
I truſt ere long to choake thee with thine owne.
And make thee curſe the Harueſt of that Corne.
Charles. Yoth Grace may ſtarue (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treaſon.
Pucell. What will you doe, good grey-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtfull Paramoures,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardiſe a man halfe dead?
Damſell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with this ſhame.
Pucell. Are ye ſo hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whiſper together in counſell.
God ſpeed the Parliament: who ſhall be the Speaker?
Talb. Dare

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordſhip takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I ſpeake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alanſ. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: baſe Muleteers of France,
Like Peſant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodneſſe by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbots* greateſt ſame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy Houſe,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs ſuſtain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as ſure as Engliſh *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As ſure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So ſure I ſweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſſe, and for crazie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let vs now perſwade you

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Me thinkes I ſhould reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Becauſe I euer found them as my ſelfe.

Talb. Vndaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt,
Then be it ſo: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* ſafe.
And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet vpon our boaſting Enemie *Exit.*

An Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, in ſuch haſte?

Falſt. Whither away? to ſaue my ſelfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?

Falſt. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to ſaue my life
Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
Exit.

Retreat. Excurſions. Pucell, Alanſon, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when
For I haue ſeene our Enemies
What is the truſt or ſtrength of
They that of late were
Are glad and faine by
Bedford liue, and

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reſt.

Talb. Loſt, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inſhrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deedes, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is aſleepe.
Now where's the Baſtards braues, and *Charles* his gliſkes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That ſuch a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the Towne,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But ſee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Lance,
A gentler Heart did neuer ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of humane miſerie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon, Pucell.

Pucell. Diſmay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is ſo recouered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One ſudden Foyle ſhall neuer breed diſtruſt.

Baſtard. Search out thy wit for ſecret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alanſ. Wee'le ſet thy Statue in ſome holy place,
And haue thee reuerence like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it muſt be, this doth
By faire perſwaſions, mixt with ſugred
We will entice the Duke of
To leaue the *Talbot*, and to
Charles. Sweet
France
Nor
But

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French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countreyman.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac'd,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe.
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her woefull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English *Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spighte of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this hearte kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farewell *Talbot*, I'le no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne again.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alanſ. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Armie, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Forresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolued of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or been regarded with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Sonet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that. *Strikes him.*

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But I'le vnto his Maestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'le meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, I'le be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.
Exeunt.

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Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governour Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop ſet the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God ſaue King *Henry* of that name the firſt.

Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteeme none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practiſes againſt his State:
This ſhall ye do, ſo helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haſte vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meete thee next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, becauſe (vnworthily)
Thou was't inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This Daſtard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was ſixe thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was giuen,
Like to a truſtie Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault, we loſt twelue hundred men
My ſelfe, and diuers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amiſſe:
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſſe,
But alwayes reſolute, in moſt extreames.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but vſurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Profaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doome:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we baniſh thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I haue vpon ſpeciall cauſe,*
Mou'd with compaſſion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feedes vpon,
Forſaken your pernicious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monſtrous Treachery! Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and othes,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vncle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worſt this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there ſhal talke with him,
And giue him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
How ſay you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes. But I am preuented,
I ſhould haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather ſtrength, and march vnto him ſtraight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baſſe.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to ſpeak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complaine
Firſt let me know, and then Ile anſwer you.

Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Roſe I weare,
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the Leaues
Did repreſent my Maſters bluſhing cheekes:
When ſtubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him.
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthineſſe,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeeme with forged quaint conceite
To ſet a gloſſe vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he firſt tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſſe of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſſe of my Maſters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice *Somerſet* be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

King. Good Lord, what madneſſe rules in braine-ſicke men,
When for ſo ſlight and friuolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Coſins both of Yorke and Somerſet,
Quiet your ſelues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this diſſention firſt be tried by fight,
And then your Highneſſe ſhall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our ſelues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it *Somerſet*.

Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſ.

Bast. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.
Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieues his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selues we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be provok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmpier in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspitious
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and love.
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout

Exeunt *Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Manet Exeter.*

Exe Well didst thou *Richard* to suppresse thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoeere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth presage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Bordeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of Bordeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*

Enter Generall aloft.

English *Iohn Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Souereigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And I'le withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, euen with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth.
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thousand French haue ta'ne the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
Lo, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his sandy houre,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Mas'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deare as mine,
And they ſhall finde deare Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Meſſenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpets, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your eſpyals were diſcouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for
(Bordeaux
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerſet,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were leuied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chiualier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Neuer ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Bordeaux warlike Duke, to Bordeaux Yorke,
Elſe farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So ſhould wee ſaue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remiſſe Traitors ſleepe.
Meſſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we looſe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France ſmiles: We looſe, they daily get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſſ. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* ſoule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres ſince,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This ſeuen yeeres did not *Talbot* ſee his ſonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.
Yorke. Alas, what ioy ſhall noble *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong ſonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtoppes my breath,
That ſundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poyctiers*, and *Tours*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit*
Meſſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feedes in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt *of our* ſcarſe-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croſſe,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſſe.

Enter Somerſet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a ſally of the very Towne
Be backled with: the ouer-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſſe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, deſperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Here is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our o're-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you ſent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduerſitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerſet,
To beate aſſayling death from his weake Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody ſweat from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring looks for reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthleſſe emulation:
Let not your priuate diſcord keepe away
The leuied ſuccours that ſhould lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſſe him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. Yorke ſet him on, Yorke ſhould haue ſent him
ayde.
Lu. And Yorke as faſt vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoaſt,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. York lyes: He might haue ſent, & had the Horſes
I owe him little Duetie, and leſſe Loue,
And taſte foule ſcorne to fawne on him by ſending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Neuer to England ſhall he beare his life,
But dies betrayd to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtraite:
Within fiue houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes reſcue, he is tane or ſlaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.
Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *Iohn Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When ſapleſſe Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And I'le direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?
Shall

And ſhall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Diſhonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baſtard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.

Tal. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be ſlaine.

Iohn. He that flyes ſo, will ne're returne againe.

Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to dye.

Iohn. Then let me ſtay, and Father doe you flye:
Your loſſe is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth vnknowne, no loſſe is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done
You fled for Vantage, every one will ſweare:
But if I bow, they'le ſay it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will ſtay,
If the firſt howre I ſhrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather than Life, preſeru'd with Infamie.

Tal. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

Iohn. I rather then lle ſhame my Mothers Woombe.

Tal. Vpon my Bleſſing I commaund thee goe.

Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Tal. Part of thy Father may be ſau'd in thee.

Iohn. No part of him, but will be ſhame in mee.

Tal. Thou neuer haſt Renowne, nor canſt not loſe it.

Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: ſhall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy Fathers charge ſhall cleare thee from y ſtaine.

Iohn. You cannot witneſſe for me, being ſlaine.
If Death be ſo apparant, then both flye.

Tal. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with ſuch ſhame.

Iohn. And ſhall my Youth be guiltie of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſeuered from your ſide,
Then can your ſelfe, you ſelfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, go, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For I will not, if my Father dye.

Tal. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipſe thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ſide by ſide, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot reſcues him.

Tal. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawſe, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.

Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'ſt new date.

Tal. When from the *Dolphins* Creſt thy Sword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd deſire
Of bold-fac'd Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanſon*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia reſcued thee.
The irefull Baſtard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood, I ſpill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weary, *Iohn*? How doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art ſeal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lines in one ſmall Boat.
If I go dy dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I ſhall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Houſeholds Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

Iohn. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſaue a paltry Life, and flay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horſe that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peſant Boyes of France,
To be Shames ſcorne, and ſubiect of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Syre of Crete,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers ſide,
And commendable proou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me ſhrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandiſht ouer me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and aſſayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Bleſſome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Sold. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ſt vs here to ſcorne,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his puny-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhearced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lucie. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word.
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Lucie. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Walsford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere.* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield,* Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fifte Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life.
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal be reard
A Phœnix that shall make all France affeard.
Char So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Armiuack?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.
Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Armiracke neere knit to *Charles,*
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.
King Marriage Vncle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them haue their answeres euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* instal'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
He'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dowre,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The somme of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For clouching me in these grane Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Glofster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Ioan.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dallyance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is.
But we will presently prouide for them.
Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you needs not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt Alarum. Excursions

Enter Ioan de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye,
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise Spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.
Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Creft,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake.
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee.
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.
Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.
Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,

Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe.
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ransome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Woone.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a woodden thing.
Mar He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betweene these Realmes.
But there remaines a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anion* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they or're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be enthral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be resc'u'd by the French,
And then I need not crauie his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue been captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slaue, in base seruility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiscend to be my——
Mar What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colonels forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
We'l crane a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. *Enter Reignier on the walles.*
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King.
Whom I with paine haue wooed and woone thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speaker Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. *Enter Reignier.*

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anion* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost deigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anion*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransome, I deliuer her,
And those two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this case.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Palliaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King.
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed.

But

But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieſtie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnſpotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I ſend the King.
Saf. And this withall. *Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeuiſh tokens to a King.
Saf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe. But *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou maieſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treaſons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praiſe
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou maieſt bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Puzell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I ſought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, ſweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Puzell. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo
I did beget her, all the Pariſh knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake haue I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Puzell. Peaſant auaunt. You haue ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Girle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wiſh ſome ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for ſhe hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puz. Firſt let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from aboue,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſtes.
Staind with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No miſconceyued, *Ione* of *Arc* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. Ly: away with her to execution.
War. And heare ye ſirs: becauſe ſhe is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puz. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* diſcouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought,
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſſe come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue ben playing,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Baſtards liue.
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puz. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that inioy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanſon* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand liues.
Puz. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd
War. A married man, that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Girle: I think ſhe knowes not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe
War. It's ſigne ſhe hath beene liberall and free
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee,
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine
Puz. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curſe.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inuiron you, till Miſcheefe and Diſpaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your ſelues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou fowle accurſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mou'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Haue earneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aſpyring French;
And beene at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And ſold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not loſt moſt part of all our Townes,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foreſee with greefe
The vtter loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuere Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Yorke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league.
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England.
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues setled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chiefe perfections of that lowely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Margaret* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne.
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroth'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glouc. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King.
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Armenacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyue, than giue.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Peazants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth vs,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forcode but a Hell,
An Age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
Her peereleſſe feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted ſpirit,
(More than in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King.
For *Henry*, ſonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and anoointed Queene.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Begone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greeſe I feare me, both at firſt and laſt.
Exit Gloceſter.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in loue,
But proſper better than the Troian did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordſhip takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
Talb. I ſpeake not to that raying *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
Alanſ. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: baſe Muleters of France,
Like Peſant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodneſſe by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbots* greateſt fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy Houſe,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs ſuſtain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as ſure as Engliſh *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As ſure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So ſure I ſweare, to get the Towne, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſſe, and for crazie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let vs now perſwade you
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Me thinkes I ſhould reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Becauſe I euer found them as my ſelfe.
Talb. Vndanted ſpirit in a dying breaſt,
Then be it ſo: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* ſafe.
And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet vpon our boaſting Enemie *Exit.*

An Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, in ſuch haſte?
Falſt. Whither away? to ſaue my ſelfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
Falſt. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to ſaue my life. *Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

Retreat. Excurſions. Pucell, Alanſon, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen pleaſe,
For I haue ſeene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to ſaue themſelues.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reſt.

Talb. Loſt, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inſtriues thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucell* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is aſleepe.
Now where's the Baſtards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That ſuch a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the Towne,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But ſee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Lance,
A gentler Heart did neuer ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of humane miſerie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon, Pucell.

Pucell. Diſmay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is ſo recouered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One ſudden Foyle ſhall neuer breed diſtruſt.
Baſtard. Search out thy wit for ſecret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanſ. Wee'le ſet thy Statue in ſome holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc't like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Ioane* deuiſe:
By faire perſwaſions, mixt with ſugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgoone
To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor ſhould that Nation boaſt it ſo with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.
Alanſ. For euer ſhould they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your Honors ſhall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
Drumme ſounds a farre off.
Hearke, by the ſound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.
Here ſound an Engliſh March.
There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours ſpred,
And all the Troopes of Engliſh after him.
French

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French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgoine.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue *Burgoine*, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac'd,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe.
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her woefull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spighte of *Burgoine* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'st with them: will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this hearte kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours
So farewell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs frolick.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alanc. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiours, Talbot

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Forteresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vncle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolued of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for those good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Sonet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Ver. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that. *Strikes him.*

Bas. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.
Exeunt.

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Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governour Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop ſet the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God ſaue King *Henry* of that name the ſixt.

Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteeme none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practiſes againſt his State:
This ſhall ye do, ſo helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haſte vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meete thee next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, becauſe (vnworthily)
Thou was't inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This Daſtard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was fiue thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was giuen,
Like to a truſtie Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault, we loſt twelue hundred men
My ſelfe, and diuers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amiſſe:
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſſe,
But alwayes reſolute, in moſt extreames.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but vſurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doome:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we baniſh thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?
No more but plaine and blunt? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I haue vpon ſpeciall cauſe,*
Mou'd with compaſſion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feedes vpon,
Forſaken your pernicious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull King of France.
O monſtrous Treachery! Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and othes,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vncle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worſt this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there ſhal talke with him,
And giue him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
How ſay you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes. But ſ I am preuented,
I ſhould haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather ſtrength, and march vnto him ſtraight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baſſe.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to ſpeak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complaine.
Firſt let me know, and then Ile anſwer you.

Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Roſe I weare,
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the Leaues
Did repreſent my Maſters bluſhing cheekes:
When ſtubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him.
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthineſſe,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeeme with forged quaint conceite
To ſet a gloſſe vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he firſt tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſſe of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſſe of my Maſters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerſet be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of Yorke, will out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

King. Good Lord, what madneſſe rules in braine-ſicke men,
When for ſo ſlight and friuolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Coſins both of Yorke and Somerſet,
Quiet your ſelues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this diſſention firſt be tried by fight,
And then your Highneſſe ſhall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our ſelues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerſet.

Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſ.

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Baſ. Confirme it ſo, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Preſumptuous vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble and diſturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverſe Objections:
Much leſſe to take occaſion from their mouthes,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelues,
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.

Exe. It greeues his Highneſſe,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cauſe.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amoongſt a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue diſſention in our lookes,
And that within our ſelues we diſagree;
How will their grudging ſtomaches be prouok'd
To willfull Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When Forreigne Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelues, and loſt the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmpier in this doubtfull ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon if I weare this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpitious
I more incline to Somerſet, then Yorke:
Both are my kinſmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Then I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs ſtill continue peace, and loue.
Coſin of Yorke, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerſet, vnite
Your Troopes of horſemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, ſonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our ſelfe, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that Traiterous rout

Exeunt *Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promiſe you the King
Prettily (me thoughte) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerſet.

War. Tuſh, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harme.

York. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affayres muſt now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. *Manet Exeter.*

Exe Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſſe thy voice:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I feare we ſhould haue ſeene decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppoſ'd:
But howſoere, no ſimple man that ſees
This iarring diſcord of Nobilitie,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill euent.
'Tis much, when Sceepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuiſion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confuſion. *Exit*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drummer, before Bordeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of Bordeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounde.*

Enter Generall aloft.

Engliſh *Iohn Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Souereigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And I'le withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, euen with the earth,
Shall lay your ſtately, and ayre-braſing Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canſt not enter but by death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitcht,
To well thee from the liberty of Flight:
And no way canſt thou turne thee for redreſſe,
But death doth front thee with apparant ſpoyle,
And paile deſtruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thouſand French haue ta'ne the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Chriſtian ſoule but Engliſh *Talbot*:
Loe, there thou ſtandſt a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt Glorie of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glaſſe that now begins to runne,
Finiſh the proceſſe of his ſandy houre,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Muſicke to thy timorous ſoule,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſſe Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be Engliſh Deere, be then in blood,
Not Raſcall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And deſperate Stagges,

Turne

Tume on the bloody Hounds with heads of Beaſts.
And make the Cowards ſtand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they ſhall finde deare Deare of vs my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Meſſenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your eſpyals were diſcouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for (Bordeaux:
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerſet,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were leuied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowred by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chiualier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Neuer ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Bordeaux warlike Duke, to Bordeaux Yorke,
Elſe farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Corneta, were in *Talbots* place,
So ſhould we ſaue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfayting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remiſſe Traitors ſleepe.
Meſſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we looſe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France ſmiles: We looſe, they daply get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſſ. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* ſoule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres ſince,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This ſeuen yeeres did not *Talbot* ſee his ſonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.
Yorke. Alas, what ioy ſhall noble *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong ſonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtoppes my breath,
That ſundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poyctiers*, and *Tours*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit*
Meſſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feedes in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt of our ſcarſe-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croſſe,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſſe.

Enter Somerſet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a ſally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſſe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, deſperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our o're-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you ſent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduerſitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerſet,
To beate aſſayling death from his weake Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody ſweat from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring looker for reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthleſſe emulation:
Let not your priuate diſcord keepe away
The leuied ſuccours that ſhould lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of odde.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſſe him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. Yorke ſet him on, Yorke ſhould haue ſent him
ayde.
Lu. And Yorke as faſt vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoaſt,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. Yorke lyes: He might haue ſent, & had the Horſe
I owe him little Duetie, and leſſe Loue,
And take foule ſcorne to fawne on him by ſending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Neuer to England ſhall he beare his life,
But dies betrayd to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtrait:
Within fiue houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes reſcue, he is tane or ſlaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.
Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *Iohn Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When ſapleſſe Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres.
Now thou art come vnto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And I'le direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?
Shall

And ſhall I flye? O, if you leaue my Mother,
Diſhonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baſtard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.

Tal. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be ſlaine.

Iohn. He that flyes ſo, will nere returne againe.

Tal. If we both flye, we both are ſure to dye.

Iohn. Then let me ſtay, and Father doe you flye:
Your loſſe is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth vnknowne, no loſſe is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done
You fled for Vantage, euery one will ſweare:
But if I bow, they'le ſay it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will ſtay,
If the firſt howre I ſhrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather than Life, preſeru'd with Infamie.

Tal. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

Iohn. I rather then liue ſhame my Mothers Woombe.

Tal. Vpon my Bleſſing I commaund thee goe.

Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Tal. Part of thy Father may be ſau'd in thee.

Iohn. No part of him, but will be ſhame in mee.

Tal. Thou neuer haſt Renowne, nor canſt not loſe it.

Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: ſhall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy Fathers charge ſhall cleare thee from y ſtaine.

Iohn. You cannot witneſſe for me, being ſlaine.
If Death be ſo apparant, then both flye.

Tal. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with ſuch ſhame.

Iohn. And ſhall my Youth be guiltie of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſeuered from your ſide,
Then can your ſelfe, you ſelfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, go, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

Tal. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipſe thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ſide by ſide, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbot Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot reſcues him.

Tal. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawſe, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.

Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'ſt new date.

Tal. When from the *Dolphins* Creſt thy Sword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd deſire
Of bold-fac'd Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanſon*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia reſcued thee.
The irefull Baſtard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood, I ſpill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weary, *Iohn*? How doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art ſeal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lines in one ſmall Boat.
If I go dy dye one with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I ſhall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Houſeholds Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

Iohn. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſaue a paltery Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horſe that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peſant Boyes of France,
To be Shames ſcorne, and ſubiect of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Syre of Crete,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers ſide,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me ſhrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandiſhe ouer me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and aſſayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Sonn. O my deare Lord, lo, where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ſt vs here to ſcorne,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his puny-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fighte.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhearced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word.
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to suruey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners aske'st thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Lu. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere,* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield,* Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis?*
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shall be reard
A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.
Char So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot* slaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Armiracke?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on euery side.
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.
Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Armiracke neere knit to *Charles,*
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.
King Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them haue their answeres euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace.

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Bestow her this Lowell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein shipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The sommes of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For clothing me in these grave Ornaments.
Leg. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Glocster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Lone.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is.
But we will presently prouide for them.
Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you needs not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye,
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.
Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grannt my suite.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Creast,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake.
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.
Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.
Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Faire! Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands.
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,
Oh fay.

Keeping them priſoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this ſeruile vſage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh ſtay: I haue no power to let her paſſe,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glaſſie ſtreames,
Twinkling another counterfeited beame,
So ſeemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not ſpeake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, diſable not thy ſelfe.
Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I: Beauties Princely Maieſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſome muſt I pay before I paſſe?
For I perceiue I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Woo'd:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me.
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuſh, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed betweene theſe Realmes.
But there remaines a ſcruple in that too.
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anion* and *Maine*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will ſcorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdaine they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a ſecret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be enthral'd, he ſeems a knight
And will not any way diſhonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women haue beene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeſſe, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlaue, in baſe ſeruility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiſcend to be my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe ſo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my ſelfe.
How ſay you Madam, are ye ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Caſtle walles,
We'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. *Enter Reignier on the Walles.*
See *Reignier* ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honor giue conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her eaſie held impriſonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I deſcend,
To giue thee anſwer of thy iuſt demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter Reignier.*

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anion* what your Honor pleaſes.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace vnto my ſuite?
Reig. Since thou doſt deigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne the Country *Maine* and *Anion*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of Warre,
My daughter ſhall be *Henries*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſome, I deliuer her,
And thoſe two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for ſigne of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Becauſe this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this caſe.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farwell ſweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King.
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtie directed,

Bet-

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But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieſtie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnſpotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I ſend the King.
Saf. And this withall. *Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeuiſh tokens to a King.
Saf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe. but *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treaſons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praiſe
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayeſt bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep Ah *Ioan*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I ſought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ioan*, ſweet daughter *Ioan*, Ile die with thee.
Puc. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo
I did beget her, all the Parith knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ioan*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake haue I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ioan*.
Puc. Peazant auant. You haue ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Girle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wiſh ſome ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for ſhe hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from aboue,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſtes.
Staind with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No miſconceyued, *Ioan of Arc* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. Ly: away with her to execution.
War. And beare ye her: becauſe ſhe's a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall ſtake,
That ſo her torrore may be ſhortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ioan* diſcouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſſe come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Baſtards liue.
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that inioy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanſon* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd
War. A married man, that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I thunk ſhe knowes not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſigne ſhe hath beene liberall and free
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee,
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine
Puc. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curſe.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inuiron you, till Miſchiefe and Diſpaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your ſelues. *Exit*
Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou ſowle accurſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mou'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Haue earneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aſpyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And ſold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not loſt moſt part of all the Townes,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foreſee with greefe
The verie loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuere Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.
Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.
Yorke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league.
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.
War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.
Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England.
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues setled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chiefe perfections of that lowely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of intricing lines,
Able to raush any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That *Margaret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne.
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroth'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glouc. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And so the Earle of Armenacke may doe.
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyue, than giue.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Peazants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Marker men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth vs,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forcede but a Hell,
An Age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
Her peereleſſe feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King.
For *Henry*, ſonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greeue I feare me, both at firſt and laſt.
Exit Glocester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But proſper better than the Troian did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

The ſecond Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beaufford on the one ſide.
The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maieſty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Towres*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanſon*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Biſhops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In ſight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
To your moſt gracious hands, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that euer Marqueſſe gaue,
The Faireſt Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

King. Suffolke ariſe. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
I can expreſſe no kinder ſigne of Loue
Then this kinde kiſſe: O Lord, that lenu. me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth miniſter.

King. Her ſight did rauiſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſedomes Maieſty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheereful voice, Welcome my Loue.

All Lord. Long liue Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.

Queene. We thanke you all. *Flouriſh*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteene moneths concluded by conſent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueſſe of Suffolke, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Ieruſalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirteenth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of Anion, and the County of Maine, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered to the King her father.*

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſodaine qualme hath ſtrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheſſe of Anion and Maine, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.*

King. They pleaſe vs well. Lord Marques kneel downe.
We heere create thee the firſt Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expir'd. Thankes Vncle Winchester,
Gloſter, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerſet,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the reſt.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* muſt vnlood his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Haue you your selues, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
Brooe *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Receiued deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vncle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in vre,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Characters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This preparation with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Vncle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Anion* and *Maine*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanenesse of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anion and *Maine*? My selfe did win them both:
Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Ile:
France should haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large Sommes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should haue staid in France, and staru'd in France
Before——

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King:
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloste,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
We'l quickly hoyse Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, he'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protector,
Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride weres before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my Sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee stear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppresse
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Yor. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then let's make haste away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlaine.
Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.
Yorke. *Aniou* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and giue to Courtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the ſilly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wringes his hapleſſe hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloofe,
While all is ſham'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to ſtarue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althea* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anion and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands ſoile.
A day will come, when Yorke ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Sceepter in his childiſh Fiſt,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be ſtill a-while, till time do ſerue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To pry into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milke-white-Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Ayre ſhall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter,
And force perforce I'le make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes faſt to the fallen earth,
Gazing on that which ſeemes to dimme thy light?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If ſo, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? I'le lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
We'll both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance vnto the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt loue thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me ſad.
Elia. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'le requite it
With ſweet reherſall of my mornings dreame?
Hum. Me thought this ſtaffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of Somerſet,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.
Elia. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Glosters grooe,
Shall looſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me my *Humfrey*, my ſweete Duke:
Me thought I ſate in Seate of Maieſty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Weſtminſter,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were crowned,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.
Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Aboue the reach or compaſſe of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy ſelfe,
From top of Honor, to Diſgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.
Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you ſo chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time I'le keepe my dreames vnto my ſelfe,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. *Albons*.
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
Elia. I go. Come *Nel* thou will ride with vs? *Exit Elian.*
Hum. Yes my good Lord, I'le follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue theſe tedious ſtumbling blockes,
And ſmooth my way vpon their headleſſe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*
Hume. Iheſus preſerue your Royall Maieſty.
Elia. What ſaiſt thou? Maieſty? I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiplied.
Elia. What ſaiſt thou man? Haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margerie Iordan* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bullingbrooke* the Conniuer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?
Hume. This they haue promiſed to ſhew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That ſhall make anſwere to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albanes* we doe make returne,
We'le ſee theſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighteie cauſe.
Exit Elianor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſſe Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume?*
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The buſineſſe aſketh ſilent ſecrecie.
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſſe, were ſhe a Deuill.
Yea, haue I Gold flyes from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it ſo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aſpiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Dutcheſſe,
And buzze theſe Conieurations in her braine.
They ſay, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I feare at laſt.
Hume Knaueriе will be the Dutcheſſe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall haue Gold for all. *Exit.*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armourer Man being one.

1. *Pet.* My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Ieſu bleſſe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the firſt ſure.
2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.
Suff. How now fellow, would'ſt any thing with me?
1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.
Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? Let me ſee them: what is thine?
1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.
Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for enclozing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?
2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Townelhip.
Peter. Againſt my Maſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.
Queene. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of Yorke ſay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?
Peter. That my Miſtreſſe was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, That he was, and that the King was an Vſurper.
Suff. Who is there?
Enter Seruant.
Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſeuant preſently: we'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*
Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and ſue to him.
Teare the Supplications.
Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.
All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*
Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupill ſtill,
Vnder the ſurly *Glofter's* Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muſt be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles
His Weapons, holy Sawes of ſacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſſe.
Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I
In England worke your Graces full content.
Queene. Beſide the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beaufort*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils*:
Salsbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres.
Queene. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She ſweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart ſhe ſcornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be auenged on her?
Contemptuous baſe-borne Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very traine of her worſt wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.
Suff. Madame, my ſelfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reſt: and Madame liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet muſt we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sonet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerset*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.
Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters speake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwicke*.
Warw. *Warwicke* may live to be the best of all.
Salish. Peace Soone, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Because the King forsooth will have it so.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Censure: These are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
Suff. Resigne it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have been as Bond-men to thy Soveraignetie.
Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attyre
Have cost a masse of publique Treasurie.
Buck. Thy Cruelties in execution
Upon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Give me my Fanne: what, Minion, can ye not?
She gives the Duchesse a box on the ear.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time
She'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.
Exit Eleanor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Eleanor*,
And listen after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in duetie love my King and Country.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soveraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is most unmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I did't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.
Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.
Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armourer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are these?
Suff. Please it your Majestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Majestie was an Usurper.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armour. And't shall please your Majestie, I never sayd
nor thought any such matter; God is my witnesse, I am falsely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, he did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall
Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I doe beseech your Royall Majestie,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.
Armour. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the
words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Majestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French,
Because in *Yorke* this breedes suspition;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his servants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfrey* doomes.
Som. I

Sam. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieſtie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake pitty my caſe: the ſpight of man prevayleth againſt me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I ſhall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Hume. Sirrha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, wee'le ſee thee ſent away.

Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priſts, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Maſters, the Ducheſſe I tell you expects performance of your promiſes.

Bulling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorciſmes?

Hume. I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be conuenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be buſie below; and ſo I pray you go in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother *Iordan*, be you proſtrate, and grouell on the Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Eleanor aloft

Eleanor. Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all: To this geere, the ſooner the better

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghoſts breake vp their Graues; That time beſt fits the worke we haue in hand. Madame, ſit you, and feare not: whom wee raiſe, Wee will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Conjuro *&c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Adſum.

Witch. Aſmath, by the eternall God, Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at, Anſwere that I ſhall aske: for till thou ſpeake, Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had ſayd, and done.

Bulling. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe: But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates awayt the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What ſhall befall the Duke of Somerſet?

Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles, Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines, Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand. Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Deſcend to Darkneſſe, and the burning Lake: False Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon theſe Traytors, and their traſh: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an inch. What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Eleanor. Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King, Iniurious Duke, that threateſt where's no cauſe.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloſe, And kept aſunder: you Madame ſhall with vs. *Stafford* take her to thee. We'le ſee your Trinkets here all forth-comming. All away. *Exit*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, well choſen to build vpon. Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Deuils Writ. What haue we here? *Reades.*

The Duke yet liues, that Henry *ſhall depoſe: But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.*

Why this is iuſt *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere poſſe.* Well, to the reſt: Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

What ſhall betide the Duke of Somerſet?

Let him ſhunne Caſtles, Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines, Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.

Come, come, my Lords, Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly vnderſtood. The King is now in progreſſe towards Saint *Albones*, With him, the Husband of this lowſie Lady: Thither goes theſe Newes, As faſt as Horſe can carry them: A ſorry Breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace ſhal giue me leaue, my Lord of Yorke, To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleaſure, my good Lord. Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Seruingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To ſuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeuen yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pytch ſhe flew aboue the reſt: To ſee how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No marueil, and it like your Maieſtie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre ſo well, They know their Maſter loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.

Glost. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can ſore.

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart, Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale.

Glost. What, Cardinall? Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie? *Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ*, Church-men so hot? Good Vnckle hide such malice: With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No malice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Glost. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Glost. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene, And whet not on these furious Peeres, For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Glost. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glost. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe: And if thou dar'st, this Euening, On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster*, Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly, We had had more sport. Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glost. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd? The East side of the Groue: Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?

Glost. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord. Now by Gods Mother, Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high, So doe your Stomacks, Lords: How irksome is this Musick to my heart? When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony? I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glost. What meanes this noyse? Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine, Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight, A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Towne-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glost. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou couldst haue better told.

King. Where wert thou borne

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule, Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed passe, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my sleepe, by good Saint *Alban*: Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth: And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce, To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almightie helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glost. Mas, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Glost. A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue: Let me see thine Eyes: winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.

Glost. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Glost. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Glost. But

Glost. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glost. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Glost. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Glost. Nor his?

Simp. No indeede, Master.

Glost. What's thine owne Name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master

Glost. Then *Saunder*, sit there,
The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But suddainly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint *Albons* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simp. O Master, that you could!

Glost. My Masters of Saint *Albones*,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippers?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glost. Then fetch for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Exit.

Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Glost. Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, seest thou this, and beares't so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Glost. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glost. Let thē be whipt through every Market Towne,
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
Exe.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Glost. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Raysing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.

Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Glost. Ambitious Churchman, leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquisht all my powers;
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones!
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Glocster*, see here the Tainture of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Glost. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.
Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Glocster's* honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thoroughly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In craueing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Nonils* are thy Subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Glostery
William of Windsor was the seuenth, & last.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his only Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,
And

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleſſe *Richard* was murthered traiterouſly.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the Houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crowne.

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the firſt Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Iſſue of the next Sonne ſhould haue reign'd.

Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whoſe Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Iſſue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Iſſue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
Roger had iſſue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.

Salisb. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendower*, had beene King,
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the reſt.

Yorke. His eldeſt Siſter, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Married *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Philip*, ſole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Iſſue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* Iſſue fayles, his ſhould not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flouriſhes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire ſlippes of ſuch a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be ſtayn'd
With heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and ſilent ſecrecie.
Doe you as I doe in theſe dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes inſolence,
At *Beauforts* Pride, at *Somerſets* Ambition,
At *Buckinghams*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue ſnar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they ſeeke; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.

Warw. My heart aſſures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe aſſure my ſelfe,
Richard ſhall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greateſt man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Dutcheſſe.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Glaſtons Wife:
In ſight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for ſinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You ſoure from hence to Priſon, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution.
The Witch in Smithfield ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Depriued of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *Iohn Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.

Elianor. Welcome is Baniſhment, welcome were my Death.

Glost. *Elianor*, the Law thou ſeeſt hath iudged thee,
I cannot iuſtifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this diſhonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.
I beſeech your Maieſtie giue me leaue to go;
Sorrow would ſolace, and mine Age would eaſe.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloſter,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himſelfe Protector be,
And God ſhall be my hope, my ſtay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no leſſe belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child.
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Glost. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the ſame reſigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloſter.

Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloſter, ſcarce himſelfe,
That beares ſo ſhrewd a maxime: two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſht, and a Limbe lopt off
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it ſtand,
Where it beſt fits to be, in *Henries* hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this lofty Pyne, & hangs his ſprayes,
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngeſt dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſſe to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name ſee the Lyſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Yorke. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The ſeruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

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Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge faſtned to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you ſhall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Maſter, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and *Will.* thou ſhalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale with my Maſter, hee hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Salisb. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forſooth.

Salisb. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thumpe*.

Salisb. *Thumpe*? Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans inſtigation, to prove him a Knave, and my ſelfe an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Diſpatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight. and Peter ſtrikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſſe, I confeſſe Treaſon.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this preſence? O *Peter*, thou haſt prevayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our ſight, For by his death we doe perceive his guilt, And God in Juſtice hath reveal'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Glo. Thus ſometimes hath the braveſt day a Cloud: And after Summer, evermore ſucceedes Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seaſons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Glo. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my puniſht Ducheſſe: Vnneath may ſhee endure the flinty Streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke The abiect People, gazing on thy face, With enuious Lookes laughing at thy ſhame, That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheeles, When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets. But ſoft, I thinke ſhe comes, and Ile prepare My teare-ſtayn'd eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Ducheſſe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriffe and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'le take her from the Sherife.

Glo. No, ſtirre not for your lives, let her paſſe by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame? Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah *Glo'ſter*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Cloſet pent vp, rue my ſhame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

Elean. Ah *Glo'ſter*, teach me to forget my ſelfe: For whileſt I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinkes I ſhould not thus be led along, Mayl'd vp in ſhame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce To ſee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes. The ruthleſſe Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I ſtart, the envious people laugh, And bid me be adviſed how I treade Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this ſhamefull yoake? Troweſt thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne? No: Darke ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke vpon my Pompe, ſhall be my Hell. Sometime Ile ſay, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was, As he ſtood by, whileſt I, his forlorne Ducheſſe, Was made a wonder, and a pointing ſtock To every idle Raſcall follower. But be thou milde, and blush not at my ſhame, Nor ſtirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as ſure it ſhortly will. For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And *Yorke*, and impious *Beaufort*, that falſe Prieſt, Have all lyn'd Bushes to betray thy Wings, And fly thou how thou can'ſt, they'le tangle thee. But feare not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd, Nor never ſeeke prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah *Nell*, forbeare: thou aymeſt all awry. I muſt offend, before I be attainted: And had I twentie times ſo many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe, So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleſſe. Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy ſcandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee ſort thy heart to patience,
Theſe few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Maieſties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the firſt of this next Moneth.

Glaſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leaue: and Maiſter Sheriffe,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commiſſion.

Sh. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtayes:
And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Glaſt. Muſt you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Glaſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You vſe her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindneſſe, if you doe it her.
And ſo Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

Elianor What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glaſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Glaſter.

Elianor. Art thou gone too? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my ioy, is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Ducheſſe, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sheriffe farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haſt beene Conduct of my ſhame.

Sheriffe. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, ſhall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to enioye you for our Iourney.

Elianor. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. *Exeunt*

Sound a Sonet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salsbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muſe my Lord of Glouſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keepes him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerue
The ſtrangeneſſe of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maieſtie he beares himſelfe,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himſelfe.
We know the time ſince he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhewes an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiffe vnbowed Knee,
Diſdayning duetie that to vs belongs.
Small Corres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roares,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
Firſt note, that he is neere you in diſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Policie,
Reſpecting what a rancorous mynde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decreaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royall Perſon,
Or be admired to your Highneſſe Councell.
By flattering hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reprooue my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectuall.

Suff. Well hath your Highneſſe ſeene into this Duke:
And had I firſt beene put to ſpeake my minde,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces Tale.
The Ducheſſe, by his ſubornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuelliſh practiſes:
Or if he were not priuie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high diſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſiue Heire,
And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam braine-ſick Ducheſſe,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barkes not, when he would ſteale the Lambs.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Glouſter* is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuiſe ſtrange deaths, for ſmall offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Leuie great ſummes of Money through the Realme,
For Soulidiers pay in France, and neuer ſent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humfrey.*

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayſe: but ſhall I ſpeake my conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Glouſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royall Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lambe, or harmeleſſe Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's diſpoſed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is ſurely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolues.
Who cannot ſteale a ſhape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Welcome Lord *Somerſet*: What Newes from France?
Som. That all your Intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is loſt.
King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerſet*: but Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Bloſſomes blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. All happineſſe vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue ſtay'd ſo long.
Suff. Nay *Glouſter*, know that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou were more loyall then thou art:
I doe arreſt thee of High Treaſon here.
Glou. Well *Suffolke*, thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A Heart vnſpotted, is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treaſon to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guiltie?
Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highneſſe hath loſt France.
Glou. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that thinke it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in ſtudying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wreſted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vſe,
Be brought againſt me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I diſ-perſed to the Garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.
Card. It ſerues you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
Glou. I ſay no more then truth, ſo helpe me God.
Yorke. In your Protectorſhip, you did deuiſe
Strange Tortures for Offendors, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.
Glou. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowely words were Ranſome for their fault:
Vnleſſe it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or ſtarke ſeditious Theefe, that fleec'd poore Paſſengers,
I never gaue them condigne puniſhment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie ſinne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Treſpas elſe.
Suff. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelfe.
I doe arreſt you in his Highneſſe Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.
King. My Lord of Glouſter, 'tis my ſpeciall hope,
That you will cleare your ſelfe from all ſuſpence,
My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.
Glou. Ah gracious Lord, theſe dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highneſſe Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingneſſe.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beauf. Red ſparkling eyes blab his hearts malice,
And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his ſtormie hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whoſe ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By falſe accuſe doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſſe haue laid diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endeauour haue ſtirr'd vp
My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My ſelfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltleſſe Life.
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſſe, to condemne me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Sconſe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.
Card. My Liege, his railing is intollerable.
If thoſe that care to keepe your Royall Perſon
From Treaſons ſecret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely couch't?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſweare
Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.
Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to chide.
Glou. Farre truer ſpoke then meant: I loſe indeede,
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,
And well ſuch loſers may haue leaue to ſpeake.
Buck. Well he'le wreſt the ſence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Priſoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.
Glou. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus in the Shepheard beates from thy ſide,
And Wolues are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah that my feare were falſe, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Glouſter.*
King. My Lords, what to your wiſdomes ſeemeth beſt,
Doe, as vndoe, as if our ſelfe were here.
Queene. What, will your Highneſſe leaue the Parliament?
King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whoſe flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miſarie:

For what's more miſerable then Diſcontent?
Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I ſee
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe ſeeke ſubuerſion of thy harmleſſe Life.
Thou neuer didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it ſtrayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Euen ſo remorſeleſſe haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmleſſe young one went,
And can doe nought but wayle her Darlings loſſe,
Euen ſo my ſelfe bewayles good *Glofters* caſe
With ſad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimm'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Glofter* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of fooliſh pittie: and *Glofters* ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough doth ſting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wiſe then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Glofter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he ſhould dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour ſtill to ſaue his Life,
The Commons haply riſe, to ſaue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then miſtruſt, that ſhewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, ſo faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and ſpeake it from your Soules:
Were't not all one, an emptie Eagle were ſet,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and were't not madneſſe then,
To make the Fox ſurueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted ouer,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock.
Before his Chaps be ſtayn'd with Crimſon blood,
As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And doe not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So be he dead; for that is good deceit,
Which makes him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suff. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieſt.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'le prouide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And ſo ſay I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue ſpoke it,
It ſkills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To ſignifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Engliſhmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and ſtop the Rage betimes,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient ſtoppe.
What counſaile giue you in this weighrie cauſe?

Yorke. That *Somerſet* be ſent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky Ruler be employ'd,
Witneſſe the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in ſtead of me,
He neuer would haue ſtay'd in France ſo long.

Yorke. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done.
I rather would haue loſt my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of diſ-honour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens fleſh preſeru'd ſo whole, doe ſeldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this ſparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadſt thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worſe then his.

Yorke. What, worſe then naught? nay, then a ſhame take all.

Somerſet. And in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie ſome,
And trie your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Maieſtie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his conſent,
And what we doe eſtabliſh, he confirmes:
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whilſt I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now returne we to the falſe Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him; for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble vs no more:
And ſo breake off, the day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I muſt talke of that anone.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteene dayes
At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.
Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*
Manet Yorke.
Yorke. Now Yorke, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts
And change misdoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faster the Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
Weanes tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
Who cherish't in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne *Cade*
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
Him caper vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd crafte Kerne,
Hath he conuersed with the Enemie,
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here shall be my substitute;
For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reape the Harueft which that Rascall sow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
Didſt euer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Here comes my Lord.
Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.
Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainſt our Vnckle *Gloster*,
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
He be approu'd in practise culpable.
Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.
King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.
Queene. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.
King swoundes.
Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.
Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.
Suff. He doth reuiue agtine, Madame be patient.
King. Oh Heauenly God.
Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chase away the first-conceiued sound?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maieſtie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are woundlng:
Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.
Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, ſicke with groanes,
Looke pale as Prim-roſe with blood-drinking ſighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke alriue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For is is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Eliſnor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by ſtanward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpions Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet Æoles would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt haue me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy vnkindneſſe.
The ſplitting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, periſh *Eliſnor*.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempeſt beate vs backe,
I ſtood vpon the Hatches in the ſtorme:
And when the duskie ſky, began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a coſtly Iewell from my neccke,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I loſt faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albions* wiſhed Coaſt.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconſtancie)
To ſit and watch me as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Eliſnor*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou doſt liue ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterouſly is murdred
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beauforts* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter vp and downe,
And care not who they ſting in his reuenge.
My ſelfe haue calm'd their ſpleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſſe Corpes,
And comment then vpon his ſodaine death.

War. That ſhall I do my Liege: Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeſt all things, ſtay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his paliſe lips,
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drayne
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling.
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,
Bed put forth.
And to ſuruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

King. That is to ſee how deepe my graue is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace:
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War. As ſurely as my ſoule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-fam'd Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemne tongue:
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is ſetled in his face.
Oft haue I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of ſalhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance 'gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blaſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre vp reard, his noſtrils ſtretche with ſtruggling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruſſe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſigues were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who ſhould do the Duke death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope ſir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe
Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleſſe death.

War.

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Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte ſoare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpicious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beaufords* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Talons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcowred in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with Murthers Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contemptious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controuller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thouſand times.

Warw. Madame be ſtill: with reuerence may I ſay,
For euery word you ſpeake in his behalfe,
Is ſlander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some ſtemme vntutor'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was grafft with Crab-tree ſlippe, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soueraignes preſence makes me milde,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thy ſelfe waſt borne in Baſtardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and ſend thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.

Suff. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe ſome ſeruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghoſt.

Enter

King. What ſtronger Breſt-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iuſt;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whoſe Conſcience with Iniuſtice is corrupted.

A noyſe within.

Queene. What noyſe is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mighty Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Sallib Sirs ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Vnleſſe Lord *Suffolke* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Palace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They ſay, in him they feare your Highneſſe death;
And meere inſtinct of Loue and Loyalzie,
Free from a ſtubborne oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royall Perſon,
That if your Highneſſe ſhould intend to ſleepe,
And charge, that no man ſhould diſturbe your reſt,
In paine of your diſpleaſure, or paine of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait Edict,
Were there a Serpent ſeene, with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glyded towards your Maieſtie,
It were but neceſſarie you were wak'd,
Leaſt being ſuffer'd in that harmefull ſlumber,
The mortall Worme might make the ſleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolke* is;
With whoſe inuenomed and fatall ſting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolliſht Hindes,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they doe entreat:
For ſure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Miſchance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maieſtie I ſweare,
Whoſe farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me plaede for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I ſay: if thou do'ſt plaede for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreaſe vnto my Wrath.
Had I but ſayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I ſweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes ſpace thou here bee'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Miſchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your ſteps.

Suff. Ceaſe, gentle Queene, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queene. Fye

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Quee. Fye Coward woman, and soft hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuer'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome cane.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a grosse of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheerest Prospect, murd'ring Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyzards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Concort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell——

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where bytting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monumentes.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Adiuenture to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery seuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Quee. Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I prethee?

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For sodainly a greeuous sickneſſe tooke him.
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghoſt
Were by his ſide: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his ouer-charged ſoule,
And I am ſent to tell his Maieſtie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.

Qu. Go tell this heauy Meſſage to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are theſe?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore loſſe,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my ſoules Treaſure?
Why only Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encreaſe, mine for my ſorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou knowſt is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy ſight to dye, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my ſoule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhould'ſt thou either turne my flying ſoule,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liu'd in ſweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in ieſt,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me ſtay, befall what may befall.

Quee. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corroſiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France ſweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wherefoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Iris* that ſhall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Qu. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulſt Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Qu. This way for me. *Exeunt*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinall in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.

Ca If thou beeſt death, Ile giue thee Englands Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a ſigne it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is ſeene ſo terrible.

War. Beauford it is thy Soueraigne ſpeakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where ſhould he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?.
Oh torture me no more, I will confeſſe.
Aliue againe? Then ſhew me where he is,
Ile giue a thouſand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.

Comb

Coombe downe his haire; looke, looke, it ſtands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule.
Giue me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buſie meddling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege vnto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke deſpaire.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturbe him not, let him paſſe peaceably.
King. Peace to his ſoule, if Gods good pleaſure be
Lord Cardinall, if thou think'ſt on heauens bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgiue him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.
King Forbeare to iudge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is creept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolues arouſe the Iades
That drague the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clappe dead-mens graues, and from their miſty Iawes,
Breath ſoule contagious darkneſſe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maiſter, this Priſoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.
1. *Gent.* What is my ranſome Maſter, let me know.
Mas. A thouſand Crownes, or elſe lay downe your head
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you giue, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throates, for dy you ſhall:
The Liues of thoſe which we haue loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a petty ſumme.
1. *Gent.* I'le giue it ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2. *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whit. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, ſhalt thou dye,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might haue my will.
Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him liue.
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be payed.
Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtarts thou? What doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did baſe diſhonour blurre our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell reuenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in raggs?
Suf. I, but theſe raggs are no parrel of the Duke.
Lieu. But Ioue was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a baſed Groome:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foote-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhooke my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-falne,
I, and allay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waytedſt for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous coogue.
Whit Speak Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain.
Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlaue, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Lieu. Coward him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy owne
Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole?* Lord,
I kennell, puddle, ſinke, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the liuer Spring; where England drinkes
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the Treaſure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſleſſe windes ſhall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſſe at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to ſlay a mighty Lord
Vnto the daugheer of a worthleſſe King,
Hauing no yther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem.
By diuelliſh policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anioy* and *Maine* were ſold to France,
The falſe reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Diſdaine to call vs Lord, and *Picardie*
Hath ſlaine their Gouernors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riſing vp in armes.
And now the Houſe of Yorke thruſt from the Crowne,
By ſhamefull murther of a guiltleſſe King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, ſtriuing to ſhine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggery,
Is creept into the Pallace of our King.
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoote forth Thunder
Vpon theſe paltry, ſeruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould dye

By

By ſuch a lowly Vaſſall as thy ſelfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſſe the Channell.

Lam. Water: Water, Come Suffolke, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pena gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou ſhalt haue cauſe to feare before I leaue thee. What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye ſtoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, ſpeak him fair

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is ſterne and rough:
Vſ'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
Farre be it, we ſhould honor ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuites: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then theſe knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And ſooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then ſtand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lam. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Soldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonians.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto ſtout
Murder'd ſweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Iulius Cæſar*. Sauage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.
Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lam. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we haue ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and leaue him go.
Exit Lieutenant, and the reſt.

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and liueleſſe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miſtris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloudy ſpectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a ſword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp theſe two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to ſleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Clothier, meanes to dreſſe the Common-wealth and turne it, and ſet a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was neuer merrie world in England, ſince Gentlemen came vp.

Beuis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobiliſte thinke ſcorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to ſay, as let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Beuis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſigne of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſſe* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee ſhall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is ſin ſtrucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drummes. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *Iohn Cade*, ſo tearm'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall faile before vs, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting downe Kings and Princes. Command ſilence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honeſt man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & ſold many Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, ſhe waſhes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable houſe.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a houſe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A moſt needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I haue ſeene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither ſword, nor fire.

Wea. He needs not feare the ſword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he ſhould ſtand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for ſtealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There ſhall be in England, ſeuen halfe penny Loaues ſold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, ſhall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drink ſmall Beere. All the Realme ſhall be in Common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my Palfrey go to graſſe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There ſhall bee no money, all ſhall eate and drinke on my ſcore, and I will apparrell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribbled ore, ſhould vndoe a man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings: but I ſay, 'tis the Bees wexe: for I did but ſeale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clerke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous.

Wea. We tooke him ſetting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

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Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Stew. He's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unleſſe I finde him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. *Emmanuell.*

But. They uſe to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? Or haſt thou a marke to thy ſelfe, like a honeſt plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin ſo well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his neche.

Exit one with the Clearke.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, ſtand, or Ile fell thee downe: he ſhall be encountred with a man as good as himſelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my ſelfe a knight preſently; Riſe vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer.* Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaues I paſſe not, It is to you good people, that I ſpeake, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne: For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staf. Villaine, thy Father was a Plaiſterer, And thou thy ſelfe a Shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I ſir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the queſtion; But I ſay, 'tis true: The eldeſt of them being put to nurſe, Was by a beggar-woman ſtolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His ſonne am I, deny it if you can.

Dar. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Bro. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers houſe, & the bricks are alive at this day to teſtifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges Words, that ſpeakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Iacke Cade*, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my ſelfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the fift, (in whoſe time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he ſhall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Saye* head, for ſelling the Dukedome of *Maine.*

Cade And good reaſon: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a ſtaffe, but that my puiſſance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can ſpeake French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſſe and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anſwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I aſk but this: Can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Counſellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not preuayle, Aſſaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*, That thoſe which flye before the battell ends, May euen in their Wiues and Childrens ſight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me: Now ſhew your ſelues men, 'tis for Liberty. We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhooes, For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlaine. Enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aſhford?

Dic. Heere ſir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'ſt thy ſelfe, as if thou had'ſt been in thine owne Slaughter-houſe: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou ſhalt haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dic. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeake truth, thou deſerſt no leſſe. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors ſword born before vs.

Dic. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gooles, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolks head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe ſoftens the mind, And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody Warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall,
But ſtay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Planet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the ſame.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Higheneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calles your Grace Vſurper, openly.
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Peaſants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Catterpillers, and intend their death.

King. Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels would be ſoone appeaſ'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I ſtay,
And liue alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they iointly ſweare
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not the Kentiſh Rebels

Buc. Truſt no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The truſt I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

1. *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Matthew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And ſo farwell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt*

Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſtriking vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
This firſt yeare of our reigne.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

Buc. If this Fellow be wiſe, he'l neuer call ye *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is ſlaine, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hum. I haue a ſuite vnto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt haue it for that word.

Hum. Only that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thrift in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with eating rotten cheeſe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the poond, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee ſhall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Serge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iuriſdiction Regall. What canſt thou anſwer to my Maieſty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounſieur *Baſſimew*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by theſe preſence, euen the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beeſome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that vſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Iuſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreouer, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cauſe they haue beene moſt worthy to liue. Thou doſt ride in a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.

Dicky. And worke in their ſhirt too, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dec. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare mee where'e you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuell'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Countrey, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would looſe my life:
Iuſtice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer,
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I beſtow'd on learned Clearkes,
Becauſe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnleſſe you be poſſeſt with deuelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behooſe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I ſtruck Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that will make 'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall haue a hempen Caudle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicky. Why doſt thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palſie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nodders as vs, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be euen with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moſt?
Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheſts fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrell ſumptuous to behold?
Whom haue I injur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,
This breaſt from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorſe in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it bee but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he ſpeakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *Iames Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: if when you make your pray'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelues:
How would it fare with your departed ſoules.
And therefore yet relent, and ſaue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, vnleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicky. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braue?
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giuing vp
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with theſe borne before vs, in ſtead of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kiſſe. Away. *Exit*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley

What noiſe is this I heare?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Reuenge or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heare they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brane?
And you base Peazants, do ye beleeue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would never haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-
thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vppon you
all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miserrly,
Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly.
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them
to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee de-
solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that
no want of resolution in mee, but only my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.
Exeunt some of them.

Follow me Souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Terrace.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highneſſe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde.
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countries.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hither ward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along.
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
distrest,
Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men dispiere'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes.
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.
Flourish. *Exeunt*

Enter

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Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambition: fie on my ſelfe, that haue a ſword, and yet am ready to ſtarue. Theſe five daies haue I hid me in theſe Woods, and dare not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might haue a *Leaſe* of my life for a thouſand yeares, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eate Graſſe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amiſſe to coole a mans ſtomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good. for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet muſt ſerue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court
And may enioy ſuch quiet walkes as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeeke not to wexe great by others waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my ſtate,
And ſendes the poore well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the ſoile come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entering his Fee-ſimple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oſtridge, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with theſe ſawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the beſt blood that euer was breach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate theſe five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore nailе, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall nere be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke odds to combate a poore famiſht man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou can'ſt out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy legge a ſticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine armе be hainted in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſſe anſwer's words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moſt compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou ſleepe in thy Sheath, I beſeech Iove on my knees thou mayſt be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Here they fight.

Oh braue blow. Fortune and no other hath ſlaine me, for ten thouſand diuelles come againſt me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue loſt, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the vnconquered ſoule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Toombe, when I am dead.
Ne're ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To embleaze the Honor that thy Maſter got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So with I, I might thruſt thy ſoule to hell.
Hence will I drague thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy graue,
And there caſt off thy moſt vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Iriſh, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluckе the Crowne from feeble *Henries* hand.
Ring Belles aloud, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *ſancta Maieſtas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Sceptre ballance it.
A Sceptre ſhall it haue, haue I a ſoule,
On which Ile toſſe the Fleure-de-Lace of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to *diſturbe* me?
The king hath ſent him ſure: I muſt *diſſemble*.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure.

Buc. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegeance ſworne,
Should raiſe ſo great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Forces ſo neere the Court?

Yor. Scarſe can I ſpeake, my Choller is ſo great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abiect tearmes.
And now like *Aiax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I ſpend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more ſtrong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue given no anſwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cauſe why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remoue proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Priſoner?
Buc. Vpon mine Honor he is Priſoner.
Yorke. Then Buckingham I do diſmiſſe my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: diſperſe your ſelues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You ſhall haue pay, and euery thing you wiſh.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſonne, nay all my ſonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile ſend them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde ſubmiſſion,
We twaine will go into his Highneſſe Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
Yorke doth preſent himſelfe vnto your Highneſſe.
K. Then what intends theſe Forces thou doſt bring?
Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerſet from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell *Cade*,
Who ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo meane condition
May paſſe into the preſence of a King:
Lo, I preſent your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.
King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iuſt art thou?
Oh let me view his Viſage being dead,
That liuing wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maieſty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Eſquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So pleaſe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiſſe
He were created Knight for his good ſeruice.
King. *Iden*, kneele downe, riſe vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thouſand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit ſuch a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerſet.

K. See Buckingham, Somerſet comes with th'Queene
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thouſand Yorkes he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and frowne him to his face.
Yor. How now is Somerſet at libertie?
Then Yorke vnlooſe thy long impriſoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuſe?
King did I call thee? No thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graſpe a Palmers ſtaffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Sceptor.
That Gold, muſt round engirt theſe browes of mine,
Whoſe Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Sceptor vp,
And with the ſame to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou ſhalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
Yor. Would'ſt haue me kneele? Firſt let me aſk of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my ſonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue *me* go to Ward,
They'l pawne their ſwords of my infranchiſement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-beſpotted Neopolitan,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The ſonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health, and all happineſſe to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppoſe himſelfe againſt his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is ſtrengthned, but will not obey:
His ſonnes (he ſayes) ſhall giue their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ſerue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhal.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
Yorke. Looke in a Glaſſe, and call thy Image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the ſtake my two braue Beares,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chaines,
They may aſtonish theſe fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salsbery and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy Beares? We'l beat thy Beares to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft haue I ſeene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And ſuch a peece of ſeruice will you do,

If

If you oppose your selues to march Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence burgh of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
Yor. Nay we shall heare you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede lest by your heate you burne your selues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy braine-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banish't from the frostie head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in duetie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.
King. Hast thou not sworne Allegeance vnto me?
Sal. I haue.
Kin. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:
But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.
Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst conioure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houshold Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen so affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt.
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rut. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.
Yo. Clif. Foole fly-gmstucke that's more then thou canst tell.
Rut. If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*
Enter Warwicke.
War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.
Enter Yorke.
War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.
Enter Clifford.
War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwick seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crowne thou fightest:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?
Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemie.
Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.
Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.
Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.
Clif. La fin corronne les oeuures.
Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y'art still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.
Enter young Clifford.
Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and petrie sounds
To ceasse. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Absirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing loade;

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. *Albons*, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* stay.
Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum a farre off.
If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be lost.
Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body.
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.
Enter Salsbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day
By th'Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard*
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repayring Nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell won by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

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The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of the North.
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breft
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plan. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Nor. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.
Warw. And so do I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.
Plan. Assist me then, sweet *Warwicke*, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.
Nor. We'le all assist you: he that flyes, shall dye.
Plan. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, stay by me my Lorde,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.
They go vp.
Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.
Plan. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.
Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Plan. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
The proudest hee that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwicke* shake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:
Resolue thee *Richard*, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.
Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs assayle the Family of *Yorke*.
North. Well hoft thou spoken, Cousin be it so.
Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?
Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly flye.
Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* means to vse.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yorke. I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.
Exet. Thy

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Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping *Henry*.
Clifford. Whom ſhould hee follow, but his naturall King?
Warw. True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
Yorke. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.
Weſtm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Lord of Weſtmerland ſhall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* ſhall diſproue it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
Marche through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſtm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more lines
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, leſt that in ſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwicke*, ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death, before I ſtirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne his worthleſſe Threats.
Plant. Will you we ſhew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords ſhall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haſt thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to ſtoupe,
And ſeiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you looſe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'ſt and honoureſt Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* ſhal ſpeake firſt: Heare him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not liue.
Hen. Think'ſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Proue it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He rose againſt him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it vnconſtrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire ſhould ſucceed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'ſt,
Thinke not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Eſſex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and prowd,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I ſhall kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of Lancaſter, reſigne thy Crowne:
What matter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with vſurping blood.
He ſtampes with his foot, and the Souldiours ſhew themſelues.
Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'ſt.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enioy the Kingdome after my deceaſe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himſelfe?
Weſtm. Baſe, fearefull, and deſpayring *Henry*.
Clifford. How haſt thou iniur'd both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſtm. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Couſin, let vs tell the Queene theſe Newes.
Weſtm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Clif. In dreadfull Warre may'ſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter*.
Warw. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally ſhall diſ-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Ciuill Warre: and whil'ſt I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treason, nor Hostilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long liue King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.
Sonn. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.
Mont. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away.
Henry. Exeter so will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Queene, and I will stay.
Queene. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid!
And never seene thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:
If you be King, why should not I succeede?
Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Qu. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the House of *Yorke* such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Calice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should haue toss'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vtter ruine of the House of *Yorke*.
Thus do I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, we'll after them.
Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her-breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, wing'd with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an empty Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee leaue.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.
Yorke. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:
By giuing the House of *Lancaster* leaue to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.
Yorke. I shall be, if I claime by open Warre.
Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.
Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the lukewarm blood of *Henries* heart.
Yorke. Richard enough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise.

Thou

Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Witty, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such poste?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Montague* shall poste to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Policie strengthen themselues,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vncles
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

John. Shee shall not needs, wee'le meete her in the field.

York. What, with fiue thousand men?

Richard. I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a needs.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

York. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vncle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pens-iue Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes.
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lines and theirs
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one alriue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore—

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; (sweet *Clifford* pitty me.

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pitty me,
Least in reuenge thereof, (sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore dye.

Rutland. Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vncles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues
Like men borne to Renowme, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Sepulcher, or an Earthy Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan
With bootleſſe labour ſwimme againſt the Tyde,
And ſpend her ſtrength with ouer-matching Waues.
A ſhort Alarum within.
Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe purſue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my Life muſt end

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more rage.
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.
Clifford. I, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſſe Arme
With downe-right payment, ſhew'd vnto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick
Yorke. My aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So deſperate Theeues, all hopeleſſe of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canſt, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thruſt his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clifford. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcocke with the Gynne,
Northumb So doth the Coney ſtruggle in the Net.
York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, ſo o're-matcht.
Northumb What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?
Queene. Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-ſtretched Armes,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your Meſſe of Sonnes, to back you now
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſtie *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I ſtayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the Boſome of the Boy
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall
Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*
What, hath thy fierie heart ſo parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whileſt I doe ſet it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King.
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoone, and broke his ſolemne Oath?
As I bethinke me you ſhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with Death
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, againſt your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whileſt we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers ſake.
Queene Nay ſtay, let's heare the Orizons he makes
Yorke. She-Wolfe of France,
But worſe then Wolues of France.
Whoſe Tongue more poyſons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vſe of euill deedes.
I would aſſay, prowd Queene, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriu'd,
Were ſhame enough, to ſhame thee,
Were thou not ſhameleſſe.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ieruſalem,
Yet not ſo wealthie as an Engliſh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horſe to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them ſeeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'ſt thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a Womans face?
Women are ſoft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou ſtearne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorſeleſſe.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee fell *Clifford*, and thee falſe French-woman.
Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions moues me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.
Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Canibalis would not haue toucht,
Would not haue ſtayn'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſſe Queene, a hapleſſe Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'ſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heauie ſtorie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yes, euen my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.
Northumb. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I ſhould not for my Life but weepe with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.
Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.
Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.
Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeeke out thee.
Queene. Off with his Head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.
Flourith. *Exit.*

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we ſhould haue heard the newes;
Had he beene ſlaine, we ſhould haue heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, me thinkes we ſhould haue heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be reſolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompaſs'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I ſee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not ſeperated with the racking Clouds,
But ſeuer'd in a pale cleare-ſhining Skye.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures ſome event.
Edward. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should not withſtanding ioyne our Lights together:
And ouer-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Target three faire ſhining Sunnes.
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I ſpeake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?
Meſſ. Ah, one that was a woefull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.
Edward. Oh ſpeake no more, for I haue heard too much.
Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
Meſſ. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to oddes:
And many ſtrokes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardeſt-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpighe,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmeleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlaine:
And after many ſcornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remaine,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that eu'r I view'd.
Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, we haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford* thou haſt ſlaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Chiualrie,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquiſht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe breake from hence, that this my body
Might

Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For never henceforth shall I ioy againe:
Never, oh never shall I see more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarse serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with flames, that teares would quench.
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for me.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquesse Montacute, and their Army.

Warwick, How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, drown'd these newes in teares
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Posts could runne,
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Mustred my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
March'd toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more than common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threshes with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *George* from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Duchesse of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praises in Parlsite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Montague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among'st the louing Welshmen can'st procure,
Will but amount to fiue and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak:
Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the houre)
Must *Edward* fall, which peril heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Borrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Montague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewne it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a paiſſant Hoaſt,
And craues your company,for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts, braue Warriors,let's away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King,the Queene, Clifford, Northum-berland,Yong Prince, with Drummes and Trumpetters.

Qu. Welcome my Lord.to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That ſought to be incompaſt with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect cheere your heart,my Lord.

K. I,as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To ſee this ſight,it irkes my very ſoule:
With hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty muſt be layd aſide:
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beaſt, that would vſurpe their Den.
Whoſe hand is that the Forreſt Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoyles her yong before her face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt Worme will turne, being trodden on,
And Doues will pecke in ſafegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Did'ſt yeeld conſent to diſinherit him:
Which argued thee a moſt vnlouing Father.
Vnreaſonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe wings,
Which ſometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their neſt,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame,my Liege, make them your Preſident:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should looſe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter ſay vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
My careleſſe Father fondly gaue away.
Ah, what a ſhame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſſefull Fortune ſteele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne,and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me, did'ſt thou neuer heare,
That things ill got,had euer bad ſucceſſe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whoſe Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate,
As brings a thouſand fold more care to keepe,
Then in poſſeſſion any iot of pleaſure.
Ah Coſin Yorke, would thy beſt Friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that my head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your ſpirits,our foes are nye,
And this ſoft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promiſt Knighthood to our forward ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword,and dub him preſently.
Edward,kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this Leſſon, Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father,by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a Band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many fyre to him,
Darraigne your battell,for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Qu. I good my Lord,and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too,therefore Ile ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father,cheere theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Vnſheath your Sword,good Father: Cry S.George.

March. Enter Edward,Warwicke,Richard,Clarence, Norfolke,Montague,and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periſh'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And ſet thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne,and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King,and he ſhould bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his conſent.

Cla. Since when,his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue cous'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me,and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reaſon too,
Who ſhould ſucceede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O,I cannot ſpeake.

Clif. I Crooke-back,here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he,the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland,was it not?

Clif. I,and old Yorke,and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

War. What ſay'ſt thou *Henry*,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you ſpeake
Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at *S. Albans* laſt,
Your leggers did better ſeruice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before,and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor *Clifford* droue me thence.

Nor. No,nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland,I hold thee reuerently,
Breake off the parley,for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big-ſwolne heart
Vpon that *Clifford*,that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy Father,call'ſt thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didd'st kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed:

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me speake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.

Ed. Say *Henry*, shall I haue my right, or no?
A thousand men haue broke their Fasts to day,
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no wrong, but euery thing is right.

War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Dame,
But like a foule misshapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,
As venomous Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Shame'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.

Ed. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shameless Callet know her selfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnon* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That wash't his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had slept our Claime, vntill another Age.

Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,
We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selues,
Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,
We'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victorie, or else a Graue.

Qu. Stay *Edward*.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.

War. How now my Lord, what hope? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our bloods
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:
Once more sweet Lords farewell.

Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:
And call them Pillers that will stand to vs:
And if we thriue, promise them such rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I haue ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou incloſed with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that ſlew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands, that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelfe-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poiſe of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I ſit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely Swaine,
To ſit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full complete,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finiſh vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, muſt I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, muſt I take my Reſt:
So many Houres, muſt I Contemplate:
So many Houres, muſt I Sport my ſelfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I ſhall ſheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paſt ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How ſweet? how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly Sheepe,
Than doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleepe, vnder a freſh trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſon waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting ſuch Euents.
From London, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmleſſe Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly hath reſiſted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: ſee, ſee, what ſhowres ariſe,
Blowne with the windie Tempeſt of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What Stratagems, how fell? how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too ſoone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ſtriuing Houſes:
The one, his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand liues muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Sonne,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-thinke

Mif-thinke the King, and not be ſatisfied?

Son. Was euer ſonne, ſo rew'd a Fathers death?

Fath. Was euer Father ſo bemoan'd his Sonne?

Hen. Was euer King ſo griev'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your ſorrow; Mine, ten times ſo much.

Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

Fath. Theſe armes of mine ſhall be thy winding ſheet:
My heart (ſweet Boy) ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're ſhall go.
My ſighing breſt, ſhall be thy Funerall bell:
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loſſe of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I ſhould not kill. *Exit*

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much overgone with Care;
Heere ſits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queene, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, fly: for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwicke rages like a chaſed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in purſuite.

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke poſt amaine:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fearfull flying Hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteele graſpt in their yreſull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to ſtay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A lond alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which while it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
O Lancaſter! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſproud Yorke:
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phœbus! had'ſt thou never giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre never had ſcorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'ſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the houſe of Yorke,
They never then had ſprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſſe Realme,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'ſt kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherriſh Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Boothleſſe are Plaines, and Carelеſſe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercileſſe, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue deſerv'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of blood, doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtab'd your Fathers boſomes, Split my breſt.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pauſe,
And ſmooth the frowns of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes purſue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guſt
Command an Argoſie to ſtemme the Waues.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
(For though before his face I ſpeake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue.
And whereſoere he is, hee's ſurely dead. *Clifford groanes*

Rich. Whoſe ſoule is that which takes his heauy leaue?
A deadly groane, like life and death departing.
See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vſed.

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down the head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In ſtead whereof, let this ſupply the roome,
Meaſure for meaſure, muſt be anſwered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmall threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more ſhall ſpeake.

War. I thinke he vnderſtanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees, nor heares vs, what we ſay.

Rich. O would he did, and ſo (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Becauſe he would auoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aſke mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. Clifford, repent in boothleſſe penitence.

War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy faults.

Cla. While we deuiſe fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didd'ſt loue Yorke, and I am foe to Yorke.

Edw. Thou pittied'ſt Rutland, I will pitty thee.

Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,
Sweare as thou was't wont.

Rich. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all deſpight) might rayle at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off: & with the iſſuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whoſe vnſtanched thirſt
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not ſatisfie.

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers ſtands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And never will I vndertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Glofter,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:
Richard, be Duke of Glofter: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt*

Enter Sinkle, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands.

(our selues:

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile stay aboue the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and aymne we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suters preasse to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with moouing words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his breast,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left side, crauing wyde for *Henrie*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more.
Whiles Warwicke tells his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queenes?

King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.

King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that seldome Kings enioy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

King But did you never sweare, and breake an Oath.

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine moneths old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you were king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, commaund, and Ile obey.

Sinkle. We are true Subiects to the king,
King *Edward*.

King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were seated as king *Edward* is.

Sinkle. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Edward, Glofter, Clarence, Lady Grey.

King. Brother of Glofter, at S. Albons field

This

Thus Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to grant her suit
It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.

Rich. Yea, is it so:
I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to resolue me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell me.

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pitifull, dread Lord, and grant it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue you Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Wid So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

King. What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Taske?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thankes.

Rich. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Curtie.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.
What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

Wid. My minde will never graunt what I perceiue
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.

King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,
For by that losse, I will not purchase them.

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you dismisse me, either with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christendome.

King. Her Lookes doth argue her replete with Modestie,
Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
One way, or other, shee is for a King,
And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriver, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat we two haue had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very sad.

King. You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, iſeaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate
King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords vſe her honourable.
Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vſe Women honourably:
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraignetie,
Like one that ſtands vpon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a farre-off ſhore, where hee would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying he'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I wiſh the Crowne, being ſo farre off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) Ile cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleaſure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miſerable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſtrinke reuine Arme vp like a withered Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To ſhape my Legges of an vnequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-ſhap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues ſtand betweene me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe, to catch the Engliſh Crowne;
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
Ile ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceiue more ſlyly then *Vliſſes* could,
And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can add Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Machiuell* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Sollor Bona. his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſayle, and learne a while to ſerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my ſelfe.
Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſpringes this deepe deſpaire?
Marg. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Ouer all miſchance.
Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thoſe gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leaue to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Vſurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selues in beauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more we stay, the stronger growes our Foe.
Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest Friend.
Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France? *Her descends. She ariseth.*
Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heauens are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
Warw. Iniurious *Margaret*.
Edw. And why not Queene?
Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.
Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:
Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speak against thy Liege
Whom thou obey'dst thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?
Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of *Lancaster*.
Warw. And I the House of *Yorke*.
Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I vse further conference with *Warwicke*.
They stand aloofe.
Marg. Heauens graunt, that *Warwickes* wordes be witch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy conscience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit; and mine Honor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.
Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Vnto our Sister *Bona*.
War. Such it seemes,
As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an eternall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to Wa*
When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.
Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.
Pr. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lewis. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde, which late I promised.
Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. *Henry* now liues in Scotland, at his ease;

When

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and ſhameleſſe Warwicke,
Proud ſetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſlye conueyance, and thy Lords falſe loue,
Poſt blowing a horne Within.
For both of you are Birds of ſelfe-ſame Feather.
Lewis. Warwicke, this is ſome poſte to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poſte.
Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick.*
Sent from your Brother Marqueſſe *Montague.*
Theſe from our King, vnto your Maieſty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, theſe for you: *To Margaret.*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were nettled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd Ioyes.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey?*
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he ſeekes with France?
Dare he preſume to ſcorne vs in this manner?
Mar. I told your Maieſty as much before:
This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and Warwickes honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
But moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the Houſe of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let paſſe th'abuſe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelfe, for my Deſert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor loſt for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges paſſe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. Warwicke,
Theſe words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
And ioy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few Bands of choſen Soldiours,
Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him.
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, then Honor,
Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this diſtreſſed Queene?
Mar. Redowned Prince, how ſhall Poore *Henry* liue,
Vnleſſe thou reſcue him from foule diſpaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh Queene, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets.*
Therefore, at laſt, I firmely am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue ayde.
Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meſſenger, returne in Poſte,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is ſending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'l proue a widower ſhortly
I weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong.
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Poſt.*
Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thouſand men
Shall croſſe the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* battaile:
And as occaſion ſerues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt.
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, ſhe is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That onely Warwickes daughter ſhall be thine.
Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.
He giues his hand to Warw.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſoldiers ſhalbe leeued,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turne his Ieſt to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet, and Montague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Grey?*
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Cla. Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France.
How

How could he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?

Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: heere comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensive, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwicke*, and must haue my will.

Rich. And shall haue your will, because our King:
Yet hasty Marriage seldome proueth well.

King. Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pitie, to sunder them,
That yoake so well together.

King. Setting your scornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too *Somerset*, and *Montague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* become your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By such inuention as I can deuise?

Mont. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,
Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knowes not *Montague*, that of it selfe,
England is safe, if true within it selfe?

Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our selues:
In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
She better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But to your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonuill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In choosing for your selfe,
You shew'd your iudgement:
Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.

King. Leaue me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie
To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poste.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, vtt'red with mild disdaine
Tell him, in hope he'le prooue a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, ere't be long.

King. Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and fit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwicke* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your ſelfe.
You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.
Exit Clarence and Somerſet followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I ſtay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwicke*?
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen:
And haſte is needfull in this deſp'rate caſe.
Pembrooke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:
My ſelfe in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.
But ere I goe, *Haſtings* and *Mountague*
Reſolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the reſt,
Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be ſo, then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me aſſurance with ſome friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in ſuſpect.

Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as he proues true.

Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he fauours *Edwards* cauſe.

King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by vs?

Rich. I, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.

King. Why ſo: then am I ſure of Victorie.
Now therefore let vs hence, and loſe no howre,
Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Souldiors.

Warw. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerſet.
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake ſuddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*.
And welcome *Somerſet*: I hold it cowardize,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in ſigne of Loue;
Elſe might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my Daughter ſhall be thine.
And now, what reſts? but in Nights Coeſtrure,
Thy Brother being carelеſſely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple Guard,
Wee may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie:
That as *Vlyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*,
With ſleight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And ſeize himſelfe: I ſay not, ſlaughter him,
For I intend but onely to ſurprize him,
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Maſters, each man take his ſtan
The King by this, is ſet him downe to ſleepe.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemne Vo
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Reſt,
Till *Warwicke*, or himſelfe, be quite ſuppreſt.

2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be ſo neere as men report.

3. *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here reſteth in his Tent?

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Haſtings*, the Kings chiefeſt friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himſelfe keepes in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.

3. *Watch.* I, but giue me worſhip, and quietneſſe,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Vnleſſe our Halberds did ſhut vp his paſſage.

2. *Watch.* Ile wherefore elſe guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Perſon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, and French Souldiers, ſilent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and ſee where ſtand his Guards:
Courage my Maſters: Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dyeſt.
Warwicke and the reſt cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and ſet vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Armes, Armes. Warwicke and the reſt following them.

The Drummer playing, and Trumpet ſounding.
Enter Warwicke, Somerſet, and the reſt, bringing the King out in his Gowne, ſitting in a Chaire: Richard and Haſtings flyes ouer the Stage.

Sent. What are they that flye there?

Warw. *Richard* and *Haſtings*: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,
Thou call'dſt me King.

Warw. I, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my Embaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how ſhould you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vſe your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yea,

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs muſt downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always beare himſelfe as King:
Though Fortunes malice overthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compaſſe of her Wheele.

Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* England's King.

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the ſhadow.
My Lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Biſhop of Yorke:
When I have fought with *Pembroke*, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what anſwer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* ſend to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide:
It boots not to reſiſt both winde and tide. *Exeunt*

Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?

War. I, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regall Throne. *exeu.*

Enter Rivers, and Lady Grey.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſodein change?

Grey. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne
What late miſfortune is befalne King *Edward*?

Riv. What loſſe of ſome pitcht battell
Againſt *Warwicke*?

Grey. No, but the loſſe of his owne Royall perſon.

Riv. Then is my Soveraigne ſlaine?

Grey. I almoſt ſlaine, for he is taken priſoner,
Either betrayd by falſhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe ſurpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further have to vnderſtand,
Is now committed to the Biſhop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. Theſe Newes I muſt confeſſe are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may.
Warwicke may loſe that now hath wonne the day.

Grey. Till then, faire hope muſt hinder lifes decay:
And I the rather wiſhe me from deſpaire
For love of *Edwards* Off-ſpring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And beare with Mildneſſe my miſfortunes croſſe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighes,
Leaſt with my ſighes or teares, I blaſt or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'Engliſh Crowne.

Riv. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?

Grey. I am informd that he comes towards London
To ſet the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Gueſſe thou the reſt. King *Edwards* Friends muſt downe:
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To ſave (at leaſt) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are ſure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefeſt Thicket of the Parke.
Thus ſtand the caſe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is priſoner to the Biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good vſage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to diſport himſelfe.
I have adverti'd him by ſecret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vſuall game,
He ſhall heere finde his Friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captiviti'e.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntſman with him.

Huntſman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now Brother of Glouſter, Lord Haſtings, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteale the Biſhops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and caſe, requireth haſt,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether ſhall we then?

Haſt. To Lyn my Lord,
And ſhipt from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Well gueſt believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſſe.

Rich. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talke.

K. Ed. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Hunſ. Better do ſo, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.

K. Ed. Biſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwicke's* frowne,
And pray that I may re-poſſeſſe the Crowne. *exeunt*

Flourish. Enter King Henry the ſixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerſet, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the Regall ſeate,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to libertie,
My feare to hope, my ſorrowes vnto joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sov'raine:
But, if an humble prayer may prevaile,
I then crave pardon of your Maieſtie.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, Ile well requite thy kindneſſe.
For that it made my impriſonment, a pleaſure:
I, ſuch a pleaſure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmonie,
They quite forget their loſſe of Libertie.

But *Warwicke*, after God, thou set'st me free.
And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punish with my thwarting stirres.
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warw. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous.
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Laurell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.
Warw. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King. Warwick and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Gouernment:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.
Warw. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Clar. That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent.
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.
Warw Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'le yoake together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined
Warw. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.
King But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.
King My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?
Somerset. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond
King. Come hither, Englands Hope:
Layes his Hand on his Head.
If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This pretie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peaceful Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne.
Make much of him, my Lords, for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poste.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Poste. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie
Warw. Vnlooked for newes. but how made he escape?
Poste. He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Glocster,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him.
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.
Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any sore, that may betide *Exeunt*

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*.
For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres before t be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart misgiue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.
Oxf I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.
Som It shall be so. he shall to Brittanie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.

Edw Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Ranenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs.
By fayre or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.
Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues,
For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry*.
Edw. But, Maister Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.
Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich But

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Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nofe,
Hee'le foone finde meanes to make the Body follow.
Hast. Why, Master Maior, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Maior. I, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
He deſcends.
Rich. A wiſe ſtout Captaine, and ſoone perſwaded.
Haſt. The good old man would faine that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we ſhall ſoone perſwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reaſon.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Maſter Maior, theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all thoſe friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomery, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomery*,
Our truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiu'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in
Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of ſtorme,
As every loyall Subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomery*
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely claime our Dukedome,
Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to ſerue a King, and not a Duke:
Drumme ſtrike vp, and let vs march away.
The Drumme begins to march.
Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and wee'le debate
By what ſafe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice
points?
Edw. When wee grow ſtronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wiſdome to conceale our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Armes muſt
rule.
Rich. And ſeare leſſe minds clyme ſooneſt vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but vſurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I, now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Haſt. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.
Flourish. Sound.
Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.
Mount. And whoſoe're gainſayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgomery*,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune ſerue me, Ile requite this kindneſſe.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sonne ſhall raiſe his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it befeemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meete both thee and *Warwicke*.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay.
Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerſet.

War What counſaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With haſtie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
King Let's leaue men, and beat him backe againe.
Clar A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickſhire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Thoſe will I muſter vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt ſtirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ſt.
And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland, girt in with the Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector* and my Troyes true hope
Clar. In ſigne of truth, I kiſſe your Highneſſe Hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
Oxf. And thus I ſeale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, ſweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.
Exeunt.
King. Here at the Pallace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordſhip?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine
Exet. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame
I haue not ſtopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuites with ſlow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildneſſe hath allay'd their ſwelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great Subſidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd,
Then why ſhould they loue *Edward* more then mee?
No *Exeter*, theſe Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never ceafe to follow him.
Shout within, A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.
Rich. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?

Enter Edward and his Soulders.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount that makes ſmall Brookes to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeake.
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our courſe,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne ſhines hot, and if we vſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away before, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Coventry.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Coventry, two Meſſengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſſ. 1. By this at Dunſmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother *Montague*?
Where is the Poſt that came from *Montague*?
Meſſ. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puiſſant troope.

Enter Sommerville.

War. Say *Sommerville*, what ſayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somm. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here ſome two howres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Somm. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.
War. Who ſhould that be? belike vnlook'd for friends
Somm. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Soulders.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh vnbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the King,
Or did he make the leaſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
Ile doe thee ſeruice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.
Edw. But *Warwicke's* King is *Edwards* Priſoner.
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteale the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Biſhops Palace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis euen ſo, yet you are *Warwicke* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cooles.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare ſo low a ſayle, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canſt,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, faſt wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh cheerefull Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Edw. So other foes may ſet vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of ſmall defence,
Wee'le quickly rowſe the Traitors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. *Montague, Montague*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Euen with the deareſt blood your bodies beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde preſageth happy gaine, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. *Somerſet, Somerſet*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerſet,
Haue ſold their Liues vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence ſweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother battaile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the ſtones together,
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Why, troweſt thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, vnnaturall,
To bend the fatall inſtruments of Warre

Againſt

Againſt his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then Iephah, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my ſelfe thy mortall foe:
With reſolution, wherſoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule miſ-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my bluſhing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconſtant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou never hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

Warw. Oh paſſing Traytor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*

March. Warwicke and his company follower.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Montague* ſit faſt, I ſeeke for thee,
That *Warwicke's* Bones may keepe thine companie. *Exit.*

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aſke I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſicke heart ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gaue ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were like'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loſſe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puiſſant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'ſt thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Montague*,
If thou be there, ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'ſt me not: for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy teares would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me ſpeake.
Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the laſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vaule,
That mought not be diſtinguiſht: but at laſt
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane.
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.

Warw. Sweet reſt his Soule:
Flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eaſefull Weſterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coaſt,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will ſoone diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thoſe Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe haue time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their courſe toward Tewkeſbury.
We hauing now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'r ſit and waile their loſſe,
But cheerely ſeeke how to redreſſe their harmes.
What though the Maſt be now blowne ouer-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And halfe our Saylors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtrie and Courage might haue ſau'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Montague* our Top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,
But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues, as ſpeake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke
Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,
Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeaks I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we need his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'ſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,
To haſte thus faſt, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gaine-ſay: for euery word I ſpeake,
Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State vſurp'd,
His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subiects ſlaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.
You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue ſignall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight.
For *Somerſet*, off with his guiltie Head
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt

Qu. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and lo where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him ſpeake.
What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes, for ſtirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt haue me anſwer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene ſo reſolu'd

Rich. That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue ſtolne the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Prince. Let *Aeſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vnduteifull:
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. ſtabs him.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar. ſtabs him

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich Marry, and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich Why

Rich. Why ſhould ſhee liue, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth ſhee ſwowne? vſe meanes for her recouerie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my Brother: Ile hence to London on a ſerious matter, Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy. Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murtherers! They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foule deed were by, to equall it. He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Childe, And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Childe. What's worſe then Murtherer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeake, And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt. Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Canniballes, How ſweet a Plant haue you vntimely crop't: You haue no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would haue ſtirr'd vp remorſe, But if you euer chance to haue a Childe, Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off As deathſmen you haue rid this ſweet yong Prince.

King Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, diſpatch me heere: Here ſheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death: What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cla. Did'ſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe. 'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity. What wilt *thou* not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*? Hard fauour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou? Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almeſ-deed: Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.

Ed. Away I ſay, I charge ye beare her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit Queene*

Ed Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in poſt, and as I gueſſe, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head. Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, And ſee our gentle Queene how well ſhe fares, By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the ſixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord my Lord I ſhould ſay rather, 'Tis ſinne to flatter. Good was little better: Good Gloſter, and good Deuill, were alike, And both prepoſterous therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our ſelues, we muſt conferre.

Hen. So flies the reckleſſe ſhepherd from ſ Wolfe: So firſt the harmleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece, And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife. What Scene of death hath *Roſcius* now to Act?

Rich. Suſpition alwayes haunts the guilty minde, The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer.

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buſh, With trembling wings miſdoubteth euery buſh; And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird, Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye, Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuiſh Foole was that of Creet, That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle, And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*, Thy Father *Minos*, that dem'd our courſe, The Sunne that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy. Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea Whoſe enuious Gulfe did ſwallow vp his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point, Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory. But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art, If murthering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when firſt ſ didſt preſume. Thou hadſt not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine: And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand, Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare, And many an old mans ſighe, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands, Orphans, for their Parents timeles death, Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne. The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an euill ſigne, The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time, Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees: The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers pome, And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigeſted and deformed lumpe, Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree. Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't borne, To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world: And if the reſt be true, which I haue heard, Thou cam'ſt——

Rich. Ile heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech, *Stabbes him.*

For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this. O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted. See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death. O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed From thoſe that wiſh the downfall of our houſe. If any ſparke of Life be yet remaining, Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither. *Stabs him againe.*

I that haue neyther pitty, loue, nor feare. Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of: For I haue often heard my Mother ſay, I came into the world with my Legges forward. Had I not reaſon (thinke ye) to make haſt, And ſeeke their Ruine, that vſurp'd our Right? The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth.

And

And ſo I was, which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dogge.
Then ſince the Heauens haue ſhap'd my Body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to anſwer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'ſt me from the Light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad ſuch Prophecies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reſt,
Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit*

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Haſtings, Norfolke, and Attendants.

King. Once more we ſit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two braue men.
Ne're ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus haue we ſwept Suſpition from our Seate,
And made our Footſtoole of Security.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my Boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles, and my ſelfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers ſcalding heate,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſſe the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
Rich. Ile blaſt his Harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that ſhalt execute.
King. Clarence and *Glaſter*, loue my louely Queene,
And kinſmen, your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this ſweet Babe.
Clo. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree frõ whence ỹ ſprang'ſt
Witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the Fruite,
To ſay the truth, ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maſter,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.
Clar. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ieruſalem,
And hither haue they ſent it for her ranſome.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell ſowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our laſting ioy *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

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The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster solus.

NOw is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophesie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower.

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophesies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodeuille her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liuery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treason man; We say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pleasing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.
Rich. Naught to do with Mistris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?
Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to enfranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience.
Cla. I must perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Rich Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.
Rich. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physitians feare him mightily.
Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Hastings.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bustle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Corse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O curs'ed be the hand that made these holes:
Curs'ed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curs'ed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Glocster

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down.
An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen

Con. My Lord ſtand backe, and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ſt thou when I commaund:
Aduance thy Halbert higher than my breſt,
Or by S. Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canſt not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Diuell.
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Blaſh, blaſh, thou lumpe of foule Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge moſt vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (diſſus'd infection of man)
Of theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe current,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch deſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine:
But dead they are, and diuelliſh ſlaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throate thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Fauchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once did'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her ſlaund'rous tongue,
That ided their guilt, vpon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt graunt me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenet*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nailes ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure ſ beauties wreck,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell juſt and reaſonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft thee Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He lies, that loues thee better than he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet*.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares;

For

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord
and Lord Grey.

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If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Grey. No other harme, but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.
Grey. The Heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the truſt of *Richard Gloſter*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Riu. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maieſty ioyfull, as you haue bin
Qu. The Counteſſe *Richmond*, good my Lord *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will ſcarſely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beſeech you, either not beleeue
The enuious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
Der But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from viſiting his Maieſty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam, he deſires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Gloucſter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his Royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue, and coggе,
Ducke with French nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Iackes?
Grey. To who in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt not Honeſty, not Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarſe a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloucſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall diſpoſition,
(And not prouok'd by any Suitor elſe)
Aiming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action ſhewes it ſelfe
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloſter
God grant we neuer may haue need of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment
Riu. She may my Lord, for——
Rich. She may Lord *Riuers*. why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honors on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not, ſhe may. I marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Rich. What marrie may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of Gloucſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieſtie
Of thoſe groſſe taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie ſeruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honor, ſtate, and ſeate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be ſent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to ſpeake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kild'ſt my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkeſburie.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood. I ſpent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, slaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Q.M. A murtherous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Ieſu pardon.)

Q.M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q.M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riu. My Lord of Gloſter: in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King.
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.

Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler.
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhee, and altogether ioyleſſe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In ſharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (ſight?

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my

Q.M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Were thou not baniſhed, on paine of death?

Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in baniſhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you vſurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didſt Crown his Warlike Browes with Paper
And with thy ſcornes drew'ſt Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'ſt the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleſſe blood of pretie *Rutland*:
His Curſes then, from bitterneſſe of Soule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iuſt is God, to right the innocent.

Haſt. O, 'twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe, that ere was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.

Dorſ No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Q.M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curſe preuaile ſo much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſſe, my woefull Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeriſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curſes.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long may'ſt thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Sonne
Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by ſome vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, thou hateful wither'd Hagge.

Q.M. And leaue out thee? ſtay Dog, for thou ſhalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conſcience ſtill begnaw thy Soule.
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liu'ſt,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareſt Friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be while ſome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou elui'ſh mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Natiuitie
The ſlaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteſted—

Rich. *Margaret.*

Q.M. *Richard.* *Rich* Ha.

Q.M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.

Q.M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.

Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly Web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Haſt. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Riu. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q.M. To ſeruе me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ſeruе me well, and teach your ſelues that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhee is lunaticke.

Q.M. Peace Maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert.
Your fire-new ſtampe of Honor is ſcarce current.

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O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Rich. Good counſaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne ſo high:
Our aerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſſe my Sonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneſſe folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our aeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: if not, for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor ſhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buc. Haue done, haue done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the eyre.
Mar. I will not thinke but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me
For my gentle counſell?
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetеſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.
Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſomebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is franck'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof.
Riu. A vertuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.
Speakes to himſelfe.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelfe

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maieſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. Caterby I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Glouſter.
Rich. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawle.
The ſecret Miſcheefes that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue caſt in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ſtolne forth of holy Writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.

But ſoft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Rich. Well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But firſt be ſodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be aſſur'd:
We go to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day.
Cla. O, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes:
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſſe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouſter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand heauy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board,
Into the trembling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea.
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Kee. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I striue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandring ayre:
But smot ther'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Kee. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Cla. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torments.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Kee. No marueil Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites mee.
O God! if my deepe prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Kee. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and repoving houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noone-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's here?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how cam'st thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What so braefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and signifie so him,
That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may Sir, 'tis a point of wisedome:
Fare you well.

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1 No: but'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then he'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.

1 What? art thou afraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

2 Some certaine dreggs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conscience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glouesters purse.

1 When he opens his purse to giue vs our Reward, thy Conscience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it go
There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee again?

2 Ile not meddle with it.
It makes a man coward: A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosome: It fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found. It beggers any man that keepes it: It turnes out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to trust to himselfe, and liue without it.

1 'Tis

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not: He would insconce with thee but to make thee figh.

1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Costard, with the hilts of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Not you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to——

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me? What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death, Before I be conuict by course of Law? To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon commaund.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans? Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle vpon the heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For false forswearing, and for murther too: Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God, Did'st break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip'dst the bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend.

1 How can'st thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, When thou hast broke it in such dearе degree?

Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede? For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake. He sends you not to murther me for this: For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I. If God will be auenged for the deed, O know you yet, he doth it publiquely, Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course, To cut off those that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister, When gallant springing braue *Plantagenet*, That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will send you to my Brother Gloucster: Who shall reward you better for my life, Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Gloucster hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare: Go you to him from me.

1 I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendship: Bid Gloucster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt: Come, you deceiue your selfe, 'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs, That he would labour my delivery.

1 Why so he doth, when he delivers you From this earths thraldome, to the Ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your soules, To counsaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O firs consider, they that set you on To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Cla. Relent, and saue your soules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now, If two such murtherers as your selues came to you, Would not intreat for life, as you would begge Were you in my distresse.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelliſh: My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes: O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer, Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee, A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.* Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht: How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands Of this most grieuous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you haue beene.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had ſau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*

1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scoen Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King ſicke, the Queene, Lord Marqueſſe Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why ſo: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, every day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.

Riu. By heauen, my ſoule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts Loue.

Haſt. So thriue I, as I truly ſweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.

Riu. And I, as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.

King. Madam, your ſelfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue beene factious one againſt the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

Qu. There *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I, and mine.

King. Dorſet, imbrace him:
Haſtings, loue Lord Marqueſſe.

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere proteſt
Vpon my part, ſhall be inuiolable.

Haſt. And ſo ſweare I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*

King. A pleaſing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my ſickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloſter heere,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queene,
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed Peeres.

Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmize
Hold me a Foe. If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue,
Firſt Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my Noble Coſin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſſe
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be ſo flouted in this Royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his Coarſe. *all ſtart.*

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerſed.

Rich. But he (poore man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſſe Noble, and leſſe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suſpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my ſeruice done.

King. I prethee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.

Der. I will not riſe, vnleſſe your Highneſſe heare me.

King Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt?

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my ſeruant here,
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.

Who

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be adeis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brother-hood? who ſpoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me?
And ſaid deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both *lay* in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully plucke, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vnmuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy Iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſſet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Marke you not,
How that the guiltie Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did hearе of *Clarence* death.
O they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Duch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe ſo oft? And beate your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and ſhake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?
Duc. My pretty Coſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to waile one that's loſt.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vncle is to blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Duc. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable, and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who cauſ'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can for my good Vncle Gloſter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when my Vncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kiſt my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deerely as a childe.
Duc. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble Grandam?
Duc. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe, become an enemie.
Duc. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why withers not the leaues that want their ſap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Duc. Ah ſo much intereſt haue in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeues me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you weep not for our Fathers death:
How can we aide you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the watery Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
Duc. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and he's gone?
Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Duc. What ſtayes had I, but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was neuer widdow had ſo deere a loſſe.
Chil. Were neuer Orphans had ſo deere a loſſe.
Duc. Was neuer Mother had ſo deere a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:

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Rich. Soone lo,and pleaſe your Worſhip *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no Treaſon men; We ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire,and not iealious.
We ſay, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pleaſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How ſay you ſir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (*my* Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Miſtris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband knaue, would'ſt thou betray me?

Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*,and will obey.

Rich. We are the Queenes abiects,and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow,Siſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time, this deepe diſgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well,your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or elſe lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience.

Cla. I muſt perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar.*

Rich Go treade the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?

Haſt. With patience(Noble Lord)as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.

Rich. No doubt,no doubt,and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies,are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him,as you.

Haſt. More pitty,that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad,as this at home:
The King is ſickly,weake,and melancholly,
And his Phyſitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn,that Newes is bad indeed
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much conſum'd his Royall Perſon:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Haſt. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Haſtings.

He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſtle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes youngeſt daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband,and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband,and her Father:
The which will I,not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henrie the ſixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe,ſet downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Aſhes of the Houſe of Lancaſter;
Thou bloodleſſe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Gheſt,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the ſelfeſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe,in theſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe Balme of my poore eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes:
Curſed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wiſh to Wolues,to Spiders,Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall Aſpect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappineſſe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Then I am made by *my* young Lord,and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this waight,
Reſt you,whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarſe, & ſet it down.

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines ſet downe the Coarſe,or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

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Con. My Lord ſtand backe, and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ſt thou when I commaund:
Aduance thy Halbert higher than my breſt,
Or by S. Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canſt not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Diuell.
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Blaſh, blaſh, thou lumpe of foule Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge moſt vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (diſſus'd infection of man)
Of theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe current,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch diſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by diſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine:
But dead they are, and diuelliſh ſlaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy ſoule thoſe thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her ſlaund'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt graunt me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenet*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nailes ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure ſ beauties wreck,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft thee Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet*.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thoſe eyes (ſweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once!
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares;

For

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.
She looketh scornefully at him.
Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true breft,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.
He layes his breft open, she offers at with his sword.
Nay do not pause: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.
She falls the Sword.
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are false.
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That shalt thou know heereafter.
Rich. But shall I liue in hope.
An. All men I hope liue so.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
Euen so thy Breft incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and *Berkley*, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farewell.
An. 'Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue saide farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?
Rich. Not to White Friars, there attend my comming.
Exit Guard.
Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That crept the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a woefull Bed?
On me, whose All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do mistake my person all this while:
Vpon my life she finders (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a marv'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Grave,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe. *exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me? *Grey.*

If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Grey. No other harme, but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.
Grey. The Heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the truſt of *Richard Gloſter*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Riu. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here comes the Lord of Beckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maieſty ioyfull, as you haue bin
Qu. The Counteſſe *Richmond*, good my Lo: *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will ſcarſely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beſeech you, either not beleeue
The enuious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from viſiting his Maieſty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam, he deſires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glouſter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his Royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue, and coggе,
Ducke with French nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Iackes?
Grey. To who in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt not Honeſty, not Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarſe a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glouſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall diſpoſition,
(And not prouok'd by any Suitor elſe)
Aiming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action ſhewes it ſelfe
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not peerch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloſter
God grant we neuer may haue needе of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull heighth,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment
Riu. She may my Lord, for——
Rich. She may Lord *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honors on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not, ſhe may. I marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Rich. What marrie may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of Glouſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieſtie
Of thoſe groſſe taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie ſeruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leſſed be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honor, ſtate, and ſeate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be ſent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to ſpeake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkeſburie.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood. I ſpent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the *Houſe of Lancaſter*;
And *Rivers*, ſo were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons* ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murtherous Villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for ſhame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Riu. My Lord of Gloſter: in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.

Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler.
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhee, and altogether ioyleſſe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In ſharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (ſight?

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my

Q. M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Were thou not baniſhed, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was: but I doe find more paine in baniſhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you vſurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou diddſt Crowne his Warlike Browes with Paper
And with thy ſcornes drew'ſt Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'ſt the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleſſe blood of prettie *Rutland*:
His Curſes then, from bitterneſſe of Soule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iuſt is God, to right the innocent.

Haſt. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe, that ere was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.

Dorſ No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Q. M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curſe preuaile ſo much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſſe, my wofull Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeuiſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curſes.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Soonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long may'ſt thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Sonne
Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by ſome vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, thou hateful withered Hagge.

Q. M. And leaue out thee? ſtay Dog, for thou ſhalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conſcience ſtill begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liu'ſt,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareſt Friends.
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be while ſome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of vgly Deuills.
Thou elui'ſh mark'd, abortiue tooting Hogge,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Nativitie
The ſlaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteſted—

Rich. Margaret.

Q. M. Richard. *Rich.* Ha.

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.

Q. M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly Web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Haſt. Falſe boding Woman, end thy franticke Curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Riu. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert.
Your fire-new ſtampe of Honor is ſcarce current.

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O that your young Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Rich. Good counſaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne ſo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſſe my Sonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneſſe folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: If not, for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor ſhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buc. Haue done, haue done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Mar. I will not thinke but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me
For my gentle counſell?
And ſooth the diuell that warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetеſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at liberty.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.
Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrongs:
I was too hot, to do ſomebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof.
Riu. A vertuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.
Speakes to himſelfe.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelfe

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Madam, his Maieſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Glo.
Rich. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawle.
The ſecret Miſcheefes that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue caſt in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ſtolne forth of holy Writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the deuill.

Enter two Murtherers.

But ſoft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Rich. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But firſt be ſodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to praue.
Talkers are no good doeers, be aſſur'd:
We go to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Kee. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day.
Cla. O, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes:
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Kee. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſſe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Gloeſter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand heauy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea.
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I striue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud. What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and repoving houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noone-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* Ho, who's here?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how cam'st thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What so braefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisedome:
Fare you well.

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1 No: but I say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then he'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.

1 What? art thou afraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

2 Some certaine dreggs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conscience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glouesters purse.

1 When he opens his purse to giue vs our Reward, thy Conscience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe [illegible]
entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee [illegible]

2 Ile not meddle with it [illegible]
A man cannot steale, but it [illegible]
Sweare, but it Checkes him [illegible]
Neighbours Wife, but it [illegible]
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies [illegible]
fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found. It beggars any
man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-
ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to
liue well, endeuours to trust to himselfe, and liue with-
out it.

1 'Tis

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Dike.

2 Take the deuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prenaile with me.

2 Speake like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Cottard, with the hilts of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeſey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a ſop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, we'l reaſon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You ſhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to——

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo, And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

2 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuſe me? What lawfull Queſt haue giuen their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death, Before I be convict by courſe of Law? To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou ſhalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans? Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For falſe Periuring, and for murther too: Thou haſt receiued the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God, Didſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip'ſt the bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede? For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake. He ſends you not to murther me for this: For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I. If God will be auenged for the deed, O know you yet, he doth it publiquely, Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawleſſe courſe, To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody miniſter, When gallant ſpringing braue *Plantagenet*, That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will ſend you to my Brother Gloucſter: Who ſhall reward you better for my life, Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Gloucſter hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere: Go you to him from me.

1 I ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendſhip: Bid Gloucſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 Miſtones, as he leſſoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt: Come, you deceiue your ſelfe, 'Tis he that ſends vs to deſtroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſworne with ſobs, That he would labour my deliuery.

1 Why ſo he doth, when he deliuers you From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your ſoules, To counſaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What ſhall we do?

Cla. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now, If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelues came to you, Would not intreat for life, as you would begge Were you in my diſtreſſe.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diueliſh: My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitty in thy lookes: O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer, Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for mee, A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.* Ile drowne you in the Malmeſey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht: How faine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands Of this moſt grieuous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you haue beene.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had ſau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scæn Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King ſicke the Queene, Lord Marqueſſe Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Vaudmit.

King. Why ſo: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my ſoule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts Loue.
Haſt. So thriue I, as I truly ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Madam, your ſelfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue beene factious one againſt the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.
Qu. There *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I, and mine.
King. Dorſet, imbrace him:
Haſtings, loue Lord Marqueſſe.
Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere proteſt
Vpon my part, ſhall be inuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeale thy this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*
King. A pleaſing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my ſickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloſter heere,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queene,
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmize
Hold me a Foe. If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue,
Firſt Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my Noble Coſin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodvill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman alliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſſe
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be ſo flowted in this Royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his Coarſe. *all ſtart.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerſed.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſſe Noble, and leſſe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go current from Suſpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my ſeruice done.
King. I prethee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Der. I will not riſe, vnleſſe your Highneſſe hear me.
King Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt.
Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my ſeruant *Hall*,
Who ſtew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.

Who

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be adeas'd?
Who ſpoke of Brother-hood? who ſpoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me:
And ſaid deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully plucke, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vnthrifty too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Marke you not,
How that the guiltie Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did hearе of *Clarences* death.
O! they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King.
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe ſo oft? And beate your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and ſhake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?
Duc. My pretty Coſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to waile one that's loſt.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vncle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Duc. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well.
Incapeable, and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who cauſe'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can for my good Vncle Gloſter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Vncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kiſt my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me dearely as a childe.
Duc. Ah! this Deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble Grandam?
Duc. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her eares, Riuers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe, become an enemie.
Duc. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their ſap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Duc. Ah ſo much intereſt haue in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeues me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you weep not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our father-leſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the watery Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
Duc. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and he's gone?
Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Duc. What ſtayes had I, but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was neuer widdow had ſo deere a loſſe.
Chil. Were neuer Orphans had ſo deare a loſſe.
Duc. Was neuer Mother had ſo deare a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:

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For a *Clarence* weepes, ſo doth not ſhee:
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weepe, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Powre all your teares, I am your ſorrowes Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulneſſe his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingneſſe to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſonne: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Haſtings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Siſter haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meekneſs in thy breſt,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleſſing;
I marueil that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-ſorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue ſpent our Harueſt of this King,
We are to reape the Harueſt of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwolne hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be ſet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riuers Why with ſome little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaſt by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould breake out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horſe beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelfe.
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riu. And ſo in me, and ſo (I thinke) in all.
Yet ſince it is but greene, it ſhould be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſte to London.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To giue your cenſures in this buſineſſe. *Exeunt*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iourneys to the Prince,
For God ſake let not vs two ſtay at home:
For by the way, Ile ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other ſelfe, my Counſailes Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Coſin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for we'l not ſtay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away ſo faſt?

2 *Cit.* I promiſe you, I ſcarſely know my ſelfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes by'lady, ſeldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.

1. Giue you good morrow ſir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death

2. I ſir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Maſters looke to ſee a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son ſhall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that is gouern'd by a Childe.

1. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his nonage, counſell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelfe
No doubt ſhall then, and till then, gouerne well.

2. So ſtood the State, when *Henry* the firſt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wo
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politike graue Counſell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother

3. Better it were they all came by his Father,
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neereſt,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouſter,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worſt: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their cloakes,
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerue, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread

3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a diuine inſtinct, mans minde miſtrust

Enſuing

Purſuing danger: as by proofe we ſee
The Waters ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
3 Mary we were ſent for to the Iuſtices.
3 And ſo was I: Ile beare you company. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-biſhop, young Yorke, the Queene, and the Ducheſſe

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.
Duc. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much growne ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they ſay my ſonne of Yorke
His almoſt outgrowne him in his growth.
Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it ſo.
Duc. Why my good Coſin, it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Gloucſter,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, me thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowres are ſlow, and Weeds make haſt.
Duc. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and ſo leyſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Duc. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duc. How my young Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Vnkle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a biting Ieſt.
Duc. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurſe.
Duc. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, ere'r waſt borne.
Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too ſhrew'd.
Duc. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Meſſenger: What Newes?
Meſ. Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well Madam, and in health.
Duc. What is thy Newes?
Meſ. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.
Duc. Who hath commanded them?
Meſ. The mighty Dukes, *Glouſter* and *Buckingham*.
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſcloſ'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I ſee the ruine of my Houſe:
The Tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Inſulting Tirranny begynnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and ſweeteſſe Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction, Blood, and Maſſacre,
I ſee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Duc. Accurſed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loſt his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and loſſe.
And being ſeated, and Domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themſelues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themſelues, Brother to Brother:
Blood to blood, ſelfe againſt ſelfe: O prepoſterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.
Duc. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treaſure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets ſound,
Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glouceſter, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Coſin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Vnkle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and deſart.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares
Hath not yet div'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But look'd not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe Friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

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I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too senceleſse obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deserv'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. *Exeunt Cardinall and Hastings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie haſt you may.
Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we iourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'ſt best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highneſse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cosin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift than that, Ile giue my Cousin.

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, will't please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What,

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Yorke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so.
Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yorke. Marry, my Vncle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
A Sound. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Yorke*
Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the instalment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will
not hee?
Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?
Cates. You shall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* House, there shall you find vs both.
Exit Catesby.
Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.
Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.
Come, let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knockes?
Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley*.
Hast. What is't a Clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious
Nights?
Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.
Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
To fly the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly
Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How weare the Garland?
Dost thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frō my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?
Cates. I,

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Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.
Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:* and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.
Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe so vnprouided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I.
Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now.
Thinke you, but that I know our State secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and supposd their States were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them, wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away

Enter a Pursuiuant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.
How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.
Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then ere I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purse.
Purs. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuiuant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.
Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir *Iohn*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.
Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?
Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.
Hast Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not
Come, will you goe?
Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.
Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-after.
Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
We giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is falne vpon our Heads,
When thou exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne.
Rivers. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expirate.
Rivers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Derb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happie day.
Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I haue not sounded him, nor he delinde'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honourable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I presume he'le take in gentle part.

Enter Glouster.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I haue beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q. my Lord,
William, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.
Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Bishop.
Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
Derb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Glosters?
I haue sent for these Strawberries.
Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully & smooth this morning,
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome
Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, than he,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.
Derb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any likelyhood he shew'd to day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.
Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th'Offendors, whose're they be:
I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head: now by Saint *Paul* I sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.
Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heauie Curse
Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.
Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Lyes like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis boothelesse to exclaime.
Hast. O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marueilous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and ſtop againe,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pry on every ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly Lookes
Are at my ſeruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reaſon we haue ſent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vnſuſpected *Hastings*.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Chriſtian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Hiſtorie of all her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he dawb'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Converſation with *Shores* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerſt ſheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt beleeue,
Were not, that by great preſeruation
We liue to tell it, that the ſubtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloſter.

Maior. Had he done ſo?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the forme of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The Peace of England, and our Perſons ſafetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deſeru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne falſe Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould dye,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the louing haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meanings, haue preuented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor ſpeake, and timorouſly confeſſe
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well haue ſignify'd the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.

Maior. But, my good Lord, your Graces words ſhall ſerue,
As well as I had ſeene, and heard him ſpeake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our duteous Citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'auoid the Cenſures of the carping World.

Buck. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſſe what you heare we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Couſin *Buckingham*.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſte:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for ſaying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beaſtiall appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or ſauage heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*; Noble *Yorke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelfe: and ſo, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Penker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caſtle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take ſome priuate order,
To draw the Beaſts of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to giue order, that no manner perſon
Haue any time recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a ſet Hand fairely is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules*.
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue ſpent to write it ouer,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres *Hastings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is ſo groſſe, that cannot ſee this palpable deuice?
Yet

Yet who ſo bold, but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at ſeverall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Rich. Touchd you the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'unſatiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wives,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Baſtardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Nobleneſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Diſcipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Vntouch't, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God ſave *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God helpe me, they ſpake not a word,
But like dombe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And aſk'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not vſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke, in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And ſome ten voyces cry'd, God ſave King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applauſe, and chearefull ſhowt,
Argues your wiſdome, and your love to *Richard*:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mightie ſuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iſſue.
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes, in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his Grace.
Catesby. Ile ſignifie ſo much vnto him ſtraight. *Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lolling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignetie thereof.
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what ſayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And ſo once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Biſhops.

Maior. See where his Grace ſtands, betweene two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriſtian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needes no ſuch Apologie:
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe ſuſpect I have done ſome offence,
That ſeemes diſgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You loue, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your Seate of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successiuely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just Cause come I to moue your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignetie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If so, repronue you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
Definitiuely thus I answer you.
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For first was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some alme,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true derived course.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tenderneſse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.
Maior. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will say it.
Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Glocester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glocster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.
Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.
Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.
Anne. Nor why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face.
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pitie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for yours.
Dors. Farewell, thou woefull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue of it.
Du. Y. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eighte odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,
And each howres ioy wrecke with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Soveraigne.
Rich. Giue me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
Is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?
Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would speake.
Buck. Say on my loving Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.
Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* liues.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter consequence!
That *Edward* still should liue true Noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?
Buc. Giue me some little breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
Before I positively speake in this:
I will resolue you herein presently. *Exit Buck.*
Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnrespective Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close explott of Death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tyrrell*.
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.
Hath he so long held out with me, vntry'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, he is so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my loving Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor is abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke,
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damnage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subiect.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in.
Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.
Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. *Stanley*, he is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it.
Buck. My Lord, I claime the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse.
Rich. *Stanley* looke to your Wife: if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.
Buck. What saies your Highnesse to my iust request?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. My lo: please you to resolue me in my suit.
Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did ſuborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſhe Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt replenliſhed ſweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead.
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone, and after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take my leaue.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage.
The Sonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a lolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Morton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearefull commenting
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſaile is my Sheeld,
We muſt be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in theſe Confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night
Duc. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my ſweet Sonne.
Duc Dead life, blind ſight, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graues due, by life vſurpt,
Breefe abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt afforne afforde a Graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeate:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſignerie,
And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Duc. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping ſoules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graues.
O vpright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Preyes

Prayes on the Murder of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Duc. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward*, he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reserv'd their Factor, to buy soules,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
Insues his pittious and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddainly conuey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I cal'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I cal'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
To be the ayme of every dangerous Shot,
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?
Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, besees halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Duc. Why should calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery succeeders of intestine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.
Duc. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Duc. O she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.
Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-slaue, where are my Children?
Duc. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*?
Duc. Where is kinde *Hastings*?
Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.
Flourish. *Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Duc. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.
Duc. Then patiently heare my impotience.
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Duc. O let me speake.
Rich. Do then, but ile not heare.
Duc. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.
Duc. Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duc. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A grieuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-dayes frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmefull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme.
Duc. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.
Duc. Heare me a word:
For I shall never speake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Duc. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extremme Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my most greevous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They shall be praying Nonnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore lessell not to bit their lines.
Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her liue,
And I'le corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty;
Slander my Selfe, as falle to *Edwards* bed:
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.
Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?
Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle cozzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,
Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.
Rich. Madam, to thriue I in my enterprize
And dangerous successe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
To be discouered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell m , what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.
Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who dost thou meane shall be her King.
Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Euen so. How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canst thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did drayne
The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her sake)
Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for loue of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours giues leysure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget
Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,
Then is the dearing Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This fayre Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Of ten-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage loyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
And she shalbe sole Victoresse, *Cæsars Cæsar*.

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But she your Subiect, loathes such Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

Rich. I sweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heauens wrong is most of all:
If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall metteall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attorney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Welterne Coast
Rideth a puissant Navie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.

Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe. *Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?
Once more, what newes?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

Rich. Well, as you guesse.

Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?

Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Welterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I prooue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He striketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marquesse *Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Britaine Navie is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Britaine.

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond

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Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they muſt be told.
Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reaſon here,
A Royall battell might be woone and loſt:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the reſt march on with me. *Flouriſh. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Chriſtopher.

Der. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the ſtye of the moſt deadly Boare,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is franke vp in hold:
If I reſolt, off goes yong *George*: head,
The feare of that, holds off my preſent ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall ſay, that the Queene hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hertford Weſt in Wales.
Der. What men of Name reſort to him.
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiſſe his hand,
My Letter will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me ſpeake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient
Buc. Haſtings, and *Edwards* children, *Grey* & *Rimes*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented ſoules,
Do through the clouds behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my deſtruction.
This is All-ſoules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then All-ſoules day, is my bodies doomſday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his Children, and his Wiues Allies,
This is the day, wherein I wiſhe to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this All-ſoules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reſpect of my wrongs.
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feined Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt, what I begg'd in ieſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Maſters boſomes.
Thus *Margarets* curſe falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth ſhe) ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetreſſe:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm Fellowes in Armes, and my moſt louing Freends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vſurping Boare,
(That ſpoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swills your warm blood like waſh, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd boſomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Iſle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leiceſter, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, courragious Friends,
To reape the Harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of ſharpe Warre.
Oxf. Euery mans Conſcience is a thouſand men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare
Which in his deereſt neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is ſwift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Boſworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looket.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere moſt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we muſt haue knockes:
Ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcried the number of the Traitors?
Nor Six or ſeuen thouſand is their vtmoſt power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that accounts
Beſides, the Kings name is a Tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:

Let's

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall beare my Standard:
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his ſeuerall Charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And your Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earle of Pembrooke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the Morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good meanes to ſpeak with him
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And ſo God giue you quiet reſt to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs conſult vpon to morrowes Buſineſſe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not ſup to night,
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beaner eaſier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.
Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull Watch, chooſe truſty Centinels.
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purſuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Looke that my Staues be found, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himſelfe,
Much about Cocklhut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, cheering vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am ſatisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I ſay. *Exit Ratcliff.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory ſit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Perſon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attorney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flaking darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt.
In breefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortall ſtaring Warre:
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell: the leyſure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell vpon:
God giue vs leyſure for theſe rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and good well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauy fall,
Th'vſurping Helmets of our Aduerſaries:
Make vs thy miniſters of Chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the ſixt.
Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow:
Thinke how thou ſtab'ſt me in my prime of youth
At Tewkeſbury: Diſpaire therefore, and dye.
Ghoſt to Richm. Be cheerefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Anointed body
By thee was punched full of holes:
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Diſpaire, and dye,
Harry the ſixt, bids thee diſpaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that propheſied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleepe: Liue, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death with Fulſome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Riu Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: diſpaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guiltie feares
Let fall thy Lance, diſpaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Boſome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guiltie: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Haſtings: diſpaire, and dye.

Haſt. to Richm. Quiet vntroubled ſoule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſts. Dreame on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoule bids thee diſpaire and dye.

Ghoſts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne his Wife.

Ghoſt to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye:

Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleepe thou a quiet ſleepe:
Dreame of Succeſſe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerſaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire; diſpairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghoſt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diſmayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horſe, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none elſe by.
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am *I*.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe ſpeake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a ſeuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine:
Periurie, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadowes.

King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtroke more terror to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by thallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Eaſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whoſe bodies *Rich.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on *Victory*:
I promiſe you my Heart is very iocond,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing Countrymen,
The leyſure and inforcements of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, ſtand before our Faces.
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs win, than him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One reis'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the meanes to help him:
A baſe foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falſely ſet:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do ſweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the Tyrant being ſlaine:
If you do fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of *my* attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully.
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He ſaid the truth: and what ſaid Surrey then?
Rat. He ſmil'd and ſtid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke ſtrikes.*
Giue me a Kalender: Who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine: for by the Booke
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to ſomebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeene to day,
The ſky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not ſhine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the ſelfe-ſame Heauen
That frowneth on me, looks ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, beſtir, beſtir. Capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell ſhall be ordred.
My Forward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt:
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the braine Battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeſt Horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'ſt thou Norfolke.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne.
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Iacke of Norfolke, be not ſo bold,
For Diſhon thy mother is borne in cold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our ſoules:
For Conſcience is a word that Cowards vſe,
Deuis'd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs coo't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Rafcals, and Run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Lackey Peaſants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing Lands, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coſt,
A Milke-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas againe,
Lafh hence theſe ouer-weening Rages of France,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters? *Drum afarre off.*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme.
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his ſonne *George*'s head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſome.
Aduance our Standards, ſet vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie ſits on our helpes.

Alarum, excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue my Lord of Norfolke,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger:
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throate of death:
Reſcue faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.
Alarums. Enter

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Catesb. Withdrew my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horſe

Rich. Slaue, I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Alarums, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere theſe long vſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter Towne,
Whither (if you pleaſe) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?

Der. *Iohn* Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferrers,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will retume to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Roſe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Conioonction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelfe;
The Brother blindely ſhed the Brothers blood;
The Father, raſhly ſlaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided, in their dire Diuiſion.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and faire Proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudy dayes againe.
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not liue to taſte this Lands increaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That ſhe may long liue heere, God ſay, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

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The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That bear a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe.
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pity, here
May (if they think it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will deſerve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May here finde Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſſe: If they be ſtill, and willing,
I'le undertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets: Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceyv'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Foole, and Fight is, beſide forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an underſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are knowne
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Towne,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you ſee them Great,
And followd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends: Then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoone this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery:
And if you can be merry then, I'le ſay,
A Man may weepe upon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham.

GOod morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since laſt we ſaw in France?

Nor. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer ſince a freſh Admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Suns of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay
Till this time Pompe was ſingle, but now married
To one aboue it ſelfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes maiſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquenze all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the Engliſh; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maſke
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them: Him in eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wagge his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Summes
(For ſo they phraſe 'ems) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compaſſe, that former fabulous Storie
Being now ſeene, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bemo* was believ'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In Honor, Honeſty, the tract of ev'ry thing,
Would by a good Diſcourſer loose ſome life,
Which Actions ſelfe, was tongue too.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who ſet the Body, and the Lumbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you gueſſe:
One certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſſe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The diuell ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him ſtuffe, that put's him to theſe ende:
For being not propt by Aunceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalkes Succeſſors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A gueſt that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Aber. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let ſome Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peepe through each part of him. whence he's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or he's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himſelfe.
Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuety o'th'King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon; and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Councell, out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that haue
By this, ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poore iſſue.
Nor. Greeningly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorme that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd, and not conſulting, broke
Into a generall Prophecie; That this Tempeſt
Diſſhing the Garment of this Peace, abooded
The fodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Bordeux.
Aber. Is it therefore?
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Aber. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Buſineſſe
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduiſe you
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes towards you
Honor, and plenteous ſafety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To conſider further, that
What his high Hoored would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharpe edge: It's long, and't may be ſaide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome vp my counſell,
You'l finde it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduiſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolſey, the Purſe borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his paſſage, fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdayne.

Car. The Duke of *Buckingham* Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Sec. Heere ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon, ready?
Sec. I, pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall leſſen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.
Buc This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect. At this inſtant
He bores me with ſome tricke; He's gone to'th King:
Ile follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choller queſtion
What 'tis you go about: to climbe ſteepe hilles
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduiſe me like you: Be to your ſelfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This *Spaniſh* fellowes inſolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be aduis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe ſo hot
That it do ſinge your ſelfe. We may out-runne
By violent ſwiftneſſe that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run ore,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſts it. be aduis'd;
I ſay againe there is no Engliſh Soule
More ſtronger to direct you then your ſelfe;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *July*, when
We ſee each graine of gravell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not treaſonous.
Buck. To th'King Ile ſay't, & make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rocke: attend. This holy Fone,
Or Wolſe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is ſubtile, and as prone to miſchiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To this laſt coſtly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That ſwallowed ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſſe
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himſelfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppe
To th'old dam Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to ſee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation,
His feares were that the Interview betweet
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him ſome preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I trow
Which I doe well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suite was granted
Ere it was aſk'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And breake the foreſaid peace. Let the King know
(As ſoone he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and ſell his Honour as he pleaſes,
And for his owne aduantage.
Norf. I am ſorry
To heare this of him; and could wiſh he were
Something miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.
Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham* and Earle
Of *Hereford, Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of High Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soueraigne King.
Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I ſhall periſh
Vnder deuice, and practiſe.
Bran. I am ſorry,
To ſee you tane from liberty, to looke on
The buſines preſent. Tis his Highnes pleaſure
You ſhall to th'Tower.
Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'ſt part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Abergauenny*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counſellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.
Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins*?
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surueyor is falſe. The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpand already:
I am the ſhadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whoſe Figure euen this inſtant Cloud puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals ſhoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himſelfe vnder the Kings feete on his right ſide.

King. My life it ſelfe, and the beſt heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care. I ſtood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd conſederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of *Buckingham*, in perſon,
Ile heare him his confeſſions iuſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons of his Maſter,
He ſhall againe relate.
A noyſe within crying roome for the Queene, vſher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her vp, kiſſes and placeth her by him.
Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to vs, you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moiety ere you aske is given,
Repent you wiſh, and take it.
Queen. Thanke your Maieſty
That you would loue your ſelfe, and in that loue
Not vnconſidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poyſe
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am ſolicited not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue beene Commiſſions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions. yet the King, our Maiſter (not
Whoſe Honor Heauen ſhield from ſoyle, euen he eſcapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, ſuch which breakes
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almoſt appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon theſe Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinſters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in deſperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vproare,
And danger ſerues among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in oughte
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell ſteps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They ſay
They are deuis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
Kin. Still Exaction!
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commiſſions, which compels from each
The firſt part of his Subſtance, ſo be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: thus makes bold mouthes,
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curſes now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to paſſe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incenſed Will: I would your Highneſſe
Would giue it quicke conſideration; for
There is no primer baſeneſſe.
Kin. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A ſingle voice, and that not paſſ'd me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue muſt goe through: we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Cenſurers, which ever,
As ranſome Fiſhes doe a Veſſell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe beſt,
By ſicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cride vp
For our beſt Act: If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We ſhould take roote here, where we ſit;
Or ſit State-Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelues from feare:
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a Preſident
Of this Commiſſion? I beleeue, not any.
We muſt not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And ſticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denyde
The force of this Commiſſion: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be noiſ'd,
That through our Interceſſion, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I ſhall anon aduiſe you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am ſorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.
Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a moſt rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great Teachers,
And neuer ſeeke for ayd out of himſelfe: yet ſee,
When theſe ſo Noble benefits ſhall proue
Not well diſpoſ'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders; and when we
Almoſt with rauiſh'd liſtning, could not finde
His houre of ſpeech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit by vs, you ſhall heare
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike Honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practiſes, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

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Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Moſt like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was vſuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without iſſue dye; hee'l enioy it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I've heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the *Cardinall*.
Card. Please your Highneſſe note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliuer all with Charity.
Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophecie of *Nicholas Henton*.
Kin. What was that *Henton*?
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soueraignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Highneſſe ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, ſayes he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce houre
To heare from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after vnder the Confeſſors Seale,
He ſollemnly had ſworne, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, ſhould vtter, with demure Confidence,
This pauſingly enſu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtriue
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleene a Noble perſon,
And ſpoyle your nobler Soule; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, I'le ſpeake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Deuels illuſions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo farre, vntill
It forg'd him ſome deſigne, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt Sickneſſe faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louels* heads
Should haue gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, ſo ranckе? Ah, ha,
There's miſchiefe in this man; canſt ſhou ſay further?
Sur. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſſe had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer* (ware.
Kin. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſer-
The Duke retein'd him his. But on; what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th' Vſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyrtt Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all. (ſay'ſt?
Kin. Ther's ſomthing more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſence ty all: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpels of France ſhould iuggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
L. San. New cuſtomes,
Though they be neuer ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are ſhrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſweare directly
Their very noſes had been Counſellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State ſo.
L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer ſee 'em pace before, the Spauins
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after ſuch a Pagan cut too't,
That ſure th'haue worne out Chriſten dome: how now!
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

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L. Cham. What is't for?

Lou The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monsieurs
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lou. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wisedome, renouncing cleane
The fashion they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blisters Breeches, and those types of Travell;
And understand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it
They may *Cum Privilegio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. 'Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so catching.

L. Cham What a losse our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lovell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons
Have got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, has no Fellow

L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em.
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And have an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord *Sands*,
Your Coate tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stumpe.

L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?

Lou To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome I'le assure you.

Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed;
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt he's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

L. San He may my Lord,
Has wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberall.
They are set heere for examples.

L. Cham True, they are so;
But few now giue so great ones.
My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

L. San. I am your Lordships. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies & Gentlewomen as Guests: at one Doore, at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To fayre content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would have all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlain L. Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy,
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham You are young Sir *Harry Guilford*.

San. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Lou O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie pennance.

Lou. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would afford it

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betweene these Ladies.

San By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Care,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble.
Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Card. My Lord *Sands*,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours.
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen.
Whose fault is this?
Sur. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then we shall haue 'em,
Talke vs to silence.
An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sands*.
Sur. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.
An. B. You cannot shew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.
Sur. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Ser. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed.
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.
All rise, and Tables remou'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shower a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
They haue done my poore house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.
Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.
King The faireſt hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.
Musicke, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it. *Whisper.*
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere I'le make
My royall choyce.
Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or I'le tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vnhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highneſſe women.
Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiſſe you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Louell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber?
Lou. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I feare too much.
Card. There's fresher aire my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies euery one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Muſicke knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God saue ye:
Ev'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. Ile saue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speake what has's happen'd.
1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.
2. I am sorry for't.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how past it?
1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Attorney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confeſſions

Of diuers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To haue brought tome face to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surueyor
Sir *Gilbert Peck* his Chancellour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confeſſor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this miſchiefe.

2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The ſame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And ſo his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himſelfe?

1. When he was brought again to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomthing ſpoke in choller, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelfe againe, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womanith, the cauſe
He may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly.
The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. 'Tis likely,
By all coniectures: Firſt *Kildare* Attendare;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was ſent thither, and in haſt too,
Leaſt he ſhould helpe his Father.

2. That trieke of State
Was a deepe enuious one.

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardinall inſtantly will finde employment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and o' my Conſcience
Wiſh him ten ſaddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and dooate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipſtaues before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeake of.

2. Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pitty me;
Heare what I ſay, and then goe home and loſe me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name muſt dye; yet Heauen beare witneſs,
And if I haue a Conſcience, let it ſincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no malliee for my death,
Thas done vpon the premiſes, but Iuſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in miſchiefe;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltleſſe blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make ſuites.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.

Louell. I doe beſeech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgiue me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgiue you
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſſe offences
Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Eſſay ſhall make my Graue,
Commend mee to his Grace.
And if he ſpeake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forſake,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſſe and he, fill vp one Monument.

Lou. To th' water ſide I muſt conduct your Grace.
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming. See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuites
The Greatneſſe of his Perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone, my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham* now poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my baſe Accuſers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now ſeale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane for't
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Vſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Seruant *Banaſter*,
Being diſtreſt; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My Fathers loſſe; like a moſt Royall Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one ſtroake ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muſt needs ſay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by thoſe Men we lou'd moſt:
A moſt vnnaturall and faithleſſe Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,

And

And give your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye, the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I have done; and God forgiue me.
Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?

1. Yes, but it held not:
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will vndoe her. To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this businesse.

1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke
You have hit the matter; but is't not cruell,
That she should feele the smart of this? the Cardinall
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. 'Tis woefull.
We are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

My Lord, *the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and more power tooke 'em from me, with this reason: his master would be serued before a Subiect, if not before the King, which stopt our mouthes Sir.*

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; he will haue all I thinke

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Nor. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine*.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Has crept too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience
Has crept too neere another Ladie.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,
He'l neuer know himselfe else.

Nor. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Betweene vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her
That like a Iewell, has hung twenty yeares
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will bleede the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heauen keep me from such counsel. 'tis most true
These newes are euery where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his slauery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, so I'le stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his Blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other businesse, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor.

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Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*

Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and fits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norf. Pray God he be not angry. (*Seiues*

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your selues into *my* priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way.
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King: you'r welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome.
Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an howre
Of priuate conference.

Kin. We are busie; goe.

Norf. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norf. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.

Suff. I another.

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisedome
Aboue all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardinall *Campeius*,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke*, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse. (*ted*

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and *my* fauour
To him that does best, God forbid else: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand. much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him follower my appointment,
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliuer this with modesty to th Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this weighty businesse.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe.
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pitty
Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering.

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
She's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pitty drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble lookes in Contente,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glitt'ring griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our contente
Is our best having.
Anne: By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old. L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:
You that have so faire parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soveraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which guifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chinerell Conscience, would receive,
If you might please to stretch it
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.
Old. L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Duchesse? Have you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L Then you are weakly made plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weake
Ever to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my sight
Would for Carnarvanshire, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gracile businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You bestre a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures That you may, faire Lady
Perceive I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Does purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchioncelle of *Pembroke*; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he adds.
An I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I shall not failie t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine

An. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have beene begging fifteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beg gerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish here; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compet'd fortune: have your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.
An. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?
An. Come you are pleasant.
Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke. The Marchioncelle of *Pembroke?*
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises moe thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and we forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'have heard to her.
Old L. What doe you thinke me —— *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands, next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests bearing each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman Vsher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselues on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all ſides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Bee't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. *Henry* King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Crier. *Katherine* Queene of England, &c.
The Queene makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then ſpeakes.
Sir, I deſire you do me Right and Iuſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir
In what have I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceede to put me off
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witneſſe,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in feare to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubiect to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I ever contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not ſtroue to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from hence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and have bene bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the foul'ſt Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and ſo give me vp
To the ſharp'ſt kinde of Iuſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Councell to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this Buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whoſe Counſaile
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You have heere Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are aſſembled
To pleade your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnſettled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and iuſtly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeake.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have dream'd ſo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do beleeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You ſhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Have blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me:
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yes, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſſe
You ſpeake not like your ſelfe: who ever yet
Have ſtood to Charity, and diſplay'd th'effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong;
I have no Spleene againſt you, nor Iniuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtorie,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falſehood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue theſe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeake in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weake
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd;
You ſigne your Place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekeneſſe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is crammd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You have by Fortune, and his Highneſſe fauors,
Gone ſlightly o're low ſteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſticke to you) ſerue your will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelfe pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honor, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I do refuſe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be iudg'd by him.
She Curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.
Camp.

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Camp. The Queene is obſtinate,
Stubborne to Iuſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tride by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. Katherine. Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gent. Uſh. Madam, you are cald backe.
Qu. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me paſt my patience. pray you paſſe on
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Vpon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
That man i'th' world, who ſhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious elſe, could ſpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: She's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, ſhe ha's
Carried her ſelfe towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muſt I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfide) whether ever I
Did breach this buſineſs to your Highneſs, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't? or ever
Haue ſo, but with thankes to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iuſtifi'de? You ever
Haue wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs, never deſir'd
It to be ſtir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conſcience firſt receiu'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prickt, on certaine Speeches vttet'd
By th' Biſhop of *Bayon*, then French Embaſſador,
Who had beene hither ſent on the debating
A Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*. I'th' Progreſſe of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, hee
(I meane the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduerciſe,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a ſplitting power and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or di'de where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heyre o'th' World) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent heere together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feele full ſicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How vnder my oppreſſion I did reeke
When I firſt mou'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin I haue ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelfe to ſay
How farre you ſatisfide me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courſe,
Which you are running heere.
Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leaue
To make this preſent Summons vnſolicited.
I left no Reuerend Perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no diſlike i'th' world againſt the perſon
Of the good Queene; but the ſharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reaſons, drues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World
Camp. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The Queene being abſent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holineſſe.
Kin. I marke
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.
Exeunt, in manner as they entred.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselues when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Ever sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from favour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should be good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wolf. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a Housewife, (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reverent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it here.
There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conscience
Deserves a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your businesse
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in: (ous:
A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspici-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st sinne I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Card. Noble Lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honest men) our just opinions,
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a figne of peace,
His Service, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye prove so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answere
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere *my* Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to such men of gravity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such busines;
For her sake that I have beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me have time and Counsell for my Cause:
Alas. I am a Woman friendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings love with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare give me Counsell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And live a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out *my* afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far heere
In mine owne Country Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leave your greefes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
He's loving and most gracious 'twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Counsell? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye, holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laught at, scorned?
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

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I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrowes, fall vpon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere diſtraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.
Qu. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all ſuch falſe Profeſſors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Iuſtice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ſicke cauſe into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſh'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my Obedience. What can happen
To me, aboue this wretchedneſſe? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this.
Camp. Your feares are worſe.
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me ſpeake my ſelfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suſpition?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondneſſe) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,
Bring me a conſtant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleaſure;
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelfe ſo guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had neuer trod this Engliſh Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) whereare now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almoſt no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
Ile hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honeſt,
You'd feele more comfort. Why ſhould we (good Lady)
Vpon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to Cure ſuch ſorrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
For Goodneſſe ſake, conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelfe: I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
They ſwell and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
I know you haue a Gracle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Thoſe we profeſſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you loſe it not: For vs (if you pleaſe
To truſt vs in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To vſe our vtmoſt Studies, in your ſeruice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my ſelfe vnmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſeruice to his Maieſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall haue my Prayers
While I ſhall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Beſtow your Counſels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould haue bought her Dignities ſo deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare already.
Sur. I am ioyfull
To meete the leaſt occaſion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncenſurn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Noblenеſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures:
What he deſerues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his accеſſe to th'King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for euer mures
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſetled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to heare ſuch Newes as this
Once euery houre.
Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practiſes to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,
An

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineſſe
To ſtay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*.
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Beleeue it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coaſts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Phyſicke
After his Patients deaths; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh my Lord,
For I profeſſe you haue it.
Sur. Now all my ioy
Trace the Conion ſhun.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may he left
To ſome eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perſwade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waſpes that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is ſtolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Has left the cauſe o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him,
And let him cry Ha, louder.
Norf. But my Lord
When returned *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue ſatisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendome: ſhortly (I beleeue)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeſſe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer* is
A worthy Fellow, and hath 'tane much paine
In the Kings buſineſſe.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an Arch-biſhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis ſo

Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.
Nor. Obſerue, obſerue, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th'inſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did vnſeale them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a Serious mind: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It ſhall be to the Dutches of Alanſon,
The French Kings Siſter; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't than faire Viſage. *Bullen*?
No, we'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wiſh
To heare from Rome. The Marchioneſſe of Penbroke?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. Ma'ybe he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iuſtice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtris Miſtris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muſt ſnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deſeruing? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th'boſome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is ſprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The Maſter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obſerning him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops againe,
Strikes his breſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the Moone: In moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We haue ſeene him ſet himſelfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me, to peruſe
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put vnwittingly)
Forſooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The ſeuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treaſure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I finde at ſuch proud Rate, that it out-ſpeakes
Poſſeſſion of a Subiect.
Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleſſe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me.
Euer God blesse your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly stuffe, and beare the Inuentory
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue scarce time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of Businesse, which
I beare i'th State: and Nature does require
Her times of preseruation, which perforce
I her frayle Sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,
Must giue my tendance to.

King. You haue said well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow
My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increase this Businesse.

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confesse it, say withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Shower'd on me daily, haue been more than could
My studied purposes requite, which were
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too short of my Desires,
Yet fil'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue been mine so, that euermore they pointed
To'th' good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeseruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer has, and euer shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulenesse is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, than any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, than any.

Car. I do profeſſe,
That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd
More than mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And stand vnshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he has a Loyall breſt,
For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane?
What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntsmen that has gall'd him.
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
This paper has vndone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beare this from his Brannes?
I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th' Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse
I writ too't Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man see me more.

Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale presently
Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,
Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commission Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?

Car. Till I finde more than will, or words to doe it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what coarse Mettle ye are moulded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As

As if it fed ye, and how ſtocke and reine ſtood
Ye approove in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courſes, men of Malice;
You haue Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You ſtake with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneſſe,
Tide it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it.

Car. It muſt be himſelfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe forty houres, Surrey durſt better
Haue burnt that Tongue, than ſaide ſo.

Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet ſinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You ſent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the faults, thou gru'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſſe, out of holy pitty,
Abſolu'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cauſe can witneſſe.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You haue as little Honeſtie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Royall Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feele
My Sword i'th'liſe blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? if we liue thus tamely,
To be thus iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodneſſe
Is poyſon to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodneſſe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Cardinall) by Extortion:
The goodneſſe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſſe
Since you prouoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobilitie, our Iſſues,
(Whom if he liue, will ſcorſe be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile ſtarrle you
Worſe than the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinkes, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie againſt it.

Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſſe, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot ſaue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can blaſh, and cry guiltie Cardinall,
You'l ſhew a little Honeſtie.

Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worſt Obiections: If I blaſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want thoſe, than my head;
Haue at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iuriſdiction of all Biſhops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneſſe, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you haue ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndoeing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preſſe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to ſee him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgiue him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you haue done of late
By your power Legatine within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th compaſſe of a Premunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And ſo we'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your ſtubborne anſwer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His

His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire too,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
I know my ſelfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
Theſe ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A load, would ſinke a Navy, (too much Honor)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Has made that right uſe of it.

Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater farre
Then my Weake hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Card. God bleſſe him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place

Card. That's ſomewhat ſodaine
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſſe favour, and do Juſtice
For Truths-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleepes in Bleſſings,
May have a Tombe of Orphanes teares wept on him,
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-biſhop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell; and the voyce is now
Only about her Coronation.

Card. There was the weight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have loſt for ever.
No Sun, ſhall ever viſit her forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my Smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwell*,
I am a poore falne man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maſter. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may never ſet) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me, will ſtirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſervice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine owne future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needes forgo
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Bearе witneſſe, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayres
For ever, and for ever ſhall be yours.

Card. Cromwell, I did not thanke ſo ſhed a teare
In all my Miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwell*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſſ'd it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thy ſelfe laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honeſty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence envious Tongues. Be juſt and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall ſt, (O *Cromwell*!)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serve the King: And prythee lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
Had I but ſerv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I ſerv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Card. So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your ſtand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, paſſe from her Coronation.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis all my buſineſſe. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But thoſe come offer'd ſorrow,
This generall ioy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am ſure haue ſhewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Never greater,
Nor I'le aſſure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the liſt
Of thoſe that claime their Offices this day,
By cuſtome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the firſt, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marſhall: you may reade the reſt.
2 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould haue beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you, what's becom of *Katherine*
The Princeſſe Dowager? How goes her buſineſſe?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunſtable; ſixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which
She was oftens cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remou'd to Kymmalton,
Where ſhe remaines now ſicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: Stand cloſe,
The Queene is comming. *Hoboyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A liuely Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2 *Then, two Iudges*
3 *Lord* Chancellor, *with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4 Quiriſters *ſinging.* Muſicke
5 Maior of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Done, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his head bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8 *A Canopy, borne by foure of the* Cinque-Ports, *vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London, *and* Wincheſter.
9 *The Olde Dutcheſſe of* Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, firſt paſſing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: Theſe I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet,
And that the Earle of Surrey, *with the Rod.*
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That ſhould bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleſſe thee.
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, ſhe is an Angell;
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he ſtrames that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
2 Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are neere her.
I take it, ſhe that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſſe of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are Starres indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God ſaue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meere rankneſſe of their ioy.
2 You ſaw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the ſeeing.
2 Good Sir, ſpeake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able. The rich ſtreame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate downe
To reſt a while, ſome halfe an houre, or ſo,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Beleeue me Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noyſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowdes make at Sea, in a ſtiffe Tempeſt,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin looſe, this day they had beene loſt. Such ioy
I never ſaw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would ſhake the preaſſe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could ſay this is my wife there, all were woouen
So ſtrangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then roſe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edwards* Confeſſors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perfect'd, the Quire

With

With all the choyſeſt Muſicke of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So the part
And with the ſame full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feaſt is held.

1 Sir,
You muſt no more call it Yorke-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinall fell, that Title's loſt,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.

2 What two Reverend Byſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queene?

3 *Stokeſley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.

1 He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbiſhops,
The vertuous *Cranmer*.

3 All the Land knowes that:
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.

1 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maſter o'th'Jewell Houſe,
And one already of the Priuy Councell.

2 He will deſerue more.

3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.

Both. You may command vs Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſicke, led between Griffith, her Gentleman Vſher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, ſicke to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall: *Weſey*
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you ſuffer'd, gaue no care too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earle Northumberland
Arreſted him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Roades, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Conuent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gaue theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to Heauen, and ſlept in peace.

Kath. So may he reſt,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith*, giue me leaue to ſpeake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded ſtomacke, ever ranking
Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was fure plea'y,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'preſence
He would ſay vntruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pitifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners, liue in Braſſe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
To heare me ſpeake his good now?

Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.

Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one
Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer
And though he were vnſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſinne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Euer witneſſe for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwilling to out-liue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall ever ſpeake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happineſſe vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
And found the Bleſſednes of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I with no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated Liuing, thou haſt made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſtie,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating

On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Muſicke.

Grif. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet, For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion

Enter ſolemnely tripping one after another, ſixe Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. Then firſt Cuppe vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtſies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the ſame to the other next two, who obſerue the ſame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliuer the ſame Garland to the laſt two: who likewiſe obſerue the ſame Order. At which (as it were by inſpiration) ſhe makes (in her ſleepe) ſigues of reioycing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And ſo in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone
And leaue me here in wretchednesſe, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a bleſſed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happineſſe,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith* which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I ſhall aſſuredly.

Grif. I am moſt ioyfull Madam, ſuch good dreames
Poſſeſſe your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Muſicke leaue,
They are harſh and heauy to me. *Muſicke ceaſes.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And't like your Grace———

Kath. You are a ſawcy Fellow,
Deſerue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing ſhe will not looſe her wonted Greatneſſe
To vſe ſo rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Meſ. I humbly do entreat your Highneſſe pardon,
My haſt made me vnmannerly. There is ſtaying
A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're ſee againe. *Exit Meſſeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my ſight faile not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*

Cap. Madam the ſame. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine owne ſeruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requeſt, that I would viſit you,
Who greeues much for your weakneſſe, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendacions,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phyſicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am paſt all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highneſſe?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Baniſh'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Moſt willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodneſſe
The Modell of our chaſte loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Bleſſings on her,
Beſeeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modeſt Nature,
I hope ſhe will deſerue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers ſake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how dearely.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue ſome pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that ſo long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I ſhould not lye) but will deſerue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honeſtie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall haue 'em.
The laſt is for my men, they are the pooreſt,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And ſomething ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deereſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſoules departed,
Stand theſe poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me looſe the faſhion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highneſſe:
Say his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I bleſſe him
(For ſo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You muſt not leaue me yet. I muſt to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; ſtrew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scene

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath ſtrooke.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be houres for neceſſities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for vs
To waſte theſe times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lov. I muſt to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Lovell*: what's the matter?
It ſeemes you are in haſt: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late buſineſſe: Affaires that walke
(As they ſay Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, than the buſineſſe
That ſeekes diſpatch by day.
Lov. My Lord, I loue you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your care
Much weightier than this worke. The Queens in Labor
They ſay in great Extremity, and fear'd
She'l with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruite ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd vp now.
Lov. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſayes
Shee's a good Creature, and ſweet-Ladie do's
Deſerue our better wiſhes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Hearke me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Lovell*, tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and ſhee
Sleepe in their Graues.
Lovell. Now Sir, you ſpeake of two
The moſt remark'd i'th'Kingdome; as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the Iewell-Houſe, is made Maſter
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moſt Preferments,
With which the Time will loade him. Th'Archbiſhop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my ſelfe haue ventur'd
To ſpeake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenſt the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-Heretique, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath ſo farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, foreſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefes,
Our Reaſons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Board
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt roote him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I reſt your ſeruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.
King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night,
My minde's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Louell*, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lov. I could not perſonally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her thankes
In the great'ſt humbleneſſe, and deſir'd your Highneſſe
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuffrance made
Almoſt each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highneſſe with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Praytes remember
Th'eſtate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,
For I muſt thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſſe
A quiet night, and my good Miſtris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. *Charles* good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what follower?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byſhop
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?
Den. He attends your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Bring him to Vs.
Lov. This is about that, which the Byſhop ſpake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Louell ſeemes to ſtay.*
Ha? I haue ſaid. Be gone.
What? *Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aſpect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do deſire to know wherefore
I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my duetie
T'attend your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Pray you ariſe
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I muſt walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I ſpeake,
And am right ſorrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and moſt vnwillingly of late

Heard many grieuous. I do say my Lord
Grieuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have tane some pawses, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The Iustice and the Truth o'th'question carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To forsweare against you: Such things have bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in perior'd Witnesse, than your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepte for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more preuaile, than we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodnesse weepes:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He has strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promises Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Have more, or else vnfay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Poore of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Buts.*

Cran. 'Tis Buts.
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he sound not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Grooms, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Window aboue.

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight.

King. What's that Buts?

Buts

Butts. I thinke your Highneſſe ſaw this many a day.
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at doore 'mongſt Purſeuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin. Ha! 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſtly among 'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo neere our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures,
And at the doore too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine cloſe:
We ſhall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelfe at the vpper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void above him, as for Canterbury his Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, ſeat themſelues in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Cham. Speake to the buſineſſe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefe cauſe concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Kep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Kep. My Lord Archbiſhop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleaſures.
Cham. Let him come in.
Kep. Your Grace may enter now.
Cranmer approaches the Councell Table
Cham. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit heere at this preſent, and behold
That Chayre ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures frayle, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſedome, you that beſt ſhould teach vs,
Haue miſdemean'd your ſelfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For ſo we are informe'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Herefies;
And not reform'd, may prooue pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſodaine too
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits & ſpurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſſe and childiſh pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious ſickneſſe;
Farewell all Phyſicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, vproares, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper *Germany* can deerely witneſſe
Yet freſhly pittied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſſe
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I ſpeake it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his priuate Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With leſſe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Iuſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely vrge againſt me
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuſe you. (men,
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we haue buſines of more mo-
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſſe pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are prouided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*: I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſſe,
I ſhall both finde your Lordſhip, Iudge and Iuror,
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekeneſſe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty againe,
Caſt none away: That I ſhall cleere my ſelfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conſcience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloſſe diſcouers
To men that vnderſtand you, words and weakneſſe.
Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too ſharpe; Men ſo Noble,
However faultly, yet ſhould finde reſpect
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worſt
Of all this Table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound I ſay.
Crom. Would you were halfe ſo honeſt:
Mens prayers then would ſeeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for ſhame my Lords.
Gard. I haue done.
Crom. And I.
Cham Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaſure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

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All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a moſt Noble Iudge, the King my Maſter.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twold fall vpon our ſelves.

Nor. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.

Cran. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Deuell
And his Diſciples onely envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye. now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs ſuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe aymе of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty out of deare reſpect,
His Royall ſelfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.

King. You were euer good at ſodaine Commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know I come not
To heare ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoere thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man ſit downe: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
Hee, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarue,
Then but on e thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace; ——

King No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome vnderſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerue that Title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo farre forget your ſelues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groome: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmoſt, had ye meane,
Which ye ſhall never have while I liue.

Cham. Thus farre
My moſt dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpoſ'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.

King. Well, well my Lords reſpect him,
Take him, and vſe him well; hee's worthy of it,
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and ſeruice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I have a Suite which you muſt not deny me.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwere for her.

Cran. The greateſt Monarch now aliue may glory
In ſuch an honour. how may I deſerue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

King. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoones,
You ſhall have two noble Partners with you: the old
Ducheſſe of *Norfolke*, and Lady *Marqueſſe Dorſet*? will
theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Winchaſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen
Witneſſe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,

King. Good Man, thoſe ioyfull teares ſhew thy true
The common voyce I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turne, and he's your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we traſſle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leaue your noyſe anon ye Raſcals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogues: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaues, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: Ile ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeling Chriſtenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes here, you rude Raſkalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible, Vnleſſe we ſweepe 'em from the doore with Cannons, To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleepe On May-day Morning, which will never be: We may as well puſh againſt Powles as ſtirre 'em.

Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You ſee the poore remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colbrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore cloſe Sirha.

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Por. What ſhould you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muſter in? Or haue we ſome ſtrange Indian with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege vs? Bleſſe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Chriſtian Conſcience this one Chriſtening will begot a thouſand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat neere the doore, he ſhould be a Brazier by his face, for o'my conſcience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt mee; hee ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdaſhers Wife of ſmall wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd portenger fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might ſee from farre, ſome forty Truncheoners draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where ſhe was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broome ſtaffe to me, I defide 'em ſtill, when ſodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhowre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Dwell was amongſt 'em I thinke ſurely.

Por. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a Playhouſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouſe, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three dayes, beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
There's a trim rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall haue
Great ſtore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſſe backe from the Chriſtening?

Por. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and ſodainly; and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And beere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould doe ſeruice. Harke the Trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtening,
Go breake among the preaſſe, and finde away out
To let the Troope paſſe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marſhalſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Moneths.

Por. Make way there, for the Princeſſe.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand cloſe vp, or Ile make your head ake.

Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marſhalls Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowles for the Chriſtening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then follower the Marchioneſſe Dorſet, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope paſſe once about the Stage, and Garter ſpeakes.

Gart. Heauen
From thy endleſſe goodneſſe, ſend proſperous life,
Long and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeſſe of England *Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her Name?

Cran Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiſſe, take my Bleſſing: God proteſt thee,
Into whoſe hand, I giue thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Goſſips, y'haue beene too Prodigall,
I thanke ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe ha's ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen ſtill moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promiſes
Vpon this Land a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which Time ſhall bring to ripeneſſe: She ſhall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodneſſe)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wiſedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp ſuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,

Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts ſtill Counſell her.
She ſhall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne ſhall bleſſe her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with ſorrow.
Good growes with her
In her dayes, Every Man ſhall eate in ſafety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truely knowne, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of Honour.
And by thoſe claime their greatneſſe, not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her ſelfe.
So ſhall ſhe leaue her Bleſſedneſſe to One,
(When Heauen ſhal call her from this clowd of darkneſs)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the greatneſſe of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſſe Heauen.

Kin. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the happineſſe of England,
An aged Princeſſe; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt haue her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt vnſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſſe
To th' ground, and all the World ſhall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queene, and ſhe muſt thanke ye.
She will be ſicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buſineſſe at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This Little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

'Tis ten to one, this Play can neuer pleaſe
All that are heere. Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleepe an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
We haue frighted with our Trumpets, ſo 'tis cleare,
They'l ſay 'tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamely, and to cry that's witty.
Which we haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciſull conſtruction of good women:
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em. If they ſmile,
And ſay 'twill do; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours: for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap

FINIS.

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The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massie Staples
And correspondent and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument,
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troylus and Creſsida.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong, & skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And ſkilleſſe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. He that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding, but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leau'ning.

Troy Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening; but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I ſit;
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence

Pan. Well.

She look'd yeſternight fairer, then euer I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman elſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hellen* of my Father ſhould perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more compariſon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they terme it) praiſe it, but I would ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra's* wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* loue. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Powr'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me, when I ſay I loue her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lat'ſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as ſhee is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her. and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. She's a Foole to ſtay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her. for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter

Troy. Pandarus! *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It

It is too ſtarv'd a ſubiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*. O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſute.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearle,
Betweene our Ilium, and where ſhee reſides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?
Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts.
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?
Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.
Troy. By whom *Æneas*?
Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.
Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*
Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſt.
Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?
Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Helen*.
Cre. And whether go they?
Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe patience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd.
He chides *Andromache* and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, hee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.
Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?
Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*.
Cre. Good; and what of him?
Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.
Cre. So do all men, vnleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or haue no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaine, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the haire, he hath the ioynts of every thing, but every thing ſo out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no vſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.
Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?
Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtroke him downe, the diſdaine & ſhame whereof, hath euer ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?
Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.
Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.
Man. As may be in the world Lady.
Pan. What's that, what's that?
Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.
Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talke of good morrow *Alexander*. how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?
Cre. This morning Vncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone ere yea came to Illium? *Helen* was not vp? was ſhe?
Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Helen* was not vp?
Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.
Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cre. So he ſaies here.
Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele ſay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.
Cre. What is he angry too?
Pan. Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two.
Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no compariſon.
Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?
Cre. I if I euer ſaw him before and knew him.
Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus*.
Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.
Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.
Cre. 'Tis ruſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.
Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.
Cre. So he is.
Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.
Cre. He is not *Hector*.
Pan. Himſelfe? no or hee's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heare were in her body: no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.
Cre Excuſe me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.
Cre. He ſhall not need it if he haue his owne.
Pan. Nor his qualities.
Cre. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beautie.
Cre 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Helen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne faiſnour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe) not browne neither.
Cre. No, but browne.
Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne
Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true
Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.
Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.
Pan So he has
Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhe prais'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he having

colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweare to you,
I thinke *Helen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compasse window, and you know he has not past three or foure haires on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hellor*.

Cres. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Helen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cres. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Helen* loues *Troylus*.

Cre. *Troylus* will stand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troylus*? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hellor* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellor* spied on *Troylus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene haire, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee, here's but two and fifty haires on your chinne, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Soones. *Iupiter* quoth she, which of these haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an't were a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares, an't were a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward *Illium*, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most bracely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the rest.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soundest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troylus*? Ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall haue, more.

Enter Hellor

Pan. That's *Hellor*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hellor*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hellor*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ift not a braue man?

Cre. Obraue man!

Pan. Is a not? It doeth a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak's off, who it as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the deuil come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it doees ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, ift not a gallant man to, ift not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. That's *Helenus*, I marueil where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I marueil where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not heare the people crie *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sorting fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hlectors*, and how he lookes,

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lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Soulders.

Creſ Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could haue beat dym'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke: the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Creſ There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Drey-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Creſ. Well well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any diſcretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſſe, vertue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth: the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Creſ. I, a minc'd man and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Creſ. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wardes I lye at, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Creſ. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheereſeſt of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching

Enter Boy.

Pan You are ſuch another.

Boy Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be not Parſe ye well good Neece

Creſ. Adieu Vnkle

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by

Creſ. To bring Vnkle

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand* Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full ſacrifice, He offers in another enterprize: But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee, Than in the glaſſe of *Pandar's* praiſe may be; Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, Things won are done, ioyes ſoule lyes in the doing: That ſhe beloo'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vngain'd, more than it is. That ſhe was neuer yet, that euer knew Loue got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue: Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach; "*Atchiuement*, is *command*; *vngain'd*, *beſeech*. That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare, Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Sound. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vliſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greefe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diuerts his Grayne
Tortiue and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farre,
That after ſeuen yeares ſiege, yet Troy walles ſtand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aymе:
And that vnbodied figure of the thought
That gaue't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractiue trialls of great Ioue,
To finde perſiſtiue conſtancie in men?
The fineneſſe of which Metтall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Foole, the Artiſt and vn-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempeſt of her froune,
Diſtinction with a loud and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnoweth the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.
Neſtor With due Obſeruance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boaſt,
Whoſe weake vntimber'd ſides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſſe for Neptune. Euen ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth diuide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Beeſe
Than by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.
Vliſſ. Agamemnon.
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the minders of all
Should be ſhut vp: Heare what *Vliſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,

And thou moſt reuerend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches: which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braſſe: and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, ſtrong as the Axletree
On which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to heare *Vliſſes* ſpeake.

Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſſe expect:
That matter needleſſe of importleſſe burthen
Deuide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Therſites* opes his Maſticke iawes,
We ſhall heare Muſicke Wit, and Oracle.

Vliſſ Troy yet vpon his baſis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repaire.
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themſelues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerue degree, prioritie, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office, and cuſtome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amid'ſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets euill,
And poſtes like the Commandment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deſcinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſignes)
The enterprize is ſicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable ſhores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Laurels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vntune that ſtring.
And hearke what Diſcord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher then the Shores,
And make a ſoppe of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne ſhould ſtrike his Father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre, Iuſtice recides)
Should looſe her names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too.
Then euery thing includes it ſelfe in Power.
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuerſall Wolfe,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt, eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*:
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to clymbe. The Generall's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo euery ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodleſſe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknеſſe lines, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vliſſes* heere diſcouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is ſicke.

Aga. The Nature of the ſicknеſſe found (*Vliſſes*)
What is the remedie?

Vliſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſignes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes ſcurrill Iеſts,
And with ridiculous and ſalward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and o're-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſſe in: and when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeemes Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheſt, laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iuſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extremeſt ends
Of parralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my Spleene. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſſe or looſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two, to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who (as *Vliſſes* ſayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is growne ſelfe-will'd, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, railes on our ſtate of Warre

Bold

Bold as an Oracle, and ſtes *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe Gall coynes ſlanders like a Mint,
To match vs in compariſons with dirt,
To weaken and diſcredite our exposture,
How ranke ſoeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-thinke preſcience, and eſteeme no act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſſe call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle, the Enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mappʳy, Cloſet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that Batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſſe of their ſoules,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.
Men. From Troy. *Enter Aeneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Aen. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Aen. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a fayre meſſage to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With fayrer ſtronger then *Achilles* eares,
Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Aen. Faire leaue, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Aen. I: I aſke, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Aen. Courtiers as free, as debonaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, ſtrong ioynts, true ſwords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himſelfe, bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Aeneas*?
Aen. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Aen. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He hearers nought priuately
That comes from Troy.
Aen. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſence on the attentiue bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde.
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre:
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelfe.
Aen. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
The Trumpets ſound.
We haue great *Agamemnon* here in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continued Truce
Is ruſty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eaſe,
That ſeekes his praiſe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Miſtreſs more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare auow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compaſſe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rouſe a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* ſhal honour him:
If none, he'l ſay in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplenter of a Lance: Euen ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Louers Lord *Aeneas*,
If none of them haue ſoule in ſuch a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prooue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, Ile be he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hector's* Grandſire ſucke: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beuer,
And in my Vantbrace put this withered brawne,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Aen. Now heauens forbid ſuch ſcarſitie of youth.
Vlyſ. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Aeneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pauilion ſhal I leade you firſt:
Achilles ſhall haue word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your ſelfe ſhall Feaſt with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Vlyſſes, and Neſtor.
Vlyſ. Neſtor.
Neſt. What ſayes *Vlyſſes*?
Vlyſ. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Vlyſſes. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding breed a Nurſery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.
Neſt. Well, and how?
Vlyſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
How euer it is ſpred in generall name,
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous euen as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſeneſſe little characters ſumme vp,
And in the publication make no ſtriue,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Vlyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, thinke you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; who may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heare the Troyans taſte our deer'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Pallate: and truſt to me *Vlyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the ſucceſſe
(Although particular) ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall prickes
To their ſubſequent Volumes, there is ſeene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maſſe
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppoſ'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choyſe;
And choiſe being mutuall acte of all our ſoules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man diſtill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To ſtuffe a ſtrong opinion to themſelues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his inſtruments,
In no leſſe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.
Vlyſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech.
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And thinke perchaunce they'l ſell: If not,
The luſter of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eies: what are they?
Vlyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould weare with him:
But he already is too inſolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſalt ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion croſſe
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: Among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off,
We'l dreſſe him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men. But hit or miſſe,
Our proiected life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes,
Aiax employ'd, plucker downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Neſt. Now *Vlyſſes*, I begin to relliſh thy aduice,
And I will giue a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight:
Two Curres ſhall tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tarre the Maſtiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*
Enter Aiax, and Therſites.
Aia. Therſites?
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (full) all ouer generally.
Aia. Therſites?
Ther. And thoſe Byles did runne, ſay ſo; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?
Aia. Dogge.
Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canſt y not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord.
Aia. Speake then you whinid'ſt leauen ſpeake, I will beate thee into handſomeneſſe.
Ther. I ſhal ſooner rayſe thee into wit and holineſſe: but I thinke thy Horſe will ſooner con an Oration, then y learn a prayer without booke: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.
Aia. Toads ſtoole, learne me the Proclamation.
Ther. Doeſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?
Aia. The Proclamation. (me thus?
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.
Aia. Do not perpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.
Aia. I ſay the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumbleſt & raileſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkſt at him.
Aia. Miſtreſſe *Therſites*.
Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.
Aia. Cobloſe.
Ther. He would pun thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breakes a biſket.
Aia. You horſon Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.
Aia. Thou ſtoole for a Witch.
Ther. I, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord; thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes: An Aſſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant Aſſe, thou art heere but to threſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſolde among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aia. You dogge.
Ther. You ſcurvy Lord.
Aia. You Curre.
Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudeneſs, do Camell, do, do.
Enter Achilles and Patrocles.
Achil Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?
Ther. You ſee him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter.
Ther. Nay looke vpon him.
Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

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Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who ſomeuer you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Ajax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his euaſions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a penny, and his *Pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who weares his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay this *Ajax* ——

Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietneſſe, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Curre, I ſhall ——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Ajax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he ryles vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not.

Ajax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I ſerue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was heere the voluntary and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. Euen ſo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your ſinewes, or elſe there be Liars. *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good crack a fuſtie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Vliſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nailes on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to ——

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Therſites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through all our hoſt, That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne, Will with a Trompet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Armes, That hath a ſtomacke, and ſuch a one that dare Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell? who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lotterie: otherwiſe

Heknow his man.

Ajax. O meaning you, I will go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hoſtries, lines, ſpeeches ſpent, Thus once againe ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greekes, Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage elſe (As honour, loſſe of time, trauaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what-els deere that is conſum'd In hot digeſtion of this cornorant Warre) Shall be ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.

Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greekes than I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*, There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels, More ſpungie, to ſucke in the ſenſe of Feare, More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes Than *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety, Surety ſecure: but modeſt Doubt is cal'd The Beacon of the wiſe: the tent that ſearches To'th'bottome of the worſt. Let *Helen* go, Since the firſt ſword was drawne about this queſtion, Euery tythe ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand dimes, Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours: If we haue loſt ſo many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs (Had it out name) the valew of one ten; What merit's in that reaſon which denies The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and honr of a King (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters ſumme The paſt proportion of his infinite, And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſſe, With ſpannes and inches ſo diminutiue, As feares and reaſons? Fie for godly ſhame?

Hel. No marueil though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons, You are ſo empty of them, ſhould not our Father Beare the great ſway of his affayres with reaſons, Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tels him ſo.

Troy. You are for dreames & ſlumbers brother Prieſt You furre your gloues with reaſon: here are your reaſons You know an enemy intends you harme, You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous, And reaſon flyes the obiect of all harme. Who marueils then when *Helenus* beholds A Grecian and his Sword, if he do ſet The very wings of reaſon to his heeles: Or like a Starre diſrob'd. May, if we ralſe of Reaſon, And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue, Let's ſhut our gates and ſleepe: Manhood and Honor Should haue hard hearts, would they but fat their thoghts With this craſſe reaſon: reaſon and reſpect, Makes Luſers pale. and luſtyhood deiect.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth What ſhe doth coſt the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will, It holds his eſtimate and dignitie As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelfe, As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie, To make the ſeruice greater than the God, And the will dotes that is inclineable To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects, Without ſome image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conſent of my Will;

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no euaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue ſpoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnreſpective ſame,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breach of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Treae,
And did him ſeruice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apollos*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd aboue a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Beggar the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we haue ſtolne what we do feare to keepe
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares

Caſ. Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyſe? what ſhreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voyce.

Caſ. Cry Troyans.

Hect. It is *Caſſandra*.

Caſ. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.

Hect. Peace ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe high ſtraines
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our minds;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her braineſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And Ioue forbid there ſhould be done amongſt vs
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſels:
But I attell the gods, your full conſent
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enuiey of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeake
Like one be-ſorted on your ſweet delights:
You haue the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſſion vp
On termes of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot parallell.

Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well:
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue glozed, but ſuperficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benighted wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractarie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth; yet ne're the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you touche the life of our deſigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not with a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spare more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſ'd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Grecians,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertis'd, their Great generall ſleeps,
Whilſt emulation in the armie creeps:
This I preſume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whilſt he rail'd at me: S'foote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then there *Achilles*, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſſe then little wit from them that they haue, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelfe knowes, is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Campe, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curſe dependant on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers and diuell, enuie, ſay Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites*. Good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a gilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, folly and ignorance be thine in great reuenew; heauen bleſſe thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that laies thee out ſayes thou art a faire corſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't ſhe neuer ſhrowded any but Lazars. Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſeru'd thy ſelfe into my Table, ſo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therſites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy ſelfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mai'ſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You rogerall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Therſites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Therſites* is a foole, and as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffices me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confounde all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpoſ'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, ſo perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vliſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ſicke, ſicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him ſhow vs the cauſe? A word my Lord.

Neſt. What moues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliſ. *Achilles* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites*?

Vliſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue loſt his A gument.

Vliſ. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles*.

Neſt. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh then their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſell that a Foole could diſunite.

Vliſ. The enuitie that wiſedome knits, not folly may eaſily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

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Here comes *Patroclus.*

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Vlyſ. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courteſie: His legge are legs for neceſſitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay he is much ſorry: If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure, Did moue your greatneſſe, and this noble State, To call vpon him: he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digeſtion ſake; An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*: We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers: But his excuſion wrunged thus ſwift with ſcorne, Cannot out-flye our apprehenſions. Much attributive he hath, and much the reaſon, Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuouſly of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to looſe their glоſſe; Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnhoſome diſh, Are like to rot vntaſted: goe and tell him, We come to ſpeake with him; and you ſhall not ſinne, If you doe ſay, we thinke him ouer proud, And vnder honeſt in ſelfe-aſſumption greater Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himſelfe Here tends the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on, Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command: And vnder write in an obſeruing kinde His humorous predominance. yea watch His pettiſh lines, his ebbe, his flowes, as if The paſſage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde, That if he ouerhold his price ſo much, We'le none of him; but let him, like an Engin Not portable, lye vnder this report. Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre: A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue, Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwere preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voyce we'le not be ſatisfied, We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you.

Exit Vliſſes.

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aja. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himſelfe: Pride is his owne Glaſſe, his owne trompet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praiſe.

Enter Vliſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. Yet he loues himſelfe: is't not ſtrange?

Vlyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuſe?

Vliſ. He doth reſt vpon none, But writes on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe, Without obſeruance or reſpect of any, In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeſt, Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with vs?

Vlyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake onely He makes important: poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe, And ſpeakes not to himſelfe, but with a pride That quarrels at ſelfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth Holds in his blood ſuch ſwolne and hot diſcourſe, That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts, Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages, And batters gainſt it ſelfe; what ſhould I ſay? He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Ajax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent; 'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.

Vlyſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo. Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes, When they goe from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord, That baſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame, And neuer ſuffers matter of the world, Enter his thoughts: ſaue ſuch as doe remaine And ruminate himſelfe. Shall he be worſhipt, Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord, Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nobly acquir'd, Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit, As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*, That were to enlard his fat already, pride, And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes With entertaining great *Hiperion*. This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid, And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes vp this applauſe.

Aja. If I go to him, with my armed fiſt, I'le poſh him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you ſhall not goe.

Aja. And a be proud with me, ile phеſe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vlyſ. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aja. A paultry inſolent fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelfe.

Aja. Can he not be ſociable?

Vlyſ. The Rauen chides blacknеſſe.

Aja. He let his humours blood.

Ag. He will be the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient.

Aja. And all men were a my minde.

Vlyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Aja. A ſhould not beare it ſo, a ſhould caſe Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vlyſ. A would haue ten ſhares.

Aja. I will knede him, I'le make him ſupple, he's not yet through warme.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure inthis ambition is dry.

Vlyſ. My L. you feede too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.

Dom. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Vlyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme. Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreſon dog, that ſhal palter thus with us, would he were a *Troian*.

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe

Ulyſ. I, or ſurly borne

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heavens Lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſcipline'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And give him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeelde
To ſanowrie *Ajax*. I will not praiſe thy wildeſſe,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times.
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Ajax* and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyſ. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicker: pleaſe it our Generall,
To call together all his ſtaue of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy* to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt.
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And call their flowre, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Boates may ſaile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honor and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſicke is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts

Pa. Know you the Muſicians.

Ser. Wholly ſir

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that love Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's not to be vnder ſtood ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my Lo. who's there in perſon: with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida*.

Ser. No ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall aſſault vpon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed phraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Par. Faire he to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere Lord, you are full of faire words.

Par. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge vs out, we'le heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord.

Pan. Go too ſweete Queene, goe to. Commends himſelfe moſt affectionately to you.

Hel You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody: If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene I faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What ſayes my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What ſayes my ſweete Queene? my coſen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, I'le make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida*? no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie: come, giue me an inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. She ſhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no, ſheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all Oh *Cupid*, *Cupid*, *Cupid*.

Pan. Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more:
For O loues Bow,
Shoots Buckle and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe Louers cry, oh oh they dye;
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh oh, to ha ha he:
So dying loue liues ſtill.
O oh a while, but ha ha ha,
O heavens out ſorrowes, ha ha ha.——hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par. *Hector*, *Deyphebus*, *Helenus*, *Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene: I long to heare how they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde: let vs to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woe you,
To helpe vnarme our *Hector*: his ſtubborne Buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touche,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes: you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris*:
Yea what he ſhuns receiues of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maiſter, at my Couzen *Creſsida*?

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you ſeene my Cousin?

Troy. No *Pandarus*: I walke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſsid*.

Pan. Walke here i'th'Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchaunts my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come ſtraight: you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo blush, & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: Ile fetch her; it is the pretticſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome:
My heart beates thicker then a feaverous poſſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maieſtie.

Enter Pandarus and Creſsida.

Pan. Come, come, what needs you bluſh?
Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you haue ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th hils: why doe you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how looth you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner: So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme? build there: Carpenter, the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, ſo: all the Ducks i'th Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but ſheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if ſhee call your activity in queſtion: what billing againe? here's in witneſſe where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Creſsida*, how often haue I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they graunt? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Creſ. More

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Creſ. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer ſee truely.

Creſ. Blinde feare, that ſeeing reaſon leads, findes ſafe footing, then blinde reaſon, ſtumbling without feare: to feare the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter

Creſ. Not nothing monſtrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe ſeas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Miſtreſſe to deuiſe impoſition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie impoſed. This is the monſtruoſitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſſe, and the act a ſlaue to limit.

Creſ. They ſay all Louers ſweare more performance then they are able, and yet reſerue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſſe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monſters?

Troy. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe vs as we are taſted, allow vs as we proue: our head ſhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuertion ſhall haue a praiſe in preſent: wee will not name deſert before his birth, and being borne his addition ſhall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what enuie can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can ſpeake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? haue you not done talking yet?

Creſ. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that. if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le ſticke where they are throwne.

Creſ. Boldneſſe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you nights and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Creſsid* then ſo hard to win?

Creſ Hard to ſeeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confeſſe much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maiſter it; in faith I lye:
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-ſtrong for their mother: ſee we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who ſhall be true to vs
When we are ſo vnſecret to our ſelues?
But though I lou'd you well. I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakeneſſe drawes
My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Creſ. My Lord, I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe:
I am aſham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue ſweete *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Creſ. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends yo Lady?

Creſ. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.

Creſ. Let me goe and try.
I haue a kinde of ſelfe resides with you:
But an vnkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeakes ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I ſhew more craft then loue,
And ſell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you loue not: for to be wiſe and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decaies:
Or that perſwaſion could but thee conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler then the infancie of truth.

Creſ. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right:
True ſwaines in loue, ſhall in the world to come
Approue their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare;
Wants ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne vp the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe, or ſwerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde oblition ſwallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterleſſe are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falſehood, when they'aue ſaid as falſe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as ſandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſehood,

As

As falſe as *Creſſid*.

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe here I hold your hand: here my Coſens, if euer you proue falſe one to another, ſince I haue taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Pandors; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Pandors: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your pretie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Flo ſo.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſeruice I haue done you,
Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the ſight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expoſ'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſeruice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, vnacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of vs Troian? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires;
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his manage: and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Soone of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſeruice I haue done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'le queſtion me,
Why ſuch vnplauſiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I haue derision medicinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. We'le execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Then if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſaies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Neſt. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Neſt. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane theſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vſ'd to bend
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with me too: what the decline'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders;
The loue that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes*?

Vlyſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuer.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other with each others forme
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe : this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar ; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expertly proues
That no way is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applauſe,
Where they are extended . who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe : or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting the Sonne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately :
The vnknowne *Aiax* ;
Heauens what a man is there? a very Horſe, (are
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe.
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth : now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
Aiax renown'd ? O heauens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe !
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Idoets in her eyes :
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords ; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeue it :
For they paſt by me, as myſers doe by beggers,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?
Vliſ. Time hath(my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for oblıuion :
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes :
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done : perſeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion. like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie : take the inſtant way,
For honour trauels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe then the paths
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue ; if you giue way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right ;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leaue you hindmoſt :
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on : then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours :
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th'hand;
And with his armes out-ſtrecht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer : the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing : O let not vertue ſeeke
Remeneration for the thing it was : for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin :
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt.
More laud then guilt oredulted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect :
Then marueill not thou great and complete man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax* ;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs : the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'ſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent ;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelues,
And drawe great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But 'gainſt your priuacie
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall :
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha ? knowne?
Vliſ. Is that a wonder ?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt euery graine of Plutoes gold ;
Finden bottome in th'vncomprehenſiue deepes ;
Keepes place with thought ; and almoſt like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnaſile in their dumbe cradles :
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of State ;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
That breath or pen can giue expreſſure to :
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in her Hand ſound her trumpe ;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne ;
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord : I as your louer ſpeake ;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you ;
A woman impudent and mannifh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action : I ſtand condemn'd for this ;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre.
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus :
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector* ?
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gored.
Patr. O then beware :
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themſelues
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtily taints
Euen then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patrocles*,

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Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To ſee vs here vnarm'd : I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſicke withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; Enter *Therſ.*
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field, aſking for himſelfe.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. Hee muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and ſo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his neecke i'th'combat, hee'le breake't himſelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I ſaid, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fiſh, languageleſſe, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anſwer no body: he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*: tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimious and moſt illuſtrious, fiue or ſeuen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. *Ioue* bleſſe great *Aiax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howſoeuer, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr Your anſwer ſir.

Ther Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am ſure none, vnleſſe the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ſtir'd,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it: I had rather be a Tickle in a Sheepe, then ſuch a valiant ignorance.

* *Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.*

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dium. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Dium. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our bloods are now in calme; and ſo long health.
But when contention, and occaſion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite and policy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I ſweare,
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Dium. We ſympathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dy
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt, deſpightfull'ſt gentle greeting:
The noblеſt hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What buſineſſe Lord ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calchas* houſe, and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creſſid*:
Lets haue your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before vs. I conſtantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherof, I feare
We ſhall be much vnwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creſſid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
On Lord, weele follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Euen in the soule of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?
My selfe, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soylure,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not palliating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a lecher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poys'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrey-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,
For euery false drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not giuen so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Wee'le not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those prettie eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Troy. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me?

Troy. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too briefe. (staies,

Troy. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she
As hideously as hell; but flies the grasps of loue,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee tarry you men will neuer tarry;
O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Troy It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cousin *Cressid*?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vncle:
You bring me to doo——and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What haue I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: you'le neuer be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha, alas poore wretch: a poore *Capocchia*, hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleepe: a bug-beare take him.

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knocke i' the head. Who's that at doore? good Vncle goe and see.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cre. Come, you are deepe[illegible]. I shake of [illegible]
How earnestly they knocke [illegible]
I would not [illegible] ha[illegible] Cousin how long haue you beene here?

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the dores? How now, what's the matter?

Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Æne Is not Prince *Troylus* here?

Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?

Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware. youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphebus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troy. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the generall state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my atchiuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuel take *Antenor*; the young Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon *Antenor*: I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord gone? tell me sweet Vncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prythee get thee in; would thou had'st neere beene borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gentlemen: a plague vpon *Antenor*.

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Creſ. Good Vnckle I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenour*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Creſ. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: I know no touch of conſanguinitie: No kin, no loue, no blood, no ſoule, ſo neere me, As the ſweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine! Make *Creſſids* name the very crowne of falſhood! If euer ſhe leaue *Troylus*: time, force and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the ſtrong baſe and building of my loue, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Creſ. Teare my bright heire, and ſcratch my praiſed cheekes, Cracke my cleere voyce with ſobs, and breake my heart With ſounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphebus, Antenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre preſixt Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes faſt vpon: good my brother *Troylus*, Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to doe, And haſt her to the purpoſe.

Troy. Walke into her houſe: Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently; And to his hand, when I deliuer her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus* A Prieſt, there offring to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue, And would, as I ſhall pittie, I could helpe. Pleaſe you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taſte, And no leſſe in a ſenſe as ſtrong As that which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporiſe with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder paſſat, The like allaiment could I giue my griefe: My loue admits no qualifying croſſe; *Enter Troylus.* No more my griefe, in ſuch a precious loſſe.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a ſweet ducke.

Creſ. O *Troylus*, *Troylus*!

Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, beauie heart, why ſigheſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers againe; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs caſt away nothing, for we may liue to haue needs of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?

Troy. *Creſſid*: I loue thee in ſo ſtrange a puritie; That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Creſ. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a caſe.

Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Creſ. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.

Creſ. Is poſſible?

Troy. And ſodainely, where iniurie of chance Puts backe leaue-taking, iuſtles roughly by All time of pauſe; rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoyndure: forcibly preuents Our lockt embraſures; ſtrangles our deare vowes, Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath. We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighes Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues, With the rude breuitie and diſcharge of our Iniurious time; now with a robbers haſte Crams his rich theeverie vp, he knowes not how. As many farwels as be ſtars in heauen, With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them, He fumbles vp into a looſe adiew; And ſcants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe, Diſtaſting with the ſalt of broken teares. *Enter Æneas.*

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo Cries, come to him that inſtantly muſt dye. Bid them haue patience: ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Creſ. A woefull *Creſſid* 'mong'ſt the merry Greekes.

Troy. When ſhall we ſee againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely, For it is parting from vs: I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee: For I will throw my Gloue to death himſelfe, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true, And I will ſee thee.

Creſ. O you ſhall be expoſ'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger; Weare this Sleeue.

Creſ. And you this Gloue. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To giue thee nightly viſitation. But yet be true.

Creſ. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I ſpeake it; Loue: The Grecian youths are full of qualitie, Their louing well compoſ'd, with guift of nature, Flowing and ſwelling o're with Arts and exerciſe: How nouelties may moue, and parts with perſon. Alas, a kinde of godly iealouſie; Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſinne: Makes me affraid.

Creſ. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then: In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion So mainely as my merit: I cannot ſing, Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor ſweeten talke; Nor play at ſubtill games; faire vertues all;

To

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are diuels to our ſelues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull poteſtie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus?*
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you,
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainneſſe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greecke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſed*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priams* is in Illion?
Dium. Faire Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in youreye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Greecian, thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her ſeruant:
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.
Dium. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
Ile ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needefull talke.
Sound Trumpet.
Par. Harke, *Hellens* Trumpet.
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.
Exeunt.
Dio. Let vs make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let vs addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*
Thou dreadfull *Aiax*, that the appalled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou blowe'ſt for *Hector*.
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Dio Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.
Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſ. Yet is the kindeneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.
Neſt. And very courtly counſell: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, this mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir: Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing doe you render, or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne:
May I ſweete Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, giue me a kiſſe:
When *Helen* is a maide againe, and his——
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Vliſ. Neuer's my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Dio. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father
Neſt. A woman of quicke ſence.
Vliſ. Fie, fie, vpon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Florish.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purſue each other, or ſhall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, he'le obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale diſprizing
The Knight oppoſ'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curteſie:
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood;
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to ſeeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſ. They are oppoſ'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſſe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleſſe in his tongue;
Not ſoone prouok't, nor being prouok't, ſoone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he ſhewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breach:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue,
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A ſecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus ſaies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate ſoule,
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are well diſpoſ'd there *Aiax*. *trumpets ceaſe.*
Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers ſiſters Sonne;
A coſen german to great *Priams* ſeede:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the ſinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
Runs on the deaner checke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not beare from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iuſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſtie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her loud'ſt *O yes*
Cries, This is he; could'ſt promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What farther you will doe?
Hect. Weele anſwere it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Aiax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I haue the chance: I would deſire
My famous Coſin to our Grecian Tents.
Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And ſignifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Deſire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Coſin:
I will goe eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the reſt.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ſearching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderſtand more cleere
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſkes,
And formleſſe ruine of obliuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with moſt diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who muſt we anſwer?
Aen. The Noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſweares ſtill by *Venus* Glove
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now ſir, ſhe's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) ſeene thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth: and I haue ſeen thee
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And ſeene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubdumenes,
When thou haſt hung thy aduanced ſword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue ſaid vnto my ſtanders by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue ſeene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This haue I ſeene,
But this thy countenance (ſtill locke in ſteele)
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Aen. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reuerend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſpe thee
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha! by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue ſeen the time.
Vlyſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we haue heere her Baſe and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlyſſes* well.
Ah ſir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekiſh Embaſſie.
Vlyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My propheſie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feet.
Hect. I muſt not beleeue you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it
Vlyſ. So to him we leaue it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beſeech you next
To Feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee Lord *Vlyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art too breefe, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of ſport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſſe me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flaw. Anſwer me heauens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand againe;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not beleeue thee. henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer——
Aiax. Do not chaſe thee Coſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue ſtomacke. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarſe intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres ſince you refuſ'd
The Grecians cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the faireſt manner you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leyſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally intreat him,
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Vlyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But glues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Creſſid*.
Troy. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlyſ. You ſhall command me ſir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in Troy, had ſhe no Louer there
That wailes her abſence?
Troy. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, ſhe lou'd; ſhe is, and dooth;
But ſtill ſweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to night
Which

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Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let vs Feaſt him to the hight.
Pat. Heere comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*
Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?
Thou craſty batch of Nature, what's the newes?
Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & I doll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Ther. Why thou full diſh of Foole, from Troy.
Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?
Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.
Patr. Well ſaid aduerſity, and what need theſe tricks?
Ther. Prythee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.
Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue: What's that?
Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a gravell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take againe, ſuch prepoſtrous diſcoueries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what meen'ſt thou to curſe thus?
Ther. Do I curſe thee?
Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curre.
Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle, immateriall skeine of Sleyd ſilke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purſe thou: Ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egge.
Achi. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue ſworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Therſites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*
Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has not ſo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thriſty ſhooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Aſſe were nothing; hee is both Aſſe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Aſſe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care. but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aſke me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*: for I care not to bee the lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, ſpirits and fires.
Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.
Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Aiax. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Aiax. No, not a whit.
Enter Achilles.
Vlyſ. Heere comes himſelfe to guide you?
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.
Men. Goodnight my Lord.
Hect. Goodnight ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth-a? ſweet ſinke, ſweet ſure.
Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.
Aga. Goodnight.
Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*.
Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,
The tide whereof is now. goodnight great *Hector*
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vlyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keepe you company
Troy. Sweet ſir, you honour me.
Hect. And ſo good night.
Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*
Ther. That ſame *Diomed* is a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt vniuſt Knaue; I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leaue to ſee *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they ſay, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vſes the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after——— Nothing but Lecherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt*
Enter Diomed.
Dio. What are you vp here ho? ſpeake?
Chal. Who calls?
Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas*? (I thinke) where's you Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.
Enter Troylus and Vliſſes.
Vlyſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcouer vs.
Enter Creſſid.
Troy. *Creſſid* comes forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge?
Cref. Now my ſweet gardian: harke a word with you.
Troy. Yea, ſo familiar?
Vlyſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cal. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.
Troy. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Vlyſ. Liſt?
Cref. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery.
Dio. Nay then.
Cref. Ile tell you what.
Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworne.——
Cref. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?
Ther. A iugling tricke, to be ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſweare you would be flow on me?
Cref. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio. Good

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Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Vlyſ. How now Troian ?
Creſ. *Diomed.*
Dio. No, no, good night : Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy worſer moſt.
Creſ. Harke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madneſſe :
Vlyſ. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly : I beſeech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vlyſ. Nay, good my Lord goe off :
You flow to great diſtraction : come my Lord ?
Troy. I pray thee ſtay ?
Vlyſ. You muſt not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you ſtay ? by hell and hell torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieue thee ? O withered truth !
Vlyſ. Why, how now Lord ?
Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ. Gardeen ? why Greeke ?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not : come hither once againe.
Vlyſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething, will you goe
you will breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke.
Vlyſ. Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience ; ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the deuill Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles theſe together : fry lechery, fry.
Dio. But will you then ?
Creſ. In faith I will lo ; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vlyſ. You haue ſworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not ſweete Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele : I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.
Troy. O beauie ! where is thy Faith ?
Vlyſ. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Creſ. You looke vpon that Sleeue ? behold it well :
He lou'd me : O falſe wench : giue't me againe.
Dio. Whoſe was't ?
Creſ. It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night :
I prythee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther. Now the ſharpens : well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall haue it.
Creſ. What, this ?
Dio. I that.
Creſ. O all you gods ! O pretty, pretty pledge ;
Thy Maiſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighes, and takes my Gloue,
And gives memoriall daincie kiſſes to it ;
As I kiſſe thee.
Dio. Nay, doe not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troy. I did ſweare patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not haue it *Diomed* faith you ſhall not ;
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will haue this : whoſe was it ?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was ?
Creſ. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it ?
Creſ. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond :
And by her ſelfe, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt ; and yet it is not :
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.
Creſ. You ſhall not goe : one cannot ſpeake a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto* : but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come ? the houre.
Creſ. I, come : O *Ioue !* doe, come : I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Creſ. Good night : I prythee come :
Troylus farewell ; one eye yet lookes on thee ;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth ſee.
Ah poore our ſexe ; this fault in vs I finde :
The error of our eye, directs our minde.
What error leads, muſt erre : O then conclude,
Minds ſwai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proofe of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more,
Vnleſſe ſhe ſay, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vlyſ. All's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vlyſ. Why ſtay we then ?
Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke ;
But if I tell how theſe two did coact ;
Shall I not lye, in publiſhing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart :
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth inuert that teſt of eyes and eares ;
As if thoſe organs had deceptiue functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here ?
Vlyſ. I cannot conſtrue Troian.
Troy. She was not ſure.
Vlyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe ?
Vlyſ. Nor mine my Lord : *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleev'd for womanhood :
Thinke we had mothers ; doe not giue aduantage
To ſtabbo-ne Criticks, apt without a theame
For depravation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſid.*
Vlyſ. What hath ſhe done Prince, that can ſoyle our
mothers ?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnleſſe that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwaggar himſelfe out on's owne eyes ?
Troy. This ſhe ? no, this is *Diomids Creſſida* :
If beauie haue a ſoule, this is not ſhe :

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If ſoules guide vowes, if vowes are ſanctimonie;
If ſanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe: O madneſſe of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets vp, with, and againſt thy ſelfe
By ſoule authoritie: where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid*:
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no Orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Arachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates:
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen:
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe:
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſſe?

Troy. I Greeke: and that ſhall be diuulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe *Creſſida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
That Sleeue is mine, that he'le beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Senne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Creſſid*! O falſe *Creſſid*! falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all vntruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'le ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe:
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I haue beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtaies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vli. He bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Ulliſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that rogue *Diomed*, I would croake like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning diuell take them.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much vngently temper'd, To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the euerlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will ſure proue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſſa. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and deere petition:
Purſue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.

Caſſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound

Caſſ. No notes of ſallie, for the heauens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begon I ſay: the gods haue heard me ſweare.

Caſſ. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Liuers in the ſacrifice.

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuſt; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caſſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe;
But vowes to every purpoſe muſt not bold:
Vnarme ſweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus

How now yong man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harneſſe youth:
I am to day i'th'vaine of Chiualrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong:
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecians fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them riſe, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.

Troy Hector, then 'tis warres.

Hect. Troylus, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares;
Not you my brother, with your true ſword drawne
Oppoſ'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way:
But by my ruine

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe.

Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*

Caſſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the looſe you beare me, get you in.
Exit Andromache.

Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Caſſ. Farewell: yet, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceive. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell. the gods with ſafeſt hand about thee. *Alarum.*

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, believe
I come to looſe my armes, or winne my Creſsida.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones; that unleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes thee there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe wind to winde, there turne and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name.
A Larum.

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomeds*, has got that ſame ſcurvie, doting, fooliſh yong knaue Sleeve of Troy, there in his Helme. I would fame ſee them meet; that, that ſame yong Troian aſſe, that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeve, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeueleſſe errant. O'th' other ſide, the politick of thoſe craftie ſwearing rogues; that ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-faze *Phyſo'* is not proud worth a Black-berry. They ſet me vp in policy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*: And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme; and policie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the Riuer Stix,
I would ſwim after.

Dom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian. now for thy whore Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match.
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcurvie railing knaue: a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I doe beleeue thee, liue.

Ther God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake thy necke—for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a ſort, lecherie eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them. *Exit*

Enter Diomed and Seruant.

Dio. Goe, goe, my ſeruant, take thou *Troylus* Horſe;
Preſent the faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſeruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe

Ser. I goe my Lord *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Dorcus* priſoner.
And ſtands Caſoſſus-wiſe wooing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of the Kings:
Epiſtrophus and *Cedius*, *Polixines* is ſlaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appalls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the laſie-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame;
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſcule,

Before

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before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers ſwath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue roz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noiſeleſſe, handleſſe, hacke and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and eot it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe.
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus* *Exit.*
Dio. I, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, whes's *Hector*? I will noose but *Hector* *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Dium. *Troylus*, I ſay, whes's *Troylus*?
Aia. What would'ſt thou?
Dium. I would correct him.
Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I ſay, what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owe'ſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Aia. Ile fight with him alone, ſtand *Diomed*.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes, haue at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee; haue at thee *Hector*.
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Aiax* hath tane *Aeneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He ſhall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I ſay;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile be maiſter of it: wilt thou not beaſt abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*
Marke what I ſay; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroake, but keepe your ſelues in breath,
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about.
In fellest manner execute your arme.
Follow me ſirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double hen'd ſparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams*
Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fights for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Baſtard.
Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne,
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy ſinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.
Gre. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.
Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, eye his body to my horſes tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. *Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neſtor Diomed, and the reſt marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achilles

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Ichil. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's ſlaine. *Achilles.*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* ſlaine, and by *Achilles.*

Aia. If it be ſo yet bragleſſe let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befriended.
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maiſters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here ſtarue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector is ſlaine.

All. Hector? the gods forbid

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horſes taile,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the thameſtall Field.
Preſume on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeede:
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you doe diſcomfort all the Hoſte.

Troy. You vnderſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I doe not ſpeake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addreſſe their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a ſcreechowle aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and ſay there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole ſtatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great ſiz'd coward:
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſies thoughes.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and ſhame
Purſue thy life and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent diſpiſde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earneſtly are you ſet aworke, and how ill requited? why ſhould our indeuour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what inſtance for it? let me ſee.
Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.
And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the flеſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes haiſe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall;
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue ſome groanes;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two monthes hence, my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Gooſe of Winchеſter would hiſſe;
Till then, Ile ſweate, and ſeeke about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. *Exeunt.*

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.

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The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanenesse that afflicts vs, the obiect of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede especially against *Caius Martius*.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Seruices he has done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say vnto you, what he hath done Famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is couetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shouts within.

What shouts are these? The other side o'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough, would al the rest were so.

Men. What work's my Countrymen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our businesse is not vnknowne to th Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, & now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heauen with your staues, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linke asunder, then can euer Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Thether, where more attends you, and you slander The Helmes o'th State, who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses crammd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsurers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare vs.

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But since it serues my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

1 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke
To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a Gulfe it did remaine

Pth midd'ft a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deuiſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.

2. Cit. Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it tauntingly replyed
To th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receipt: euen ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2. Cit. Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Munuments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they

Men. What then? Fore'me, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?

2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2. Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer

2. Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.

2. Cit. I ſir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Audit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?

2 Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Cares; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2. Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs.
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt haue baſe.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelues Scabs.

2. Cit. We haue ever your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Juſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatneſs,
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickneſs Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with fines of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang yee: Truſt ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeuerall places of the Citie,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in aure, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they ſay
The Citie is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay there's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me vſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſſing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diſſolu'd: Hang em;
They ſtild they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone walls: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulger wiſdomes
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

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The rabble ſhould haue firſt vnroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For inſurrection's arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.
Meſſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Meſſ. The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar I am glad on't, then we ſhall haue meanes to vent
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Larcius, with other Senatours.

1. *Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſinne in enuying his Nobilnie:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. Were he to ſtand to th'one the world by th'eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to theſe Warres
Com It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to'th Capitoll, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on. Follow *Cominius*, we muſt followe
you, right worthy you Priority
Com Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar Nay let them follow.
The Volces haue much Corne: take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteale away. Manet Sicinius & Brutus.
Sicin. Was euer man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſ-
daines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vn-
der *Cominius*?
Bru Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, not more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sicin. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity, he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Corioles.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is,
They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Larcius*, a moſt valiant Romen,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1. *Sen.* Our Armies in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer vs.
Auf Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcouery,
We ſhalbe ſhorten'd in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2. *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they ſet downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis ſworne betweene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All The Gods aſſiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1. *Sen.* Farewell.
2. *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

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Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius : They set them downe on two low stooles and sow.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort : If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my wombe; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame : To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Country, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not :
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme :
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire :
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him :
Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome : his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harueſt man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man,
Then gilt his Trophe. The breſts of *Hecuba*
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heauens bleſſe my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spouse in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir I thanke your Lady-ship : Well good Madam.

Val. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaſter.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne : Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wenſday halfe an houre together : ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again : or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threſhold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably : Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers : but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope* : yet they say, all the yearne she spun in *Vlyſses* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not iest with you; there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is : the Volcies haue an Army forth, against whō *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Larcius*, are set down before their Citie *Corioles*, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now :
She will but diseaſe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would :
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemneſse out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

Enter Martius, Titus Larcius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Coriolus : to them a Meſſenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes :
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

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Mar. Say, hut's our Generall met the Enemy?
Mef. They lye in view, but haue not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mar. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile not ſell, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?
Mef. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parly: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corioles.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?
1. *Sen.* No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drums a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: We'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelues. Hearke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious*. Liſt what worke he makes
Amongſt your cloſen Army.
Mar. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but iſſue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do diſdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
Alarum the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.
Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Further then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge horne,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, we'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.
Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to the gates, and is ſhut in.
So, now the gates are open: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gate.
1. *Sol.* Foole-hardineſſe, not I.
2. *Sol.* Nor I.
3. *Sol.* See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Larcius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1. *Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenſeleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand'ſt vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Were not ſo rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Soldier
Euen to *Cato's* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.
1. *Sol.* Looke Sir.
Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.
1. *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2. *Rom.* And I this.
3. *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. *exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See here theſe mouers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Doblets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidius*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit, will haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidius* thus, I will appeare
Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deepe in Loue with thee, and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Opposers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers o'th'Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*
Enter Cominius as it were to retire, with ſoldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends, well fought, we are come off,
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrook
By Interims and conueying guſts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Mef. The Citizens of *Corioles* haue iſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Aboue an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I ſir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That do's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frõ a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rafcals worſe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we haue at diſaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on which ſide
They haue plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Auffidius*, and his *Antiates*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your aſking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report.
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Waue thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.
They all ſhout and wane their ſwords, take him vp in their Armes, and caſt vp their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidius*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to March,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Diuide in all, with vs. *Exeunt*

Titus Lartius, hauing ſet a guard vpon Coriolus, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerue
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lar. Hence; and ſhut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Romen Campe conduct vs. *Exit Alarum, as in Battaile.*

Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeuerall doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke owes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.
Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the aide of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.
Officious and not valiant, you haue ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flouriſh.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Armes in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou'lt not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſell of this Feaſt,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Purſuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——
Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who has a Charter to extoll her Blood,
When ſhe do's praiſe me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Graue of your deſeruing,
Rome muſt know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worſe then a Theft,
No leſſe then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire, and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeeme but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
In ſigne of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.
Martius. I haue ſome Wounds vpon me, and they ſmart
To heare themſelues remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelues with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your only choyſe.
Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuſe it,
And ſtand vpon my common part with thoſe,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, caſt vp their Caps and Lances: Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Neuer ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steele growes ſoft, as the Parraſites Silke,
Let him be made an Coertute for th' Warre ...
No more I ſay, for that I haue not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foyl'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe haue done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſawc'ſt with Lyes.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruell to your good report, than gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applauſe and Clamor of the Hoaſt,
Martius Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly euer!
Flourish. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.
Omnes. Martius Caius Coriolanus.
Martius. I will goe waſh:
And when my Face is faire, you ſhall perceiue
Whether I bluſh, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-creſt your good Addition,
To th'fairneſſe of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repoſe vs, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſſe: you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Corioles* backe, ſend vs to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I ſhall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I ſometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans houſe: he ſau'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I requeſt you
To giue my poore Hoſt freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he ſhould
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus*.
Lartius. Martius, his Name.
Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am weary, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The blood vpon your Viſage dryes, 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd too: come. *Exeunt.*

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiers.

Auff. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? Fiue times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doe ſo, I thinke, ſhould we encounter

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As often as we eate. By th'Elements.
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the dwell.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him
Shall fye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And couping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I meane of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doeing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your necks, and make but an Interiour survey of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patrician*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vpon, too trifiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the But-tocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Lieuingers*,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, follows it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Character, if I be knowne well enough too.

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfet-seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to be pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so honourable a grace, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be inioomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*, though perauenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. *Aside.*

Enter

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his *Wife* another, and (*I* thinke) there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Eſtate of seuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The most soueraigne Prescription in *Galen*, is but Emperick qustique: and to this Preseruative, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Auffidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Larcius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Corioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Menen. True? Ile be ſworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God ſaue your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cauſe to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when hee ſhall ſtand for his place: he receiued in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeuen hurts ith' Body.

Menen. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this laſt Expedition, twentie five Wounds vpon him.

Menen. Now it's twentie ſeuen; every gaſh was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A Shout, and flourish.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius*:
Before him hee carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's nerue Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Soul-diers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight Within Corioles Gates: where he hath woone,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my proſperitie. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Coriol. My gracious ſilence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Corioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Menen. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Menen. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
You are three, that Rome ſhould doate on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rellish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. *Menenius*, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not only greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Only there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſeruant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flourish. Cornets.*
Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

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Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him,and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls,Bulkes, Windowes,are ſmother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: feld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs,and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes,toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poothes,
As if that whatſoeuer God,who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him graceſull posture.

Sicin. On the ſuddaine,I warrant him Conſull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Sicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honors,
From where he ſhould begin,and end,but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Brutus In that there's comfort.

Sicin. Doubt not,
The Commoners,for whom we ſtand,but they
Vpon their ancient mallice,will forget
With the leaſt cauſe,theſe his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them,make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him ſweare,
Were he to ſtand for Conſull,never would he
Appeare i'th' Market place,nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of Humilitie,
Nor ſhewing(as the manner is)his Wounds
Toth' People,begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Sicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Sicin. I wiſh no better,then haue him hold that purpoſe,and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Sicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Brutus. So it muſt fall out
To him,or our Authorities,for an end
We muſt ſuggeſt the People,in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules,ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſpropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action,and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule,nor fitneſſe for the World,
Then Camels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens,and ſore blowes
For ſinking vnder them.

Sicin. This(as you ſay)ſuggeſted,
At ſome time,when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall reach the People,which time ſhall not want,
If he be put vpon't,and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe,will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſept for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought,that *Martius* ſhall be Conſull.
I haue ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes,and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Iouis* Statue,and the Commons made
A Shower,and Thunder,with their Caps,and Showts:
I neuer ſaw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Sicin. Haue with you. *Exeunt*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. *Off.* Come,come,they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three,they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd,and loues not the common people

2. *Off.* 'Faith,there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people,who ne're loued them;and there be many that they haue loued,they know not wherefore: ſo that if they loue they know not why, they haue vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition,and out of his Noble carelefneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue,or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good,nor harme: but hee ſeekes their hate with greater deuotion,then they can render it him, and leaues nothing vndone,that may fully diſcouer him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People,is as bad,as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deſerued worthily of his Country, and his aſſent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who hauing beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted,without any further deed, to haue them at all into their eſtimation,and report: but hee hath ſo planted his Honors in their Eyes,and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent,and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingrateful Iniurie: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice that giuing it ſelfe the Lye,would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. *Off* No more of him, hee is a worthy man: make way,they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelues. Coriolanus ſtands.

Menen. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius* it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble ſeruice, that hath
Thus ſtood for his Countrey. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt reuerend and graue Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſull, and laſt Generall,
In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himſelfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our ſtates defective for requitall,
Then we to ſtretch it out. Maſters a'th' People,
We doe requeſt your kindeſt eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paſſes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleaſing Treatie, and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Aſſembly.

Brutus. Which the rather we ſhall be bleſt to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto-fore priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent; Bleaſe you to heare *Cominius* ſpeake?

Brutus Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* ſpeake.

Coriolanus riſes, and offers to go away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Sonat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer ſhame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare ſay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now ſit downe.

Coriol. I had rather haue one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtrucke, than idly ſit
To heare my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then one on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I ſhall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Vertue,
And moſt dignifies the haueer: if it be,
The man I ſpeake of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shirne he drooue
The bridled Lippes before him: he beſtrid
An o're-preſt Roman, and i'th' Conſuls view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelfe he met,
And ſtrucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeuenteene Battailes ſince,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this laſt,
Before, and in Corioles, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeake him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into ſport: as Weeds before
A Veſſell vnder ſayle, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths ſtampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot.
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With ſhunleſſe deſtinie: aydeleſſe came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtrucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie ſence: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall ſpoyle, and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer ſtood
To eaſe his Breſt with panting.

Menen Worthy man.

Sonat He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honors
which we deuiſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leſſe
Then Miſerie it ſelfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Menen. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Sonat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſull

Corio. I doe owe them ſtill my Life, and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe ſpeake to the People.

Corio. I doe beſeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cuſtome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to giue their ſufferage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſſe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People muſt haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuſtome,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath only

Menen. Doe not ſtand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſull
Wiſh we all Ioy, and Honor.

Sonat. To

Scuit. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to vſe the people.

Sicin. May they perceiue's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requeſted,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter ſeuen or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our ſelues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee ſhew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeake for them: So if he tell vs his Noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelues to be monſtrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will ſerue: for once we ſtood vp about the Corne, he himſelfe ſtucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome browne, ſome blacke, ſome Abram, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diuerſly Coulored; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaſſe.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you ſo? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoone out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To looſe it ſelfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conſcience ſake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are neuer without your tricks, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to ſtay altogether, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs has a ſingle Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and I'le direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthieſt men haue done't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tougne to ſuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noiſe of our owne Drummes.

Men. Oh me the Gods, you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'l marre all,
I'le leaue you: Pray you ſpeake to 'em, I pray you
In wholſome manner. *Exit*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your owne deſert.

Corio. I, but mine owne deſire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne deſire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my deſire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Conſulſhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall bee yours in priuate. your good voice Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces beg'd: I haue your Alms, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odde.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Conſull, I haue heere the Cuſtomarie Gowne.

1. You haue deſerued Nobly of your Country, and you haue not deſerued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1 You haue bin a ſcourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol You ſhould account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue. I will ſir flatter my ſworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wifedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfetly, that is ſir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and giue it bountifull to the deſirers. Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſull.

2. We hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue deſerued many wounds for your Country.

Coriol. I will not Seale your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Moſt ſweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterue,
Then craue the higher, which firſt we do deſerue.
Why in this Woolniſh tongue ſhould I ſtand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that doeſ appeere

Their

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Their needfull Vouches: Custome calls me to't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doo thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doo.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six
I have seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Have done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.
1.*Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce.
2.*Cit.* Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the People.
All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, Noble Consull.
Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Menen. You have stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes invested,
You now doe meet the Senate.
Corio. Is this done?
Sicinius. The Custome of Request you have discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?
Sicin. There, *Coriolanus*
Corio. May I change these Garments?
Sicin. You may, Sir.
Corio. That I'le straight doe: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre to th'Senate-house.
Menen. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?
Brut. We stay here for the People.
Sicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Menen.*
He has it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.
Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sicin. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?
1.*Cit.* He has our Voyces, Sir.
Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loues.
2.*Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voyces.
3.*Cit.* Certainely, he flowted us downe-right.
1.*Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.
2.*Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your selfe, but sayes
He us'd us scornefully: he should have shew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Country.
Sicin. Why so he did I am sure.
All. No, not no man saw 'em.
3.*Cit.* Hee said he had Wounds,
Which he could shew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorne,
I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces,
I have no further with you. Was not this mockerie?
Sicin. Why either were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,
To yeeld your Voyces?
Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your Enemie, ever spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriving
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe to th' *Plebey*, your Voyces might
Be Curses to your selves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claime no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Malice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.
Sicin. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him plucke
Either his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should have ta'ne th'advantage of his Choller,
And pass'd him unelected.
Brut. Did you perceive,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Judgement?
Sicin. Have you, ere now, denyd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?
3.*Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2.*Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile have five hundred Voyces of that sound.
1.*Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.
Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.
Sicin. Let them assemble: and on a safer Judgement,
All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking upon his Services, tooke from you
Th'apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate Hate he beares you.
Brut. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.
Sicin. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the graine
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on us.

Brut. I,spare vs not : Say,we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Country,
How long continued,and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th'*Martians* : from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne.
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water,brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicin. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place,we did commend
To your remembrances : but you haue found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your soddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently,when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so : almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt,for greater:
If,as his nature is,he fall in rage
With their refusall, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicin. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme,as partly 'tis,their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Auffidius* then had made new head.

Lartius. He had,my Lord,and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Compositon.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them,to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so.
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?

Lartius. On safegard he came to me,and did curse
Against the Volces,for they had so vildly
Yeelded the Towne : he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Lartius. He did,my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Lartius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth,he hated
Your person most : That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Lartius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold,these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:
For they do prank them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicin. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on— No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Menen. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble,and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*,no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way,he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicin. Stop,or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?
Must these haue Voyces,that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tounges? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes,why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Menen. Be calme,be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thung,and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't,and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them : and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers,flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deserue so ill as you,and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of,with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Menen. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd : set on,this paltring
Becomes not Rome : nor has's *Coriolanus*
Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.

Menen. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat,Sir,now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-scented Meynie,
Let them regard me,as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselues : I say againe,
In soothing them,we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence,Sedition,
Which we our selues haue plowed for,sow'd,& scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs,the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no,nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.

Menen. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

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As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought
The very way to catch them
Bru. You speake o'th people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't
Men. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde
Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is not poyson any further.
Cor. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Mininoues*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians why
You graue, but wreakleſſe Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th' Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance. If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity. If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators and they are no leſſe,
When both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They choose their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a graue Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himſelfe,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame: How ſoone Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.
Cor. Who euer gaue that Counſell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th' Store-houſe gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute powre
I ſay they nourſht diſobedience: fed, the ruine of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people giue
One that ſpeakes thus, their voyce?
Cor. Ile giue my Reaſons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſeruice for't, being preſt to'th' Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deſerue Corne gratis. Being i'th Warre,
Their Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they haue often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe vnborne, could neuer be the Native
Of our ſo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words, We did requeſt it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Men. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with ouer meaſure.
Cor. No, take more.
What may be ſworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Where on part do's diſdaine with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon: where Gentry, Title, wiſedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it muſt omit
Reall Neceſſities, and giue way the while
To vnſtable Slightneſſe. Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſſe featefull, then diſcreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't. That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wiſh,
To tempt a Body with a dangerous Phyſicke,
That is ſure of death without it. at once pluck out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Has ſaid enough.
Sicin. Has ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch, deſpight ore-whelme thee:
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion.
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaide it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th' duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon.
Sicin. That a Conſull? No.
Enter an Edile.
Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended
Sicin Go call the people, in whoſe name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innouator:
A Foe to'th publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer
Cor. Hence old Goat
All Wee'l Surety him
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Cor. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ediles.
Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Heere's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru Seize him *Ediles*.
All. Downe with him, downe with him
2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:
They all buſtle about Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho!
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Men What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſions neere, I cannot ſpeake. You, Tribunes
To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience. Speak good *Sicinius*.

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.

Scicin. You are at point to lose your Liberties: *Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull.

Men. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Men. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet distinctly ranges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scicin. This deserues Death.

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie, Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of present Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him: Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Brut. Ædiles seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Men. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redresse.

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes, That seeme like prudent helpes, are very poysonous, Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him, And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here: There's some among you haue beheld me fighting, Come try vpon your selues, what you haue seene me.

Men. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Men. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt. In this Mutenie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Men. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away, All will be naught else.

2. Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid: I prythee noble friend, home to thy House, Leaue vs to cure this Cause.

Men. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come Sir, along with vs

Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not, Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue, One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Men. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are vs'd to beare.

Men. Pray you be gone: Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request With those that haue but little: this must be patche With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue must vent, And being angry, does forget that ever He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.* Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Men. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire? *Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.*

Scicin. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himselfe

Men. You worthy Tribunes.

Scicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law, And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall Then the seuerity of the publike Power, Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir. *Scicin.* Peace.

Men. Do not cry hauocke, where you should but hunt With modest warrant.

Scicin. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe To make this rescue?

Men. Heare me speake? As I do know The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Scicin. Consull? what Consull?

Men. The Consull *Coriolanus*.

Brut. He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leaue, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which shall turne you to no further harme, Then so much losse of time.

Scicin. Speake breefely then, For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor: to elect him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam Should now eate vp her owne.

Scicin.

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Scicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that he's but a Diſeaſe
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to looſe it by his Country,
Were to vs all that doo't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Scicin. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Mene. The ſeruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'l heare no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and plucke him thence,
Leaſt his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.
Mene. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harme of vnſkan'd ſwiftneſſe, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceſſe,
Leaſt parties (as he is beloo'd) breake out,
And ſacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were ſo?
Scicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot: our ſelues reſiſted: come.
Mene. Conſider this: He has bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without diſtinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmoſt peril.
1. *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our firſt way.
Mene. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, preſent me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horſes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beame of ſight; yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobles. You do the Nobles.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vaſſailes, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinarie ſtood vp
To ſpeake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you haue me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With ſtriuing leſſe to be ſo: Leſſer had bin
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſſe you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, ſomthing too rough: you muſt returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleſſe by not ſo doing, our good Citie
Cleaue in the midſt, and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well ſaid, Noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Phyſicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarſely beare.
Corio. What muſt I do?
Men. Returne to th'Tribunes,
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent, what you haue ſpoke.
Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeake. I haue heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like vnſeuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Men. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to ſeeme
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſſe or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeake to th'people:
Not by your owne inſtruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſomes truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honor. I am in this

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Your Wife, your Sonne: Theſe Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then ſpend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Menen. Noble Lady.
Come goe with vs, ſpeake faire: you may ſalue ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſſe
Of what is paſt.
Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing ſtretch't it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the ſtones: for in ſuch buſineſſe
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou do'ſt confeſſe
Were fit for thee to vſe, as they to claime,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelfe (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo farre,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Menen. This but done,
Euen as ſhe ſpeakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being aſk'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make ſtrong partie, or defend your ſelfe
By calmeneſſe, or by abſence: all's in anger.
Menen. Onely faire ſpeech.
Com. I thinke 'twill ſerue, if he can thereto frame his ſpirit.
Volum. He muſt, and will:
Prythee now ſay you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Muſt I goe ſhew them my vnbarb'd Sconce? I
Muſt I with my baſe Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it muſt beare well? I will doo't.
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to looſe
This Mould of *Martius*, they to duſt ſhould grinde it,
And throw't againſt the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to ſuch a part, which neuer
I ſhall diſcharge toth' Life.
Com. Come, come, we'le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a Souldier; ſo
To haue my praiſe for this, performe a part
Thou haſt not done before
Corio. Well, I muſt doo't:
Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſſe me
Some Harlots ſpirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-ſleepe: The ſmiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glaſſes of my ſight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Leaſt I ſur ceaſe to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A moſt inherent Baſeneſſe.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more diſ-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutneſſe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou liſt,
Thy Valiantneſſe was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy ſelfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Conſull,
Or neuer truſt to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volum.*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arme your ſelfe
To anſwer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accuſations, as I heare more ſtrong
Then are vpon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuſe me by inuention: I
Will anſwer in mine Honor.
Menen. I, but mildely.
Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he evade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're diſtributed What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ſet downe by'th
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready. (Pole?
Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.
Sicin. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they heare me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I'th'right and ſtrength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Baniſhment, then let them
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inſiſting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cauſe.
Edile. I ſhall informe them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe. but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the preſent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence
Edi. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint
When we ſhall hap to giu't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Challer ſtraite, he hath beene vs'd
Ever to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaſt, he cannot
Be reind'd againe to Temperance, then he ſpeakes
What's

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What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Comi-nius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Men. Calmely, I do beseech you.
Corio. I, as an Hostler, that for th'poorest pieces
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongst
Throughout our large Temples with full shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.
1 Sen. Amen, Amen
Men. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.
Corio. First heare me speake.
Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you
Corio. I am Content.
Men. Lo Citizens, he says he is Content.
The warlike Service he has done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, Scarres to moue
Laughter onely.
Men. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more
Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.
Sicin. Answer to vs.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so
Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Men. Nay temperately: your promise.
Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutch'd: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, curbing your Iudges,
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th'extreamest death.
Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,
Corio. What do you prate of Service.
Bru. I talke of that, that know it
Corio. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother.
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Flaying, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enuy'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Even from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me speake:
I haue beene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruation of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Coniallje.

They all shout, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile

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Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Giue him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come
The Gods preserue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'ld haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much swet. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waile inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue beene your solace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That starts i'th'way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole
I'th'absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres surfets, to go rouse with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me oughe
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, every foot.

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.

Menen Peace, peace be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too. I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer ye wise words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volum I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As Cæsar doth the Capitoll exceede
... all house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

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Thus Ladies Husband heere; thus (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'l leaue you.
Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.
Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,
And so shall starue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leaue thus faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*
Adrian. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*
Enter a Roman, and a Volce.
Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian.*
Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.
Volce. Nicanor: no.
Rom. The same sir.
Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean State to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a dayes iourney.
Rom. There hath beene in Rome strange Insurrections: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.
Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to come vpon them, in the heate of their diuision
Rom. The mutine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?
Rom. Banish'd sir.
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor*.
Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when they're falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* well appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.
Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Businesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?
Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.
Rom I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in prefent Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.
Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most cause to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exe*
Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguis'd, and muffled.
Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium*. Citty, 'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not, Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.
Enter a Citizen.
Cit. And you.
Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?
Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?
Cit. This heere before you.
Cor. Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
On a diffention of a Doit, breake out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes.
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*
Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.
1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.
Enter another Seruingman.
2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*
Enter Coriolanus.
Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.
Enter the first Seruingman.
1 *Ser.* What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*
Corio. I haue deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus*. *Enter second Seruant.*
2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.
Corio. Away.
2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'art troublesome.
2 *Ser.* Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon
Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.
3 What Fellowes this?
1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.
3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the house.
Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Hearth.
3 What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.
3 A marr'llous poore one.
Corio. True, so I am.
3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other station

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he has heere.

2 And I shall. *Exit second Seruingman.*

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, tis an honester seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Aufidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What would'st thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st yet me?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thankelesse Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Hearth, not out of Hope
(Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,
That my reuengefull Services may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to liue most wearie: and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate.
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse
It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*;
Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter.
Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the Moone with splinters: heere I clepp
The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath But that I see thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You bleede me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.
Exeunt

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

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ons how to beseme it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, Newes you Rascals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as lieue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before *Corioles*, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Canibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th'Table: No question aske him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other has's halfe, by the intreaty and grasne of the whole Table. Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst not (looke you sir) shew themselues (as we terme it) his Frjends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Creſt vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

2 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum stroke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcell of their Feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe. This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children, then warres a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse need one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselues did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir.

Mene. Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſs, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue been much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue, and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Bru. Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Insolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistant.

Mene. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamentation, If he had gone forth Consull, found it so.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison, Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers Are entred in the Romon Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*, Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment, Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,

And

And durſt not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.
Bru. Go ſee this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.
Men. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leaſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſſe are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is ſeconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power gainſt Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as ſpacious, as betweene
The yong'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Men. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'ſt Contrariety.
Enter Meſſenger.
Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.
Enter Cominius.
Com. Oh you haue made good worke.
Men. What newes? What newes?
Com. You haue holp to raiſh your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To ſee your Wiues diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Men. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Cinment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Men. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* ſhould be ioyn'd with Volcians.
Com If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity then Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt vs Brats, with no leſſe Confidence,
Then Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Men. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l ſhake your Rome about your eares.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
Bru. But is this true ſir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly Reuolt, and who refiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde ſomething in him.
Men. We are all vndone, vnleſſe
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for ſhame; the people
Deſerue ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Men. 'Tis true, if ſhe were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I haue not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.
Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, ſuch as was neuer
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Cluſters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.
Enter a Troope of Citizens.
Men. Heere come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deſerv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2 And ſo did I.
3 And ſo did I: and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of vs, that we did we did for the beſt, and though wee willingly conſented to his Baniſhment yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Men. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they ſo ſeeme to feare. Go home,
And ſhew no ſigne of Feare

1 *Cit.*

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1 Ci. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 Ci. So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Ci.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th'Romans?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vſe him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnleſſe by vſing meanes I lame the foote Of our deſigne. He beares himſelfe more proudlier, Euen to my perſon, then I thought he would When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not Ioyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either haue borne The action of your ſelfe, or elſe to him, had left it ſolely.

Auf. I vnderſtand thee well, and be thou ſure When he ſhall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge againſt him, although it ſeemes And ſo he thinkes, and is no leſſe apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And ſhewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as ſoone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone That which ſhall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he ſits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians loue him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as raſh in the repeale, as haſty To expell him thence. I thinke bee'l be to Rome As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it By Soueraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was A Noble ſeruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors euen: whether 'twas Pride Which out of daily Fortune euer taints The happy man; whether defect of iudgement, To faile in the diſpoſing of theſe chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooving From th'Caske to th'Cuſhion: but commanding peace Euen with the ſame auſterity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of theſe (As he hath ſpices of them all) not all, For I dare ſo farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the vſt'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power vnto it ſelfe moſt commendable, Hath not a Tombe ſo euident as a Chaire T'extoll what it hath done. One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do faile. Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine, Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine. *exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath ſaid Which was ſometime his Generall: who loued him In a moſt deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare *Cominius* ſpeake, Ile keepe at home

Com. He would not ſeeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not anſwer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleſſe, Till he had forg'd himſelfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why ſo: you haue made good worke: A pare of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was leſſe expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Menen. Very well, could he ſay leſſe.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's priuate Friends. His anſwer to me was He could not ſtay to picke them, in a pile Of noyſome muſty Chaffe. He ſaid, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt And ſtill to noſe th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the muſty Chaffe, and you are ſmelt Aboue the Moone. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your ayde In this ſo never-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our diſtreſſe. But ſure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the inſtant Armie we can make Might ſtop our Countryman.

Menen. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Menen. Well, and ſay that *Martius* returne mee, As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheards what then? But as a diſcontented Friend, greefe-ſhot With his vnkindneſſe. Say't be ſo?

Sicin. Yet your good will Muſt haue that thankes from Rome, after the meaſure As you intended well.

Menen. Ile vndertak't: I thinke bee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

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He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stuft
These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my successe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismist me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him
For mercy to his Countrey. therefore let's hence.
And with our faire intreaties haste them on *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.

2. *Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with *Coriolanus.*

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*

1 Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, haplesly amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer. Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chastly. Therefore go backe.

Mene Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howsoeuer you haue bin his Liar, as you say you
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue push't out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-
cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeue
and pardon.

2 *me.* Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vse me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the ve-
mo'st of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you.
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shy
peeresue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him. if
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing assured
none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne
out of your Gates with sighes: and conjure thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good
Gods assuage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my accesse to thee.

Cor. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Cor. Wife, Mother, Child I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others. Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcean breasts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee speake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auff. You keepe a constant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

2 What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall:
for such things as you, I can scarse thinke there's any, y'are
so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
not

not from another. Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our Generall. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action, You muſt report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly I have borne this Buſineſſe.

Auf. Onely their ends you have reſpected, Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome: Never admitted a priuat whiſper, no not with ſuch friends That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome, Lou'd me, aboue the meaſure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge Was to ſend him: for whoſe old Loue I have (Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I have yeelded too. Freſh Embraſſes, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor priuate friends hereafter Will I lend eare to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within* Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate. What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doues eyes, Which can make Gods forſworne? I melt, and am not Of ſtronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould In ſupplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aſpect of intercеſſion, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand As if a man were Author of himſelfe, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd, Makes you chinke ſo.

Corio Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, euen to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Flеſh, Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not ſay, For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kiſſe Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Reuenge! Now by the ielous Queene of Heauen, that kiſſe I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray, And the moſt noble Mother of the world Leaue vnſaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles* Of thy deepe duty, more impreſſion ſhew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh ſtand vp bleſt! Whil'ſt with no ſofter Caſtiſion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vnproperly Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while, Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make What cannot be, ſlight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*; The Moone of Rome: Chaſte as the Icicle That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow, And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May ſhew like all your ſelfe.

Corio The God of Souldiers: With the conſent of ſupreame Ioue, informe Thy thoughes with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt proue To ſhame vnvulnerable, and ſticke i'th Warres Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding euery flaw, And ſauing thoſe that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe, Are Suitors to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace: Or if you'ld aske, remember this before; The thing I have forſworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I ſeeme vnnaturall: Deſire not t'allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You have ſaid you will not grant vs any thing: For we have nothing elſe to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame May hang vpon your hardneſſe, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for we'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requeſt?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life We have led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe, How more vnfortunate then all liuing women Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould Make our eies flow with ioy, hearts dance with comforts, Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities moſt capitall: Thou bar'ſt vs Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enioy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we muſt looſe. The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe Triumphantly tread on thy Countries ruine,

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And beare the Palme, for hauing bravely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernesse to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I haue sate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either side
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fine straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That should but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not speake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Has'clock'd thee to the Warres: and safe home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with our knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a little

Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd.
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my steed, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'l make, aduise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes,
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius. stone?

Mene. See you yond Coin a'th Capitol, yond cornet

Scic. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may prouaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vppon execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub; this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, bee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is finish't with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

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Mef. Sir, if you'ld ſaue your life, flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all ſwearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l giue him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Scic. What's the Newes? (preuyſ'd,

Meſſ. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Scic. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.

Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the ſhowting Romans
Make the Sunne dance. Heatke you. *A ſhout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Scic. Firſt, the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulneſſe.

Meſſ. Sir, we haue all great cauſe to giue great thanks.

Scic. They are neere the City.

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Scic. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing ouer the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that Baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flouriſh with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpirators of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1. *Con.* How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen ſo, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlaine.

2. *Con.* Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3. *Con.* The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'ſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnſwayable, and free.

3. *Conſp.* Sir, his ſtoutneſſe
When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would haue ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came vnto my Hearth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-ſeruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſerv'd his deſignements
In mine owne perſon: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong: Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And I'le renew me in his fall But hearke

Drummes and Trumpets ſounds, with great ſhouts of the people.

1. *Con.* Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyſe.

2. *Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whoſe children he hath ſlaine, their baſe throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or moue the people
With what he would ſay, let him feele your Swords
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I haue not deſeru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perus'd
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1. *Lord.* And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might haue found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Lawes, anſwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

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Auf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I haue attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no leſſe Honor to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th'Romaines. And we here deliuer
Subſcrib'd by'th'Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Scale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*

Corio. Martius?

Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and gone vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counſaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Auf. No more.

Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that euer
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your iudgements my graue Lords
Muſt giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt vpon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Graue, ſhall ioyne
To thruſt the Lye vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-cote, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this vnboly Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Conſp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cozme
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His laſt offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe, to vſe my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Inſolent Villaine.

All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conſpirators, and kills Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.

1 Lord. O *Tullus.*

2. Lord. Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3. Lord. Tread not vpon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauieſt Cenſure.

1. Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2. Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefeſt Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he ſhall haue a Noble Memory. Aſſiſt.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

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The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Plead my Successiue Title with your Swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome.
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll.
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome.
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismisse your Followers, and as Suters should,
Plead your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturninus. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisse my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours

Saturninus. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Country,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause.
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senate house

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes: Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can be. They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Lo-

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had.
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that Survine, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and careleſſe of thine owne,
Why suffer'ſt thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudeſt prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Nobleſt that Survives,
The eldeſt Son of this distreſſed Queene.

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughered in the ſtreetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cauſe?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being merciſull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your ſelfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane conſum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe ſo barbarous?

Dem. Oppoſe me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſurviue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes.
Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe smoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his laſteſt farewell to these ſoules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you heere in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Heere lurks no Treaſon, heere no enuie ſwels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and Eternall ſleepe,
In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Lauin In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe Fortune Romes beſt Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That haſt thus louingly reſerv'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſſfull warre,
You that ſurviue and you that ſleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your Swords.
But ſafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headleſſe Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſſe:

What

What should I don this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Tit. Patience Prince *Saturnine*.

Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturnine* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* means to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this suite I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.

Mar. Au. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*
A long Flourish till they come downe.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Rome's Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Sat. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vse you Nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thankes sweete *Lauinia* Romans let vs goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.

Tit. How fir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Mar. Suum cuique, is our Romane Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice seizeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Tit. Treysons ansot, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.
Mut. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away.
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe *Lauinia* helpe. *He kils him.*

Luc. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.

Tit. Not thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would never so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another lawfull promist Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Emp. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer: nor thy Traysterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands;

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But go thy wayes, go giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Thebe* mong'ſt her Nimphs
Doſt ouer-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſ'd with this my ſodaine choyſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths doſt thou applau'd my choyſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neere,
And Tapers burne ſo bright, and every thing
In readines for *Hymineus* ſtand,
I will not refuſe the ſtreets of Rome,
Or chuſe my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpous'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.

Sator. Aſcend Faire Qeene,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we Conſummate our Spouſall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell ſlaine a Vertuous ſonne.

Tit. No ſooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he reſts not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hundreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I haue Sumptuouſly re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes ſpeakes.

And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?

Titus ſonne ſpeakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my deſpighe?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Euen thou haſt ſtroke vpon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boyes mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himſelfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the ſonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the reſtwill ſpeede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my ſoules.

Luc. Deare Father, ſoule and ſubſtance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neſt,
That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cauſe.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barberous:
The Greekes vpon adviſe did bury *Aiax*
That ſlew himſelfe: And *Laertes* ſonne,
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rife *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones ſweet *Mutius* with thy
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe. (friends

They all kneele and ſay.

No man ſhed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cauſe. *Exit.*

Mar. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe ſodden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two ſons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſſianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So *Baſſianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your Gallant Bride.

Baſ. And you of yours my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſ. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine

Sat. 'Tis good ſir: you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as ſharpe with you.

Baſ. My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Baſſianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my suite (sweet) pardon what is past.
Sat. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my suite looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust furuey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sin ne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayterous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
Sat. Rise *Tamor*, rise,
My Empresse hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thanke your Maiestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.
Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And fear not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*.
By my advise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
Sat. We doe,
And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
Sat. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay boy,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephewes kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
Sat. *Marcus*,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens heynous faults.
Stand vp. *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sweare,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele give your Grace *Bon mour*.
Sat. Be it so *Titus*, and Graunercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd above pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piering hills:
So *Tamora*:
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughes,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mounte her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughes,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Semiramis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his Shipwracke, and his Common weale.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.
Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinia's* loue.
Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
Gaue you a dawning Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your Sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Dem. I Boy, grow ye so braue? *They draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And easie staine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.
Dem. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.
Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.
Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.
Dem. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chi. *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atcheiue her whom I do loue.
Aron. To atcheiue her, how?
Dem. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnus* may.
Dem. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chi. I so the turne were serued.
Dem. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis policie, and stratagems must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your seleues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treasurie.
Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
Dem. *Sy fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme these fits,
Per Stygia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and horses, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of hounds, and winde horns in a peale, then Enter Saturnius, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies.
Bass. *Lauinia*, how say you?
Laui. I say no:
I haue beene awake two houres and more.
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romane hunting.
Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Promontary top.
Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore the plaine
Dem. *Chiron*

Dem. *Chiron* we haue not we, with Horſe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a deinty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,
Know that this Gold muſt come a ſtratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their Almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the cheareſull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
And make a checker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweete ſhade, *Aaron* let vs ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe, and marke their yelping noyſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe aſleepe.

Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when ſhe doth vnrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſſianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſian* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my ſweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.
Baſſ. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With Hornes, as was *Actæons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Laui. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Ioue ſhield your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſſ. Beleeue me Queene, your ſwarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Laui. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Sawcineſſe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſſ. The King my Brother ſhall haue notice of this.
Laui. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Tamo. Haue I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale.
Theſe two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detected vale you ſee it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſelto.
Heere neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall yew,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *ſtab him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Laui I come *Semiramus*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.

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For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.
Demet. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?
Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Wespe out-liue vs both to sting.
Chor. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preserued honestly of yours.
Lau. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman face.
Tam. I will not heare her speake, away with her.
Lau. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word
Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.
Chiro. What,
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?
Lau. Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pitty, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me, though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.
Tam. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamo Had'st thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
Lau. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
Lau. 'Tis prefent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.
Demet. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall——
Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my lourly *Moore*,
And let my spleeneful Sonnes this Trull deflowre. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Tamo Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.
Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st obiect
That euer eye with sight made heart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely geese,
How these were they that made away his Brother.
Exit Aaron.
Mart. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.
Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Mart. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Acheron* mistie mouth
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,

Or

Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be plaſtt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſſianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the briake.
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Saturn. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is he
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſianus* dead.
Saturn. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſtianus*?
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyrannie.
She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we miſſe to meete him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit:
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs, if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'd? you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himſelfe did take it vp.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their bailie,
For by my Fathers reuerent Toombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highnes will,
To anſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſſe Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.

Dem. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcowle.
Chi. Goe home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lauinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments
Whoſe circkling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleep in
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As haſte thy Loue: Why doeſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a Crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtir'd with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt deteſt them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with three iſſuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeake for thee? ſhall I ſay 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt
That I might raile at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,

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That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had she mooster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue touch't them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Whic h that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths dry appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now prouailing Orators.
Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
Mar This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* so she is.
Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurs't this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodius bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting every eare.
Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound.
Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wildernesse of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow wane by waue,

Expecting

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Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue maddoc me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.
Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her husband,
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.
Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further miseries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.
Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Ti Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee,
His Napkin with hertrue teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*.
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my heart, I le send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therfore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand shall goe.
Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.
Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered herbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.
Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lu. Then I le goe fetch an Axe.
Mar. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt*
Ti. Come hither *Aron*, I le deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I liue deceiue men so:
But I le deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs we le breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.
Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.
Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

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Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.
Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth ore flow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.
Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed.
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cause?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You hearne people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father
The woefull'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, not *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in oblision and hateful griefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius*

A Broken.
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breast,
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without rageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vppon her tender life.
An. How now! Has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,
To mid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we haue none.
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vppon her cheekes.
Speech.

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Speechleſſe complayne, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſighe nor hold thy ſtumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a ſigne,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire leaue theſe bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in paſſion mou'd,
Doth weepe to ſee his grandſires heauineſſe.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus ſtrikes the dull with a knife.

What doeſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with knife.

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flye.

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'ſt my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company:

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmeleſſe Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou haſt kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me ſir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſſe Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering me ſelfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purpoſely to poyſon me.
There's for thy ſelfe, and thats for *Tamora*: Ah ſirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought ſo low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſſe of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadowes, for true ſubſtances.
And. Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy cloſſet, and goe read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandſier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alas ſweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy I when my father was in Rome ſhe did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by theſe ſignes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, ſome what doth ſhe meane:
See *Lucius* ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whether would ſhe haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Read to her ſonnes, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not geſſe wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geſſe,
Vnleſſe ſome fit or franſie do poſſeſſe her:
For I haue heard my Grandfiet ſay full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Cauſles perhaps, but pardon me ſweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Ti. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it girle of theſe? Open them boy.
But thou art deeper read and better ſkild,
Come and take choyſe of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts ſhe vp her armes in ſequence thus?

Mar. I thinke ſhe meanes that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or elſe to heauen ſhe heaues them to reuenge.

Ti. Lucius what booke is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?

Boy. Grandſier 'tis Ouids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cold it from among the reſt.

Ti. Soft, ſo boldly ſhe turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
And treates of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaues

Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet girle,
Raulſht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthleſſe, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo foule a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Giue ſignes ſweet girle, for heere are none but friend.
What Romaine Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed.

Mar. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his ſtaffe, and guides it with feete and mouthe.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt

This

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum. Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me; *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hestors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And where's your lesson then. Boy what say you?
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.
Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:
Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt*
Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*
Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at anot her dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*
Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guiltie,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, wa's not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.
Flourish.
Deme. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperous hath a sonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?
Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.
Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?
Aron. Well, more or lesse, or neere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
Aron To whom?
Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?
Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

What

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What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue.

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke &. sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossome sure.

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accurst the off-spring of so foule a fiend.

Chi. It shall not liue.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse gaue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Scimiters sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Coale-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This maugre all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme By this our mother is for euer sham'd.

Chi. Rome will dispise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.

Aron Why there's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere.
Looke how the blacke feature smiles vpon the father,
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
He is infranchised and come to light
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse *Aaron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Demet. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue this the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we do wee and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe. but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Boare, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as *Aarons* stormes.
But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th'spit

Demet. What meanst thou *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of policie:
Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be aduanced,
And be receiued for the Empresses heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall.
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with secrets.

Demet. For this care of *Tamora*, (secrets.

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

Enter Titus, old Martius, young Lucius and other gentlemen with bowes: and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Martius*, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astraea reliquit, be you remembred *Martius*.
She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little iustice as at Land.
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,

Tis

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'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Pluters* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vncle thus diſtract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time begot ſome carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maiſters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,
Marrie for iuſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile dine into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But metталl *Marcus* ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrong with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gaues them the Arrowes.

Ad Ioouem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Here Boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnſollicited.

Marc. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will affright the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maiſters draw. Oh well ſaid *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgos* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Mar. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his Maiſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigions ſir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, did'ſt thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas ſir, I neuer came there, God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigions to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt haue Iuſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I ſir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you do it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he ſayes.

Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Sator. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ore borne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſ'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the willfull ſonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesſe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

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This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In *Saturnius* health; whom if he sleepe,
He'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues.
Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lowely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloze with all: *Aside.*
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
Clow Yes forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall.
Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.
He reads the Letter.
Sat. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.
Clowne. How much money must I haue?
Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.
Clo. Hang'd? by'r Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end. *Exit.*
Sat. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emilius.
Sator. What newes with thee *Emilius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?
King. I, but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sonne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. Emilius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
Sator. Then goe successfully and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witnesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty *Goth*?
Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.
Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troupe I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,

And

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slaue, halfe ni.e, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slaue, whether would'st thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, saue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake.
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue.

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleeu'st no God,
That graunted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue sworne thee carefull to obserue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou,
I be got him on the Empresse.

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!
Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Brethren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischefe in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I digg'd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieues me heartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

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But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Sat. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emilius*, what the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he understands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.
Goth. What saies our Generall?
Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, *Hearsh.*
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And fry, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his heinous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.
They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.
Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the doore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee.
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me.
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnesse this wretched stumpe,
Witnesse these crimson lines,
Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse the tyring day, and heauie night,
Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake
Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some seruice ere I come to thee:
Lo'e by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet.
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Hyperions* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are these thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee: lie by and by.
Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See here he comes, and I must play my theame.
Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.
Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.
Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Ruffiner.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd vs, this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houſe.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe, thy angry heart:
What ſaies *Andronicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined ieſt?
Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou doo'ſt, and ſweet reuenge farewell.
Chi Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them ſure.
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Baſon.

Tit. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
O Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe Chaſtity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Paſties of your ſhamefull Heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her increaſe.
This is the Feaſt, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſ'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*, I will reuenge.
And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wiſh might proue,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready, gainſt their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vncle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Ranenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
Let him receiue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face,
For teſtimony of her foule proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Aron. Some deuill whiſper curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue.
Sirs, helpe our Vncle, to conuey him in. *Flourish.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firmament more Suns then one?
Luc. What, bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,

Hath

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Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lauinia with a veale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*!
Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enforc'st, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.
He kills her.
Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as woefull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he.
Sat. What was she ravished? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Wilt please you eat,
Wilt please your Highnesse feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?
Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knives sharpe point.
He stabs the Empresse.
Sat. Die frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattred Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdomes curtsie too,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot inducе you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erst our Auncestor,
When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Didoes* sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpris'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Sinons* hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vtterance, euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that ravished our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the grave.
Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome took the Enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth:
But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues.
Mar. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is alive in *Titus* house,
And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Aemil. Come come, thou reuerend man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.
Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbeleeuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne ſo,
To beale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-ſtaine face,
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſſe, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee aſleepe, his Louing Breſt, thy Pillow
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie.
In that reſpect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring,
Becauſe kinde Nature doth require it ſo:
Friends, ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Greefe and Woe.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindneſſe, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, ſo you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You ſad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire euents.

Luc. Set him breſt deepe in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one relieues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aron. O why ſhould wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thouſand worſe, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,
And giue him burriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell ſhall ring her Burriall:
But throw her foorth to Beaſts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beaſt-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo, ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See Iuſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Sampſon and Gregory with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of Capulet.

Samp.

Gregory: A my word we'l not carry coales.

Greg. No,for then we ſhould be Colliers.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller,we'l draw.

Greg. I, While you liue, draw your neeke out o'th Collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being moo'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moo'd to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague*,moues me.

Greg. To moue,is to ſtir: and to be valiant,is to ſtand: Therefore,if thou art moo'd,thou runſt away.

Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. True,and therefore women being the weaker Veſſels,are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to the wall. (their vnes.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Maſters, and vs

Samp. 'Tis all one,I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant: when I haue fought with the men, I will beat ciuill with the Maids,and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Samp. I,the heads of the Maids,or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what ſence thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand: And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fiſh: If thou had'ſt, thou had'ſt beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole,here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

*Sam.*My naked weapon is out: quarrel,I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe,and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our ſides;let them begin.

*Gr.*I wil frowne as I paſſe by,& let thé take it as they liſt

Sam. Nay,as they dare.I wil bite my Thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe,ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, ſir?

Sam. Is the Law of our ſide,if I ſay I? *Gre.* No.

Sam. No ſir,I do not bite my Thumbe at you ſir: but I bite my Thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir? no ſir. (ſir you

Sam. If you do ſir,I am for you,I ſerue as good a man

Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well ſir.

Enter Benuolio.

*Gr.*Say better:here comes one of my maſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy walhing blow. *They Fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles,put vp your Swords,you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among theſe heartleſſe Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*,looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace,put vp thy Sword, Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What draw,and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*,and thee: Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

*Off.*Clubs,Bils,and Partiſons,ſtrike,beat them down Downe with the *Capulets*,downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne,and his wife.

Cap. What noiſe is this?Giue me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch,a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come, And flourithes his Blade in ſpighe of me.

Enter old Mountague,& his wife.

*Mont.*Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

Wife. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foote to ſeeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eſcalus, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects,Enemies to peace, Prophaners of this Neighbor-ſtained Steele, Will they not heare? What hoe,you Men, you Beaſts, That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage, With purple Fountaines iſſuing from your Veines: On paine of Torture,from thoſe bloody hands Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground, And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince. Three ciuill Brawles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*, Haue thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets, And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens Caſt by their Graue beſeeming Ornaments, To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away.
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Mont. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drane me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mont. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Mont. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Mont. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside.
Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Mont. I would thou were so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new stroke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them short

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-wayes to his will
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate;
O any thing, of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of well seeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prest
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast shown,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares.
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and thee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dianas* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:
From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing termes,
Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore.
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaft?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waft?
For beauty staru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

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She is too faire, too wife: wife too faire.
To merrie bliffe by making me difpaire:
She hath forfworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I fhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro 'Tis the way to call hers (exquifite) in queftion more,
Theſe happy maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a Miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerue but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing faire.
Farewell thou can'ſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris and the Clowne.

Capu. Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as wee, to keepe the peace.
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at odds ſo long.
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuite?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My Child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Par. Younger then ſhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu And too ſoone marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part.
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choiſe,
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueſt,
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more moſt welcome makes my number more.
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do luſtly young men feele,
When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe. heare all all ſee:
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckong none.
Come, goe with me: goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pentill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are writ, & can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddie, and be helpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cure with anothers languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old will die.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I marie owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Signeur Martino, and his wife and daughter: Countie Anſelme and his beauteous ſiſters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio. Signeur Placentio and his louely Neeces. Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Roſaline, Liuia, Signeur Valentio, & his Coſen Tybalt. Lucio and the louely Helena.
A faire aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither? to ſupper?
Ser. To our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My Maiſters.
Rom. Indeed I ſhould haue aſkt you that before.
Ser Now I'le tell you without aſking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Montagues* I pray come and crufh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. *Exit.*
Ben. At this ſame ancient Feaſt of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire:
And theſe who often drown'd could neuer die,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One faire or two my loue the all-ſeeing Sun
Ne're ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you ſaw her faire, none elſe being by,
Herſelfe poyſ'd with herſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales, let there be weigh'd,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other Maid
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this Feaſt,
And ſhe ſhew ſcant ſhell, well, that now ſhewes beſt.
Rom. Ile goe along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurſe.

Wife Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Lady-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now, who calls?
Nur. Your Mother.
Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter: Nurſe giue leaue awhile, we
muſt

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muſt talke in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſell. Thou knoweſt my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it ſpoken,
I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene. *Suſan* & ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhe marie, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weand'd I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug ſitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to ſee it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, ſhake quoth the Doue-houſe, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and ſince that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay bi'th' roode ſhe could haue runne & wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & ſaid I: to ſee now how a leſt ſhall come about. I warrant, & I ſhall liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he? and pretty foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, & ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels ſtone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'ſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It ſtinted and ſaid I.

Iule. And ſtint thou too. I pray thee *Nurſe*, ſay I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I, thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou had'ſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, younger then you
Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of eſtteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in Gold claſpes, Lockes in the Golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By naying him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent gives ſtrength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerue'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady aſkt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie ſtaies.

Nurſe. Goe Gyrle, ſeeke happy nights to happy daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a ſkarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of laſh,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a Meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoale of Lead
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſoare with his light feathers, and to bound:

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen do I ſinke.

Hora. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Caſe to put my viſage in,
A Viſor for a Viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his lega.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am proouerb'd with a Grandſire Phraſe,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're ſo faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut.

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Mer. Tut,dull the Mouſe,the Conſtables owne word,
If thou art dun,we'le draw thee from the mire.
Or ſaue your reuerence loue,wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares.come we burne day light ho.
Rom. Nay that's not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir I delay.
We muſt our lights in vaine,lights,lights,by day:
Take our good meaning,for our Iudgement ſits
Fiue times in that,ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed's ſleepe while they do dreame things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger then Agat-ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Graſſhoppers, her Traces of the ſmalleſt Spiders web, her collers of the Moonſhines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Laſh of Philome, her Waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, pricke from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Hafelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: & in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreame on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, & then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute. & ſometime comes ſhe with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Perſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a Souldiers neckе, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuſcades, Spaniſh Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe. and then anon drums in his eares, at which he ſtartes and wakes; and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two & ſleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Rom. Peace,peace,*Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.
Mer. True,I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing,but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who woos
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our feloes,
Supper is done,and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early,for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels,and expire the tearme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſ'd in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.
They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*,that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?
1 When good manners ſhall lie in one or two mens hands,and they vnwaſhe too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the Ioyntſtooles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, ſaue me a piece of Marchpane,and as thou loueſt me, let the Porters let in *Sampſon Gregorie,and Nell, Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are looked for,and cal'd for,aſkt for,& ſought for,in the great Chamber.
1 We cannot be here and there too,chearly Boyes,
Be briſk a while,and the longer liuer take all.
Exeunt.

Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes,will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes,which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I'le ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen,I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen.come Muſicians play:
Muſicke plaies: and they dance.
A Hall,Hall,giue roome,and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues,and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire,the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah,this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit,nay ſit,good Coſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing dayes:
How long 'ſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickely as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares,and then we Maskt.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more,his Sonne is elder ſir:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Aethiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vſe,for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The meaſure done,I'le watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers,make bleſſed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I neuer ſaw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and Honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our Solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A bearес him like a portly Gentlemen:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the Maiſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy Boy, 'iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you, I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet. What, cheerely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips to bluſhing Pilgrims did ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiſſe.
Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Rom Sin from my lips? O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iul. You kiſſe by th'booke.
Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe, and Vertuous,
I Nurſ'd her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chinckes.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolliſh Banquet towards:
Is it t'ne ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman?
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not,
Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.
Iul. My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I muſt loue a loathed Enemie.
Nur. What's this? whats this?
Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'ſt withall.
One calls within, Iuliet.
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale Loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as Lovers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in Loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo.*
Merc. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay, Ile coniure too.

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Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Pronounce, but Loue and day,
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be consorted with the Humorous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medlar tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruice,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He iests at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayre Region streame so bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iul. Ay me.

Rom. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Clouds,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre

Iul. O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*.
What's *Mountague*? it is not hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face. O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul. How camst thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet were thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,
I should aduenture for such Merchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet it thou swear'ſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe: at Lovers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly woone,
Ile frowne and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: But elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loues paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.
Iul. O ſweare not by the Moone, th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaſt that thy Loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iul. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
Iul. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſ'd too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere, one can ſay, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iul. What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdrawit,
For what purpoſe Loue?
Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite.
I heare ſome noyſe within deare Loue adue:
Cal's within.
Anon good Nurſe, ſweet *Montague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed.
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
Nurſe: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee *Nurſe:* Madam.
(By and by I come)
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe.
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times goodnight. *Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.
Loue goes toward Loue as ſchool-boyes frō their books
But Loue frō Loue, towards ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloud,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweet, ſound Lovers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt Muſicke to attending eares.
Iul. *Romeo.*
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I ſhall forget, to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.
Rom And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted Gyues,
And with a ſilken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iul. Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breſt.
Rom. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt,
The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And darkneſſe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Fries cloſe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Cloudes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckled darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt vpfill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Herbes, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Herbes grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good-morrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his limbs, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprous'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen.
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Riddling confession, findes but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen clearers,
Thy old groanes yet ringing in my anncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a grace,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,
To turne your households rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Master how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minums, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very Butcher of a silk button a Duelliſt, a Duellist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero*, hildings and Harlots: *Thisbe* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your

French flop: you gaue vs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,
Solly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or I'le cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou was't neuer with mee for any thing, when thou was't not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groaning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo* now art thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this drinelling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A saile, a saile.

Mer. Two, two a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter?*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, marr quoth a Gentlemen: can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,
Very well took: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent.
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? We'le to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, I'le take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Iacks: and if I cannot, I'le finde those that shall: scurvie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer every knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue been out, I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quiuers, skurvy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this
And there she shall at Frier *Laurences* Cell
Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

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Nur. Thus afternoone fir? well fhe fhall be there.

Ro. And ſtay thou good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell, be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee: harke you ſir,

Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere heare ſay two may keepe counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Nobile man in Towne, one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue a ſee Toade, a very Toade as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*

Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the pretteſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and ſpace. *Exit Nurſe and Peter.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke ſtrook nine, when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him: that's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, Loues Herauld ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. Peter ſtay at the gate.

Iul. Now good ſweet Nurſe:
O Lord, why looke'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou ſham'ſt the muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul. I would thou had'ſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iul How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breth
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and Ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, if good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chuſe a man. *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe go thy waies wench, ſerue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Iul. No no but all this this did I know before
What ſaies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a'tother ſide: o my backe, my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iul. Iſaith I am ſorrie that that thou art ſo well.
Sweet ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſaies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repli'ſt:
Your Loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.

Iul. Heere's ſuch a coile, come what ſaies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?

Iul. I haue

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,
There ſtaies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in Scarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muſt clime a birds neſt Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go Ile to dinner hie you to the Cell.

Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honeſt Nurſe, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh ſo light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That yokes in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.
Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.
Iul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.
Fri. Ah *Iuliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.
Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excesse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Taverne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be mou'd.
Ben. And what too?
Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?
Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.
Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Tyb. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.
Mer. By my heele I care not.
Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them. Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.
Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will giue me occasion.
Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?
Tib. Mercucio thou consort'st with *Romeo*.
Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? & thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords: here's my fiddlesticke, here's that shall make you dance. Come consort.
Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.
Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man
Mer. But I le be hang'd sir if he be weare your Liuery.
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man.
Tib. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.
Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.
Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.
Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
Alla Stoccatho carries it away.
Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?
Tib. What would thou haue with me?
Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make haste, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come sir, your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houses, I am spede:
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.
Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,
Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormes meat of me.

I

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I haue set it,and soundly to your Houses. *Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe,my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalts* slaunder,*Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin:O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*,*Romeo*,braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate,on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins,the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph,and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury,be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'st me,for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I,or both,must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*,away be gone:
The Citizens are vp,and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd,the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken:hence,be gone,away.

Rom. O I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that Murtherer,which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Vp sir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince,old Montague, Capulet,their Wines and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince,I can discouer all
The vnlucklie Manage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi Tybalt,my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince.O Cozin,Husband,O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman.Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours,shed blood of *Montague*.
O Cozin,Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*,who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slaine,whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire,bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was,and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure:all this vttered,
With gentle breath,calme looke,knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace,but that he Tilts
With Peircing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot,turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne,with one hand beates
Cold death aside,and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*,whose dexterity
Retorts it:*Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends,Friends part,and swifter then his tongue,
His aged arme,beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes,vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*,hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*,and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning,for ere I
Could draw to part them,was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell,did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth,or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*,
Affection makes him false,he speakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice,which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*,*Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him,he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince,he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes,but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding,
But I'le Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares,nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore I'se none,let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found,that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body,and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders,pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace,you fiery footed steedes,
Towards *Phebus* lodging,such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke,and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes,vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties:or if Loue be blind,
It best agrees with night:come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainelesse Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle,till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
Come night,come *Romeo*,come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night,come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*,and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But not possest it,and though I am sold,
Not yet enioy'd,so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festiuall,

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurſe.
Enter Nurſe with cords.
And ſhe brings newes and every tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos*, naone, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the Cords.
Iul. Ay me, what newes?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands.
Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.
Iul. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. Romeo can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine of my weale or woe.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt.
A pitteous Coarſe, a bloody piteous Coarſe:
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iul O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beere
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iul What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my deareſt Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two aregone?
Nur. Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is baniſhed.
Iul. O God!
Did *Rom'os* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did,
Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Wolniſh-rauening Lambe,
Diſpiſed ſubſtance of Diuineſt ſhow.
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damoe Saint, an Honourable Villaine.
O Nature! what had'ſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ?
Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth:
O what a beaſt was I to chide him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?
Iul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'ſt thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy:
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tibalt* dead that would haue ſlaine my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word ban ſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be ranke with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tybalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead. *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares: mine ſhal be ſpent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed
Come Cord, come Nurſe, I'le to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, I'le find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
I'le to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.
Exit.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie,
Rom. Father what newes?

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What is the Princes Doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Companie:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not say banishment.
Fri. Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankefulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture, and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death though neere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?
Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.
Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophies
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How should they,
When wisemen haue no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,
Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speake,
Then might'st thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurse, and knocke.
Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe
Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Heartsicke groanes
Mist-like inuold me from the search of eyes
Knocke
Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp
Knocke.
Run to my study: by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this. I come, I come.
Knocke
Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier. O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'st thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our cancell'd Loue?
Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now sits on her bed, and then starts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull Mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer abound'ſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to ſhape and Loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both
Like powder in a ſkilleſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of bleſſings light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaped and ſullen wench,
Thou puttеſt vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all night,
To heare good counſell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir.:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguiſ'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, ſhe Lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe, affoord no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendſday is too ſoone.
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſt?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him carelеſſly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Par. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by
Goodnight. *Exeunt*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and I ocond day
Stands tipto on the miſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cynthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whoſe notes do beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* will it ſo.
How ift my ſoule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iul. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

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Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Iuli. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Toombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Iul. Who is that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.
Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles asunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.
Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not,
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhoes
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I looke not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dewe
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they wth them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
Lady. I sir;
But she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome
Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in having her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſedome hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſip, go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſſips bowles
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,
Alone in company, ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtraue, die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forſworne *Exit.*
Iuli. Is there no pittie ſitting in the Cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul. O God!
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that Husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? Comfort me, counſaile me:
Hlacke, blacke, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou? haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hee's a louely Gentleman:
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marueilous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my Father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iul. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend!
It is more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath praiſ'd him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine;
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therfore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Whichetoo much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be Loue, on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iul. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you Loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I Loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you Loue me.
Iul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule, thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.
Iuli. The

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Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandered it.
Iul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord you muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. Godſheild: I ſhould diſturbe Deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rouſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit Par.*
Iul. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It ſtreames me paſt the compaſſe of my wits:
I heare thou muſt and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome, thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife, Ile helpe it preſently.
God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd:
Shall be the Label to another Deede.
Or my true heart with treacherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienc'd time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thinglike death to chide away this ſhame,
That coap'ſt with death himſelfe, to ſcape fro it:
And if thou dar'ſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens rattling bones,
With reckles ſhankes and yellow chappels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble.
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtained wife to my ſweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then: goe home be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow.
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To paſſy aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall
Like death when he ſhut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernance,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt Robes vncouer'd on the Beare,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Giue me, giue me. O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolue, Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, and Seruing men, two or three.

Cap So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for Ile try if they can licke their fingers
Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me
Cap. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſhe for this time what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*?
Nur I forſooth
Cap. Well be may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merrie looke.
Cap. How now my headſtrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your behelts, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Laurence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beſeech you.
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might.
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand vp.

This

This is as't should be,let me see the County:
I marrie go I say,and fetch him hither.
Now afore God,this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.
Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday,there's time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse,go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.
Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neere night.
Fa Tush,I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well,I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*,helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not to bed to night,let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth,well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*,to prepare him vp
Against to morrow,my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul. I those attires are best,but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st,is crosse and full of sin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you busie ho?need you my help?
Iul. No Madam,we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you,let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure,you haue your hands full all,
In this so sodden busines.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest,for thou hast need. *Exeunt.*
Iul Farewell:
God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Scene,I needs must act alone:
Come Viall what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath minis'tred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is,and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How,if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue,is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte,an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Anncestors are packt.
Where bloody *Tybalt*,yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd,where as they say,
At some houres in the night,Spirits resort:
Alacke,alacke,is it not like that?
So early waking,what with loathsome smells,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them,run mad.
O if I walke,shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage,with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines
O looke,me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*,stay;
Romeo,*Romeo*,*Romeo*,here's drinke: I drinke to thee

Enter Lady of the house,and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies,and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
Enter old Capulet.
Cap. Come,stir,stir,stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung,'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates,good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane,go,
Get you to bed,faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit:what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause,and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurse.
Cap. A iealous hood,a iealous hood,
Now fellow,what there?
Enter three or foure with spits,and logs,and baskets.
Fel. Things for the Cooke sir,but I know not what.
Cap. Make haft, make haft, sirrah,fetch drier Logs
Call *Peter*,he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir,that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Masse and well said a merrie horson,ha.
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father,'tis day.
Play Musicke.
The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would,I heare him neere,
Nurse,wife,what ho?what Nurse I say?
Enter Nurse.
Go waken *Iuliet*,go and trim her vp.
Ile go and chat with *Paris*:hie,make haft,
Make haft,the Bridegroome,he is come already:
Make haft I say.
Nur. Mistris,what Mistris?*Iuliet*?Fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe,why Lady,fie you slugabed,
Why Loue I say?Madam,sweet heart:why Bride?
What not a word? You take your penniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke,for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little,God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

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I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Hee'le fright you vp iffaith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady.

Mo. What noiſe is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: deceaſt, ſhee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, ſhe's dead, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me ſee her: out alas ſhee's cold,
Her blood is ſetled and her ioynes are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeperated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life leaſing, all is deaths.

Pa. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?

Mo. Accurſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day.
Moſt miſerable houre, that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing, to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nur. O woe, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my ſoule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſion: Care, liues not
In theſe confuſions, heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, ſhe ſhould be aduanc'd,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduanc'd
Aboue the Clouds, as high as Heauen it ſelfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhee's beſt married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and ſtick your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And to her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reaſons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a ſad buriall Feaſt.
Our ſolemne Hymnes, to ſullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And *all* things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you, for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high will. *Exeunt*

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pittifull caſe.

Mu. I by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitions, oh Muſitions,
Hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe.

Mu. Why hearts eaſe;

Pet O Muſitions,
Becauſe my heart is ſelfe plaies, my heart is full

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.

Mu What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing Creatures Dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2 *M.* Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Anſwere me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound? why Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound? what ſay you *Simon Catling*?

Mu. Marry ſir, becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Prateſt, what ſay you *Hugh Rebecke*?

2 *M.* I ſay ſiluer ſound, becauſe Muſicians ſound for ſiluer.

Pet Prateſt to, what ſay you *Iames Sound-Poſt*? (uer

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,

Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse. *Exit.*

Mo. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vncustom'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that gines a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthasar*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misaduenture.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes: O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyse hung,
An Alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Cannons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou mayest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To *Iuliets* grave, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Laurence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciscus* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Laurence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick.
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune! by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and ſtand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.
Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew:
O woe, thy Canopie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtil'd by moanes;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue, and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croſſe my obſequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou heare'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous doſt returne to prie
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are ſauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable fierce,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble you
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip: take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, I'le hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou woombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight, I'le cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſhte haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do deſie thy commiſſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Felion here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face:
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? Or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
I'le burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth.
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie
Thou are not conquer'd. Beauties enſigne yet
Is Crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flagge is not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: Eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy Sea-ſicke weerie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

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Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeleſſe Sculles? As I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth ſo holy ſir.
And there's my Maſter, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir:
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this yong tree here,
I dreamt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my Maiſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane theſe Maſterleſſe, and goarie Swords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? Ah what an vn kind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay. *Exit.*

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true louers hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end
O churle, drinke all? and leſt no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noiſe?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die. *Kils herſelfe.*

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliets* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Cou. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard ſide.

Cou. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What miſadventure is ſo earely vp,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the ſtreete crie *Romeo*.
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Prin. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath miſtaine, for loe his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my Daughters boſome.

Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou ſhalt ſee.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To preſſe before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death: meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpition.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excus'd.

Prin. Then ſay at once, what thou doſt know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

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I

I married them; and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whoſe vntimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that ſiege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo Tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeemes) did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is priuy:
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd, ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt Law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he ſay to this?

Boy. I brought my Maſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies? *Capulet*, *Montague*,
See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of Kinſmen. All are puniſh'd.

Cap. O Brother *Montague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Mont. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of theſe ſad things.
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed:
For neuer was a Storie of more Woe,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Iewellar, Marchant, and Mercer, at ſeuerall doores.

Poet.

GOod day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not ſeene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares ſir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches: ſee
Magicke of Bounty, all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'other's a Ieweller.

Mer. O tis a worthy Lord.

Iew. Nay that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and conuniuate goodneſſe:
He paſſes.

Iew. I haue a Iewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's ſee't. For the Lord *Timon*, ſir?

Iewel. If he will touch the eſtimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It ſtaines the glory in that happy Verſe,
Which aptly ſings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Iewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt ſir, in ſome worke, ſome Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing ſlipt idlely from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gowne, which vſes
From whence 'tis nouriſht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be ſtrooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it ſelfe, and like the current flyes
Each bound it chaſes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture ſir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my preſentment ſir.
Let's ſee your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne ſtanding: what a mentall power
This eye ſhootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbneſſe of the geſture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will ſay of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall ſtrife
Liues in theſe touches, liueliet then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors,
I haue in this rough worke, ſhap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it ſelfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How ſhall I vnderſtand you?

Poet. I will vnbuilt to you.
You ſee how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and auſtere qualitie, tender downe
Their ſeruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſſe-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himſelfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Moſt rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Baſe o'th'Mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the boſome of this Sphere,
To propagate their ſtates; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace, to preſent ſlaues and ſeruants
Tranſlates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to ſcope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
With

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With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To clambe his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his ſtyrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him ſit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue ſeene
The foot aboue the head.

Trumpets ſound.
Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelfe courteouſly to euery Suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, ſay you?

Meſ. My good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerues a helpe,
Which he ſhall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.

Meſ. Your Lordſhip euer binders him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchiſed bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſ. All happineſſe to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old. Lord *Timon*, heare me ſpeake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Old. Thou haſt a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I haue ſo: What of him?

Old. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucilius*.

Luc. Heere at your Lordſhips ſeruice.

Old. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt haue beene inclin'd to thriſt,
And my eſtate deſerues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe loue him?

Old. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leauties in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?

Old. Three Talents on the preſent; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſerv'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ſtraine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.

Tim My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordſhip, never may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit*

Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordſhip.

Tim. I thanke you, you ſhall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man:
For ſince Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-ſide: Theſe Penſil'd Figures are
Euen ſuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preſerue ye.

Tim. Well ſtare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together: Sir your Iewell
Hath ſuffered vnder praiſe.

Iewel. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meere ſcarcity of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vndoe me quite.

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apemantus.*

Mer. No my good Lord, he ſpeakes the common tonge
Which all men ſpeake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. We'l beare with your Lordſhip.

Mer. He'l ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apemantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and theſe Knaues honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaues, thou know'ſt them not.
Ape. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Ape. Then I repent not.
Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?
Ape. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?
Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon*
Tim. Whether art going?
Ape. To knocke out an honeſt Athenians braines.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture *Apemantus*?
Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?
Ape. No: I eate not Lords.
Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thou'd'ſt anger Ladies.
Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.
Ape. So, thou apprehend'ſt it,
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doſt thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?
Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caſt a man a Doit.
Tim. What doſt thou thinke 'tis worth?
Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?
Poet. How now Philoſopher?
Ape. Thou lyeſt.
Poet. Art not one?
Ape. Yes.
Poet. Then I lye not.
Ape. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Ape. Then thou lyeſt:
Looke in thy laſt worke, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.
Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord,
Tim. What would'ſt do then *Apemantus*?
Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy ſelfe?
Ape. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?
Mer. I *Apemantus*.
Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.
Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.
Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.
Tim. What Trumpets that?
Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe
All of Companionſhip.
Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hance
Till I haue thanke you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am joyfull of your ſights.
Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.
Moſt welcome Sir.
Ape. So, ſo; their Aches contract, and ſterue your ſupple ioynts: that there ſhould be ſmall loue amongeſt theſe ſweet Knaues, and all this Curteſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Alc. Sir, you haue ſau'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, we'l ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let vs in. *Exeunt.*
Enter two Lords.
1. *Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?
Ape. Time to be honeſt.
1 That time ſerues ſtill.
Ape. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.
2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.
Ape. I, to ſee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.
2 Farthee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2 Why *Apemantus*?
Ape. Should'ſt haue kept one to thy ſelfe, for I meane to giue thee none.
1 Hang thy ſelfe.
Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.
2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile ſpurne thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Aſſe.
1 Hee's oppoſite to humanity.
Comes ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindneſſe.
2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it ſelfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vſe of quittance.
1 The Nobleſt minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.
2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing loud Muſicke.

A great Banquet ſerv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from priſon. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus diſcontentedly like himſelfe.

Ventig. Moſt honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateſull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne thoſe Talents
Doubled with thankes and ſeruice, from whoſe helpe
I deriu'd libertie.
Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeſt *Ventigius*: You miſtake my loue,
I gaue

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I gaue it freely euer, and there's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Ven. A Noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſſe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſſe, ſorry ere 'tis ſhowne:
But where there is true friendſhip, there ne'e do neede
Pray ſir, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confeſt it.

Apem. Ho ho, confeſt it? Hang'd it? Haue you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No: You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruſt me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They ſay my Lords, *Ira furor breuis eſt*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himſelfe:
For he does neither affect companíe,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obſerue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome: I my ſelfe would haue no power,
prythee let my meate make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I
ſhould ne're flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
of men eats *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieues me
to ſee ſo many dip their meate in one mans blood, and
all the madneſſe is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelues with men.
Me thinks they ſhould enuite them without knives,
Good for their meate, and ſafer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him,
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a diuided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. 'Tas
beene proued, if I were a huge man I ſhould feare to
drinke at meales, leaſt they ſhould ſpie my wind-pipes
dangerous notes, great men ſhould drinke with harneſſe
on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his
tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate
looke ill, *Timon*.
Here's that which is too weake to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feaſts are too proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my ſelfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that ſeemes aſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus*.

Tim. Captaine *Alcibiades*, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your ſeruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefaſt of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord there's no
meate like 'em, I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a Feaſt.

Apem. Would all thoſe Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineſſe my Lord,
that you would once vſe our hearts, whereby we might
expreſſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thinke our
ſelues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods
themſelues haue prouided that I ſhall haue much helpe
from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why
haue you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not
you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of
you to my ſelfe, then you can with modeſtie ſpeake in
your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends, if
we ſhould ne're haue need of 'em? They were the moſt
needleſſe Creatures liuing, ſhould we ne're haue vſe for
'em? And would moſt reſemble ſweete Inſtruments
hung vp in Caſes, that keepes their ſounds to themſelues. Why I haue often wiſht my ſelfe poorer, that
I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,
then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort 'tis, to haue ſo many like Brothers commanding
one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't
can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water, mine thinks
to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung vp.

Apem. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baſtard
3. *Lord.* I promiſe you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Bounties taſten the ſiue beſt Senceſs: knowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious
boſome.
There taſt, touch all pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eies.

Timo. They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muſicke make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Apem. Hoyday,
What a ſweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They dounce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe ſhewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our ſelues Fooles, to diſport our ſelues,
And ſpend our Flatteries, to drinke thoſe men,
Vpon whoſe Age we voyde it vp again
With poyſonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that bears not one ſpurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I ſhould feare, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men ſhut their doores againſt a ſetting Sunne.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loues, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty ſtraine or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.

Tim. You haue done our pleaſures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe ſo beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vnto't, and luſter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the beſt.

Apem. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelues.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flauius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Caſket, bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet!
There is no croſſing him in's humor,
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, y'faith I ſhould;
When all's ſpent, hee'ld be croſt then, and he could.
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineſſe.

2 Lord. Our Horſes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to ſay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muſt intreat you honour me ſo much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am ſo farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honor, vouchſafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to ſhew them entertainment.

Fla. I ſcarſe know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free loue) hath preſented to you
Foure Milke-white Horſes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairely: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purſe, or yeeld me this,
To ſhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good.
His promiſes flye ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
He is ſo kinde, that he now payes intereſt for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then ſuch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit.*

Tim. You do your ſelues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very ſoule of Bounty

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rod on. Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beſeech you pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can iuſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none ſo welcome.

Tim I take all, and your ſeuerall viſitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue.
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And ne're be wearie. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore ſildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1 Lord. The beſt of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Apem. What a coiles heere, ſeruing of becks, and nodding out of bunnies. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the ſummes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendſhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes falſe hearts, ſhould neuer haue ſound legges.
Thus honeſt Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtſies.

Tim. Now *Apemantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, Ile nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſinne the faſter. Thou giu'ſt ſo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy ſelfe in paper ſhortly. What needs theſe Feaſts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

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Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Society once, I am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Musicke. *Exit*

Apem. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*,
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haste you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight denialls; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather sticks in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Caph. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Caph. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Caph. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Caph. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Caph. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* seruant, my good Lord.

Isid From *Isidore*, he humbly prayes your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, six weekes, and past.

Isid. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expreßely to your Lordship.

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither. pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Isid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole?

Apem. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Apem. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Isi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Apem. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the Foole now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Mistris?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.
How dost thou *Apemantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page No.

Ape There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.
Answer not, I am gone. *Exit*

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they serud vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a Spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, In all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole:

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leysures I propos'd.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not fildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th'exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proofe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue beene oppresst
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Peazants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force, meane but L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vse
As I can bid thee speake.

Ste. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flaminius, Seruilius?*

Enter

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Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you. I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord.

Seru. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Hmmh.

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deferr'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th'instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Ser. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Seru. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot
Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pitty,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold moueing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it stdoome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,
I clear'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With those fiue Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'r speake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Seru. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so. *Exeunt*

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Gift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Basen & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie respectiuely welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Complaete, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fifty Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my coming, euery man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee always wise. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee always for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time well, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe without securitie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned baseneſſe
To him that worthips thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master. *Exit L.*

Flam May these adde to the number of may scald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases only worke vpon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord paid for, be of any power
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and shewed what

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what neceſſity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour ſhew'd in't. For my owne part, I muſt needes confeſſe, I haue receyued ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Place, Iewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miſtooke him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne'r haue denied his Occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue ſweat to ſee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindely met ſir: Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Seruil. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent ——

Luci. Ha! what ha's he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer ſending: how ſhall I thank him thank'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Seruil. Has onely ſent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord; requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant vſe with ſo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the meane time he wants leſſe my Lord. If his occaſion were not vrrtuous, I ſhould not vrge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriouſly *Seruilius?*

Seruil. Vpon my ſoule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it happned, that I ſhould Purchaſe the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to vſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fareſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee ſo farre, as to vſe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Seruil.*

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly ſpeede. *Exit.*

1 Do you obſerue this *Hoſtilius?*

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds ſoule,
And iuſt of the ſame peece
Is euery Flatterers ſport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull ſhape;
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3 Religion groanes at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer taſted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble minde, illuſtrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made vſe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt halfe ſhould haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muſt learne now with pitty to diſpence,
For Policy ſits aboue Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third ſeruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owes their eſtates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Baſe-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhewes but little loue, or kindgemene in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends (like Phyſitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Muſt I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I am angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his Occaſions might haue wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke ſo backwardly of me now,
That Ile require it laſt? No:
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mong'ſt Lords he thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my mindes ſake:
I'de ſuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, ſhall not know my Coyne. *Exit*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordſhips a goodly Villain: the deuill knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croſſed himſelfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will ſet him cleere. How fairely this Lord ſtrives to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realmes on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead.
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberall courſe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortenſius*

Titus

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Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*

Hor. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one buſineſſe do's commaund vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And ſir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord ſeene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeuen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are wanne ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a Prodigall courſe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable. I feare:
'Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timons* purſe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile ſhew you how t'obſerue a ſtrange euent:
Your Lord ſends now for Money?

Hor. Moſt true, he do's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I wayte for money.

Hor. It is againſt my heart.

Luci. Marke how ſtrange it ſhowes,
Timon in this, ſhould pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord ſhould weare rich Iewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneſſe:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worſe then ſhrewd.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thouſand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thouſand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum
Your Maſters confidence was aboue mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip: pray ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled (diligent.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, ſir?

2. *Varro.* By your leaue, ſir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, ſir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſummes and Billes
When your falſe Maſters eate of my Lords meate?
Then they could ſmile, and fawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intereſt into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your ſelues but wrong, to ſtirre me vp,
Let me paſſe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerue.

Stew. If it will not ſerue, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerue Knaues.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his caſheer'd Worſhip mutter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can ſpeake broader, then hee that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may raile againſt great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee ſhall know ſome anſwere.

Ser. If I might beſeech you Gentlemen, to repayre ſome other houre, I ſhould derriue much from't. For take of my ſoule, my Lord leanes wondrouſly to diſcontent. His comfortable temper has forſooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ſick:
And if it be ſo farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruil. Good Gods.

Titus We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flaminius within. Seruilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim What, are my doores oppoſ'd againſt my paſſage?
Haue I bin euer free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feaſted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) ſhew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Tim.*

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Phil. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue me to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in ſummes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my bloud.

Luc. Fiue thouſand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thouſand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hor. Faith I perceiue our Maſters may throwne their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the ſlaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim Ile haue it ſo. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fully? Go, bid all my Friends againe
Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius Varro*: All,
Ile once more feaſt the Raſcals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely ſpeake from your diſtreſted ſoule; there's not ſo much left to, furniſh out a moderate Table.

Timon

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, muite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and I le prouide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2 Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath step into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnmoued passion
He did behooue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument

1 *Sen.* You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Fashions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelesselly,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1 *Sen.* You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throates
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiaut
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue 't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What

Alc I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so base,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waighter Iudgement.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter

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Enter diuers Friends at ſeuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 I alſo wiſh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when we encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him as he made it ſeeme in the triall of his ſeuerall Friends.

2 It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1 I ſhould thinke ſo. He hath ſent me an earneſt inuiting, which many my neere occaſions did vrge me to put off: but he hath conior'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſſe, but he would not heare my excuſe. I am ſorrie, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my Prouiſion was out.

1 I am ſicke of that greefe too, as I vnderſtand how all things go.

2 Euery man beares ſo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thouſand Peeces.

2 A thouſand Peeces?

1 What of you?

3 He ſent to me ſir ——— Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, ſuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your eares with the Muſicke awhile: If they will fare ſo harſhly o'th Trompets ſound: we ſhall com't preſently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordſhip, that I returnd you an empty Meſſenger.

Tim. O ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2 My moſt Honorable Lord, I am e'ne ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, ſir.

2 If you had ſent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all togeather.

2 All couer'd Diſhes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades baniſh'd?

3 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 How? Howe

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaſt toward

2 This is the old man ſtill.

3 Will hold? Will hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and ſo.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his ſtoole, with that ſpurre as he would to the lip of his Miſtris: your diet ſhall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feaſt of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firſt place. Sit, ſit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankefulneſſe. For your owne gifts, make your ſelues prais'd: But reſerue ſtill to giue, leaſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Aſſembly of Twenty, be without a ſcore of Villaines. If there ſit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The reſt of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common lege of People, what ye want in them, you Gods, make ſuteable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to me nothing, ſo art nothing diſpoſe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap

Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordſhip meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feaſt never behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laſt,
Who ſtucke and ſpangled you with Flatteries,
Waſhes it off and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Curteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Maladie
Cruſt you quite o're. What do'ſt thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyſicke firſt; thoſe too, and theſe
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burne houſe, ſinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timons* Man, and all Humanity. *Exit*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?

4 I haue loſt my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors ſwayes him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now he has beate it out of my hat.
Did you ſee my Iewell?

2 Did you ſee my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no ſtay.

2 Lord *Timon* mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ſtones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thoſe Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinence,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th'Instant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.

1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The lateſt of my wealth Ile share among'st you
Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore

Embrace and part seuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnusuall blood,
When man's worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer serue his mind, with my best will,
Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarse is dividant: touch them with seuerall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Native Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
There's nothing leuell in our curſed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Roots,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that putter oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March farre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou'lt go (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wish thou were a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Canons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Timan.* Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee, giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfish, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greev'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour States
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pitty him whom't dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke paps
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose proofe, nor yelps of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giuest me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon thee.

Both. Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast & more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forsweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six moneths
Be quite contrary, And thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

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Beleeue't that we'l do any thing for Gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſowe
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharpe ſhinnes,
And marre mens ſpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may never more falſe Title pleade.
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That ſcold'ſt againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not beleeues himſelfe. Downe with the Noſe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bold
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld-pate Ruffians
And let the vnſcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue ſome paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The ſourſe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.
Bath. More counſell with more Money, bounteous *Timon*.
Tim. More whore, more Miſchiefe firſt, I haue giuen you earneſt
Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue well, Ile viſit thee againe.
Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer ſee thee more.
Alc. I neuer did thee harme
Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.
Alc. Call'ſt thou that harme?
Tim. Men daily finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him. Strike. *Exeunt.*
Tim. That Nature being ſicke of mans vnkindneſſe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe wombe vnmeaſureable, and infinite breſt
Teemes and feeds all. whoſe ſelfeſame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine.
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plenteous boſome, one poore roote.
Enſeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monſters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all aboue
Neuer preſented. O, a Root, deare thankes.
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Liquoriſh draughts
And Morſels Vnctious, greaſes his pure minde,
That from it all Conſideration ſlippes ——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.
Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt vſe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Conſumption catch thee.
Apem. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly ſprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and theſe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye ſoft,
Hugge their diſeas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeeke to thriue
By that which has's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerue
Blow off thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtraine,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gau'ſt thine eares (like Tapſters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt ſoft
That thou turne Rafcall, had'ſt thou wealth againe,
Rafcals ſhould haue't. Do not affume my likeneſſe.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelfe.
Apem. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelfe, being like thy ſelf
A Madman ſo long, now a Foole: what think'ſt
That the bleake ayre, thy boyſterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy ſhirt on warme? Will theſe moyſt Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Candle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfet? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures liue in all the ſpight
Of wreakefull Heauen, whoſe bare vnhouſed Trunkes.
To the conflicting Elements expoſ'd
Anſwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt finde.
Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.
Apem. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worſe.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.
Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why do'ſt thou ſeeke me out?
Apem To vex thee.
Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelfe in't?
Apem. I.
Tim. What, a Knaue too?
Apem. If thou did'ſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-liues incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſſe,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe then the worſt, Content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to dye, being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claſpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ſt thou like vs from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſiue drugges of it
Freely command: thou would'ſt haue plung'd thy ſelf
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of reſpect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my ſelfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleſſe vpon me ſtucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery ſtorme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is ſome burthen
Thy Nature, did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haſt thou giuen?

If

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If thou wilt curse: thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not beene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst beene a Knaue and Flatterer.
Ape. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. I, that I am not thee.
Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.
Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.
Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.
Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.
Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch;
If not, I would it were.
Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.
Ape. Heere is no vse for Gold.
Tim. The best, and truest:
For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.
Ape. Where lyest a nights *Timon*?
Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?
Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.
Tim. Would poyson were obedient & knew my mind
Ape. Where would'st thou send it?
Tim. To sawce thy dishes.
Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medlet for thee, eate it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?
Tim. I, though it looke like thee.
Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?
Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou euer know belou'd?
Ape. My selfe.
Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou hadst some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.
Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy Flatterers?
Tim. Women nearest, but men: men are the things
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
pemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.
Ape. I *Timon*.
Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Gods graunt
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,
& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Le-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, tha
seest not thy losse in transformation.
Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.
Tim. How has's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.
Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.
Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.
Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.
Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.
Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.
Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.
Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st.
Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.
Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.
Tim. Away thou issue of a mangle dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.
Ape. Would thou would'st burst.
Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee.
Ape. Beast.
Tim. Slaue.
Ape. Toad.
Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessities vpon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Foame of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
Of *Hymens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou visible God,
That soudrest close Impossibilities,
And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tong

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding odder, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire.
Ape. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee.
Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.
Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.
Apo. Mo things like men,
Exit *Timon*, and abhorre then. *Exit Apemon.*

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly.
2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.
3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he courteously reserue it, how
shall's get it?
2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis kid.
1 Is not this hee?
All. Where?
2 'Tis his description.
3 He? I know him.
All. Saue thee *Timon*.
Tim. Now Theeues.
All. Soldiers, not Theeues.
Tim. Both too, and women Sonnes
All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?
1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.
Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con,
That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, suckle the subtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villanie do, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile exempte you with Theevery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.
3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.
1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.
2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.
1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deerest Master.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.
Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
Ne'r did poore Steward weare a truer griefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weepe?
Come nearer, then I loue thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pitties sleeping:
Strange times, that weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my griefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How fayne would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,
I fell with Curses.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou

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Thou might'ſt haue ſooner got another Seruice:
For many ſo arriue at ſecond Maſters,
Vpon their firſt Lords neckes. But tell me true,
(For I muſt euer doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſſe ſubtle, couetous,
If not a Vſuring kindneſſe, and as rich men deale Gifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You ſhould haue fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Duetie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde,
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,
My moſt Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miſerie
Ha's ſent thee Treaſure. Go, liue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the Bone,
Ere thou releeue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes lycke vp their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not: flye, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I take note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's ſo full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him. He likewiſe enrich'd
Poore ſtraggling Souldiers, with great quantity
'Tis ſaide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty ſomme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flouriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſſe, we tender our loues
To him, in this ſuppoſ'd diſtreſſe of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoſes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iuſt and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
To preſent vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: onely I will promiſe him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I muſt ſerue him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beſt.
Promiſing, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kinde of people,
The deede of ſaying is quite out of vſe.
To Promiſe, is moſt Courtly and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickneſſe in his Iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo baddo
As is thy ſelfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I haue prouided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelfe:
A Satyre againſt the ſottiſhneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Diſcouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we ſinne againſt our owne eſtate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day ſerues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, than where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Barke, and plow'ſt the Foame,
Setteſt admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whoſe thankleſſe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whoſe Starre-like Nobleneſſe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The monſtrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my ſelfe
Haue trauail'd in the great ſhowre of your guifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honeſt men.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our ſeruice

Timon. Moſt honeſt men:

Why

Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
We'l do to do you seruice.
Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.
Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most liuely.
Pain. So, so, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pames to mend.
Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Most thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine
Pain. I know none such, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, I'le giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not reside
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues.
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Raicall dogges. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, and two Senators

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1. *Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.
2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Griefe
That fram'd him thus. Time with his faire hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chance it as it may.
Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each falſe
Be as a Cauterizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking,
1 Worthy *Timon*.
Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.
Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.
2 They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulneſſe too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the recanter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since vnshall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And I'le beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
2 And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walles of *Athens*.
1 Therefore *Timon*
Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,

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In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take't at worst: For their Knives care not.
While you have throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'unruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow. My long sickenesse
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1 We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countreymen.

1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incidents throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lives uncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim I have a Tree which growes here in my Close,
That mine owne use invites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth.
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be men's workes, and Death their gaine;
Sonne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Reigne.
Exit Timon.

1 His discontents are unremorsedly coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let us returne,
And straine what other meanes is left unto us
In our deere perill.

1 It requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Thou hast painefully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heare come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.
The Enemies Drummes is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tombe,
I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill;
An aged Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens, he's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lascivious Towne,
Our terrible approach.
Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of Justice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And purse Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young;
When thy first griefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantitie.

2 So did we woo
Transformed *Timon*, to our Cities love
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:
We were not all unkinde, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receyv'd your griefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Nor are they living

Who

Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broake their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the blaſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that haue offended. like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt vſe the warres as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Deſend and open your vncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your ſelues ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Cities bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heaueſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poore Ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soule bereft.
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you, wicked Caitiffs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who alive, all liuing men did hate,
Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but paſſe and ſtay not heere thy gate.

Theſe well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorr'dſt in vs our humane griefes,
Scorn'dſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memorie
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vſe the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensius.
} Severall Servants to Vsurers.
Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flauius.

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home: Is this a Holiday? What, know you not (Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke Vpon a labouring day, without the figne Of your Profeſſion? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparrell on? You ſir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in reſpect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would ſay, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vſe, with a ſafe Conſcience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad ſoules

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beſeech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What meanſt thou by that? Mend mee, thou ſawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why ſir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly ſir, all that I liue by, is with the Awle: I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor womens matters; but with all I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old ſhooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why doſt thou leade theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly ſir, to weare out their ſhooes, to get my ſelfe into more worke. But indeede ſir, we make Holyday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyceſt? What Conqueſt brings he home? What Tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles? You Blockes, you ſtones, you worſe then ſenſleſſe things: O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome, Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft? Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements, To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops, Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue ſate The liue-long day, with patient expectation,

To ſee great *Pompey* paſſe the ſtreets of Rome: And when you ſaw his Chariot but appeare, Haue you not made an Vniuerſall ſhout, That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes To heare the replication of your ſounds, Made in her Concaue Shores? And do you now put on your beſt attyre? And do you now cull out a Holyday? And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood? Be gone, Runne to your houſes, fall vpon your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague That needs muſt light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault Aſſemble all the poore men of your ſort; Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares Into the Channell, till the loweſt ſtreame Do kiſſe the moſt exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their baſeſt mettle be not mou'd, They vaniſh tongue-tyed in their guiltineſſe: Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll, This way will I: Diſrobe the Images, If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo? You know it is the Feaſt of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images Be hung with *Cæſars* Trophees: Ile about, And driue away the Vulgar from the ſtreets; So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke. Theſe growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæſars* wing, Will make him flye an ordinary pitch, Who elſe would ſoare aboue the view of men, And keepe vs all in ſeruile fearefulneſſe. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, Antony for the Courſe, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, a Soothſayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Caſk. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeakes.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way, When he doth run his courſe. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæſar*, my Lord.

Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed *Antonio*, To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders ſay,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterrile curse.
Ant. I shall remember,
When *Cæsar* sayes, Do this; it is performe'd.
Caes Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæsar.
Caes. Ha? Who calles?
Casc. Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe.
Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, *Cæsar*: Speake. *Cæsar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Caes. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæsar*.
Caes. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Caes. He is a Dreamer, let vs leave him: Passe.
Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut & Cass.
Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brut. Not I.
Cassi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamesome: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
Ile leave you.
Cassi. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:-
I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue-
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Merely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behauiours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men
Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistooke your passion,
By meanes whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?
Brutus. No *Cassius*:
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis iust,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Lead me *Cassius*?
That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discouer to your selfe,
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laugher, or did vse
To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Shouting?
I do feare, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King
Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.
Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life. But for my single selfe,
I had as liefe not be, as liue to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Cæsar*. So were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Feuer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,

As a ſicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Maieſticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.
Shout. Flourish.
Bru. Another generall ſhout?
I do beleeue, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
Caſſi. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our ſelues dishonourable Graues.
Men at ſometime, are Maſters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our ſelues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*: What ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoone as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæſar* feede,
That he is growne ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd.
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompaſt but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eaſily as a King.
Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue ſome aymes:
How I haue thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter. For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue ſaid,
I will conſider: what you haue to ſay
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himſelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.
Caſſi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue ſtrooke but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſſi As they paſſe by,
Pluckе *Caska* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo: but looke you *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſar's* brow,
And all the reſt, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes
As we haue ſeene him in the Capitoll
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators.
Caſſi. Caska will tell vs what the matter is.
Cæſ. Antonio.
Ant. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and ſuch as ſleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Feare him not *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were liable to feare,
I do not know the man I ſhould auoyd
So ſoone as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reades much,
He is a great Obſeruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Players,
As thou doſt *Antony*: he heares no Muſicke;
Seldome he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelfe, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be moou'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themſelues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ſt of him.
Sound. Exeunt Cæſar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you ſpeake with me?
Bru. I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* lookes ſo ſad.
Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I ſhould not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd
Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him: & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.
Bru. What was the ſecond noyſe for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Caſſi. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
Cask. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, euerie time gentler: then other; and at euery putting by, mine honeſt Neighbors ſhowted.
Caſſi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Cask. Why *Antony*.
Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.
Cask. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it. It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I ſawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of theſe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and ſtill as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their ſweatie Night-cappes, and vttered ſuch a deale of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar*: for hee ſwounded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durſt not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what, did *Caſar* ſwound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſſe.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling ſickneſſe.

Caſſi. No, *Caſar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honeſt *Caſka*, we haue the Falling ſickneſſe.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am ſure *Caſar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hiſſe him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they vſe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What ſaid he, when he came vnto himſelfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and ſo hee fell. When he came to himſelfe againe, hee ſaid, If hee had done, or ſaid any thing amiſſe, he deſir'd their Worſhips to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alaſſe good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Caſar* had ſtab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no leſſe.

Brut. And after that, he came thus ſad away.

Cask. I.

Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. I, he ſpoke Greeke.

Caſſi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But thoſe that vnderſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Marullus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarfes off *Caſars* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Caſſi. Will you ſuppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſſi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caſſi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe ſo: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Caſſi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudeneſſe is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men ſtomacke to digeſt his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And ſo it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will waite for you.

Caſſi. I will doe ſo: till then, thinke of the World. *Exit Brutus.*

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I ſee,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who ſo firme, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Caſar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſius*,
He ſhould not humor me. I will this Night,
In ſeuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from ſeuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obſcurely
Caſars Ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caſar* ſeate him ſure,
For wee will ſhake him, or worſe dayes endure. *Exit.*

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Caſar* home? Why are you breathleſſe, and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the ſway of Earth Shakes, like a thing vnfirme? O *Cicero*,
I haue ſeene Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue ſeene Th'ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foame, To be exalted with the threatning Clouds: But neuer till to Night, neuer till now, Did I goe through a Tempeſt-dropping-fire. Either there is a Ciuill ſtrife in Heauen, Or elſe the World, too ſawcie with the Gods, Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common ſlaue, you know him well by ſight, Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand, Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd vnſcorch'd. Beſides, I ha'not ſince put vp my Sword, Againſt the Capitoll I met a Lyon, Who glaz'd vpon me, and went ſurly by, Without annoying me. And there were drawne Vpon a heape, a hundred gaſtly Women, Transformed with their feare, who ſwore, they ſaw Men; all in fire, walke vp and downe the ſtreetes. And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit, Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place, Howting, and ſhrieking. When theſe Prodigies Doe ſo conioyntly meet, let not men ſay, Theſe are their Reaſons, they are Naturall: For I beleeue, they are portentous things Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion, Cleane from the purpoſe of the things themſelues. Comes *Caſar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonie* Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*: This diſturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Caſſi. *Caska* by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good. *Caſſius*, what Night is this?

Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace ſo?

Caſſi. Thoſe that haue knowne the Earth ſo full of faults.

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perilous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the aymes, and very flash of it. (same
Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heau
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish vs.
Cassi. You are dull, *Casca*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impotience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.
Now could I (*Casca*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.
Cask. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius*?
Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits.
Our yeoke, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish.
Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, saue here in Italy.
Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiue to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*
Cask. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.
Cassi. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begun it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You speake to *Casca*, and to such a man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.
Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I haue moou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
In Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierce, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste.
Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?
Cassi. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?
Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.
Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Prætors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window: set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.
Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Casca*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high to all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.
Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day. *Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?
Enter Lucius.
Luc. Call'd you my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit*
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Cæsar*,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlinesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
Then least he *may*, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.
Enter Lucius.
Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.
Gives him the Letter
Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*
Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.
Opens the Letter, and reades.
Brutus thou sleep'st: awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. Speake, strike, redresse
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.
Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.
Knocke within.
Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I haue not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.
Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Brut. Doe you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are plucht about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discouer them,
By any marke of fauour.
Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seeke none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cæs. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?
Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cæs. Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Brut. He is welcome hither.
Cæs. This, *Decius Brutus*.
Brut. He is welcome too.
Cæs. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymber*.
Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?
Cæs. Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper*
Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake heere?
Casca. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Casca. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weigh-

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Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitoll, directly here.
Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.
Caſ. And let vs ſweare our Reſolution.
Bru. No, not an Oath: If not the Face of men,
The ſufferance of our Soules, the times Abuſe:
If theſe be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What need we any ſpurre, but our owne cauſe
To pricke vs to redreſſe? What other Bond,
Then ſecret Romans, that haue ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priеſts and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cauſes, ſweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtaine
The euen vertue of our Enterpriſe,
Nor th'Inſuppreſſiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cauſe, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a ſeuerall Baſtardie,
If he do breake the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cauſa*? Shall we ſound him?
I thinke he will ſtand very ſtrong with vs.
Caſk. Let vs not leaue him out.
Cyn. No, by no meanes.
Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchaſe vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildeneſſe, ſhall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leaue him out.
Caſk. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar*?
Caſ. *Decius* well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, ſo well belou'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-liue *Cæſar*, we ſhall finde of him
A ſhrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well ſtretch ſo farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall togethers.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeeme too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all ſtand vp againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſars* Spirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But (alas)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſſe fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an act of Rage,
And after ſeeme to chide 'em. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe Neceſſary, and not Enuious.
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæſars* Arme,
When *Cæſars* head is off.
Caſ. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæſar*.
Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelfe, take thought, and dye for *Cæſar*.
And that were much he ſhould: for he is giuen
To ſports, to wildeneſſe, and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this hereafter.
Clocke ſtrikes.
Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caſ. The Clocke hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſ. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superſticious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparant Prodigies,
The vnexcuſtom'd Terror of this night,
And the perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be ſo reſolu'd,
I can re-ſway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſayes, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the vttermoſt, and faile not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*:
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and Ile faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes vpon's:
We'll leaue you *Brutus*,
And friends diſperſe your ſelues; but all remember
What you haue ſaid, and ſhew your ſelues true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke freſh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpoſes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Conſtancie,
And ſo good morrow to you euery one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: Faſt aſleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,

Which

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meanes you? wherfore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You suddainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stampt with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry *waiter* of your hand
Gaue signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much prevayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke vnbraced, and suckle vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,
You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene
Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not needs, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You, are my true and honourable *Wife*,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit *my* sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grauut I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I grauut I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I haue made strong proofe of my Constancie,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charractery of my sad browes:
Leaue me with haste. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will striue with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*

Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Iulius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.

Cæsar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What meane you *Cæsar*? Think you to walke forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal.

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Calp. *Cæsar*: I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all vse,
And I do feare them.

Cæs. What can be auoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen,
The heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

Cæs. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We were two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisedome is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.
We'll send *Marke Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day.
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?
Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Grey-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar* let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suckе
Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognizance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Cæs. And this way haue you well expounded it.

Dec. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minides may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæsars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Cæsar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Cæsar* is afraid?
Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this;
And reason to my loue is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your feares seeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me

Pub. Good morrow *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome *Publius*
What *Brutus*, are you stir'd so early too?
Good morrow *Casca*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was neere so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane
What is't a Clocke?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is not withstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant So to most Noble *Cæsar*

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar* I will. and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke vpon. *Brutus*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not neere

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were Casca, have an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellius Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou feest not Immortall, looke about you: Security gives way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I stand, till *Cæsar* passe along,
And as a Suter will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest liue
I fnot, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suters preffe to him.
Heark Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. Aboue the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suters,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death.
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit*

Por. I must go in:
Aye me. How weake a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus*,
The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Cæsar*: Read this Scedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o're-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O *Cæsar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Cæsar* neerer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub Sirra, giue place.

Cass. What, vrge you your Petitions in the streete?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.

Cass. What enterprize *Popilius*?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cass He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpose is discouered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæsar*: marke him

Cass *Casca* be sodaine, for we feare preuention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Cæsar* neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:
Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cass *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*,
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cymber*, let him go,
And presently prefferre his suite to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must preuent thee *Cymber*:
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.
To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning.
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne

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To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.
Cæs. What *Brutus*?
Cass. Pardon *Cæsar*: *Cæsar* pardon:
As low as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg't infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.
Cæs. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moue, Prayers would moue me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, euen in this:
That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.
Cinna. O *Cæsar*.
Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great *Cæsar*.
Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſſe kneele?
Casca. Speake hands for me.
They ſtab Cæſar.
Cæs. Et Tu Brute!——Then fall *Cæsar*. *Dyes*
Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Cass. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.
Dec. And *Cassius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius*?
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Cæsars*
Should chance——
Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheare,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.
Cass. And leaue vs *Publius*, least that the people
Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischiefe.
Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Cass. Where is *Antony*?
Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.
Casca. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæsars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And waueing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Cass. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In States vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?
Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeys* Basis lye along,
No worthier than the dust?
Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cass. I, euery man away.
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.
Enter a Seruant.
Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say.
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd
How *Cæsar* hath deseru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State.
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.
Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vnscath'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him presently. *Exit Seruant.*
Bru. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.
Cass. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiuing still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! Dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Cæsars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding buſineſſe they haue done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pittifull;
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, ſo pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Caſſ. Your voyce ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cauſe,
Why I, that did loue *Cæſar* when I ſtrooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſedome.
Let euery man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*,
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caske* yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Cæſar* O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs how,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingres of thy Foes?
Moſt Noble, in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtreame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In tearmes of Friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere wa'st thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'ſt thou fall, and heere thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimſon'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waſt the Forreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, ſtroken by many Princes,
Doſt thou heere lye?

Caſſ. Marke Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius*.
The Enemies of *Cæſar*, ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeſtie.

Caſſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo;
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you ſhall giue me Reaſons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæſar* was dangerous.

Bru Or elſe were this a ſauage Spectacle:
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeeke,
And am moreouer ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You ſhall *Marke Antony*.

Caſſ. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeake in his Funerall.
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Bru By your pardon:
I will my ſelfe into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſars* death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeake, I will proteſt
He ſpeakes by leaue, and by permiſſion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It ſhall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Caſſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru Mark Antony, heere take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funerall ſpeech blame vs,
But ſpeake all good you can deuiſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you ſhall ſpeake
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth;
That I am meeke and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophecie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domeſticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in vſe,
And dreadfull Obiects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre.
All pitty choak'd with cuſtome of fell deeds,
And *Cæſars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let ſlip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, ſhall ſmell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You ſerue *Octauius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Paſſion I ſee is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter comming?

Ser. He lies to night within ſeuen Leagues of Rome

Ant. Poſt backe with ſpeede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for *Octauius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,

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Thou ſhalt not backe, till I haue borne this courſe
Into the Market place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell iſſue of theſe bloudy men,
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To yong *Octauius*, of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Caſſius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be ſatisfied: let vs be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Caſſius go you into the other ſtreete,
And part the Numbers.
Thoſe that will heare me ſpeake, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publike Reaſons ſhall be rendred
Of *Cæſars* death.

1. *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* ſpeake.

2. I will heare *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeuerally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.
Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heare me for my cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue reſpect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Cenſure me in your Wiſedom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Iudge. If there be any in this Aſſembly, any deere Friend of *Cæſars*, to him I ſay, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæſar*, was no leſſe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my anſwer: Not that I lou'd *Cæſar* leſſe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Cæſar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lou'd me, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Loue. Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not loue his Country? If any, ſpeake, for him haue I offended. I paule for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæſar*, then you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæſars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you ſhall not. With this I depart, that as I ſlewe my beſt Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the ſame Dagger for my ſelfe, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his houſe.

2. Giue him a Statue with his Anceſtors.

3. Let him be *Cæſar*.

4 *Cæſars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

We'l bring him to his Houſe
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, ſilence, *Brutus* ſpeakes.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Country-men, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæſars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæſars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue ſpoke. *Exit*

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Marke Antony*.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
We'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* ſake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he ſay of *Brutus*?

3 He ſayes, for *Brutus* ſake
He findes himſelfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere beſt he ſpeake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1 This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can ſay.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Country-men, lend me your eares
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious
If it were ſo, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæſar* hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuffe,
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeake not to diſproue what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am, to ſpeake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgements! thou are fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men haue loſt their Reaſon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinkes there is much reaſon in his ſayings.

2 If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has'h had great wrong. (his place.

Has'h bee Maſters? I feare there will a worſe come in

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crowne,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reuerence.
O Masters! If I were disposd to stirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, beggе a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.
4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæsars* Will
Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it,
It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men.
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?
4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You shall reade vs the Will, *Cæsars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.
4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.
2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?
All. Come downe.
2. Descend.
3. You shall haue leaue.
4. A Ring, stand round.
1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summer's Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervij*.
Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Casca* made:
Through this, the well-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it
As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how dearely *Cæsar* lou'd him:
This was the most vnkindest cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious drops:
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you here,
Here is himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
1. O pitteous spectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæsar*!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor liue.
Ant. Stay Country-men
1. Peace there: heare the Noble *Antony*.
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l die with him. (you vp
Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
To such a fodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate griefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That lou'd my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I only speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1. Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.
3. Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deseru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Will.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæsars* Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he gives,
To euery seuerall man, seuenty fiue Drachmaes.

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2. *Ple.* Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, we'l reuenge his death.
3. *Ple.* O Royall *Cæſar*.
Ant. Hearke me with patience.
All. Peace hoe
Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.
Heere was a *Cæſar* when comes ſuch another?
1. *Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
We'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes.
Take vp the body.
2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3. *Ple.* Pluck downe Benches.
4. *Ple.* Pluck downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exit Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Miſchiefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Seruant.
Ser. Sir, *Octauius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octauius*. *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet ſomething leads me foorth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Anſwer euery man directly.
1. I, and breefely.
4. I, and wiſely.
3. I, and truly, you were beſt.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to anſwer euery man, directly and breefely, wiſely and truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
2. That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæſars* Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is anſwered directly.
4. For your dwelling: breefely.
Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name ſir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.
1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.
Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad Verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, teare him: Come Brands hoe, Firebrands to *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houſe, and ſome to *Caſca's*; ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prickt.
Octa. Your Brother too muſt die: conſent you *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do conſent.
Octa. Prick him downe *Antony*.
Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* ſhall not liue,
Who is your Siſters ſonne, *Marke Antony*.
Ant. He ſhall not liue; looke, with a ſpot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſars* houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a ſlight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. Octauius, I haue ſeene more dayes then you,
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelues of diuers ſland'rous loades,
He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,
To groane and ſweat vnder the Buſineſſe,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Aſſe) to ſhake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But he's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe *Octauius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vſe, and ſtal'd by other men
Begin his faſhion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octauius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are leuying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, our meanes ſtretcht,
And let vs preſently go ſit in Councell,
How couert matters may be beſt diſcloſ'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.
Octa. Let vs do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes. *Exeunt*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.
Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now *Lucilius*, is *Cassius* neere?
Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if be be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.
Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucilius*,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony
There are no tricktes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.
Enter Cassius and his Powers
Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.
Cassi. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother
Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them———
Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.
Cassi. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. *Lucilius*, do you the like. and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore *Exeunt*
Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appeare in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vnderseruers.
Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassi. Chastisement?
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman
Cassi. *Brutus*, baite not me.
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler than your selfe
To make Conditions
Bru. Go too. you are not *Cassius*.
Cassi. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cassi. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away slight man.
Cassi Is't possible?
Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?
Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart breake.
Go shew your Slaues how Choller'ike you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For from this day forth,
Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.
Cassi. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.
Cassi. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. *Cassi.*
Cassi. When *Cæsar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd
Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him
Cassi

Caſſ. I durſt not.
Bru. No.
Caſſ. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſſ. Do not preſume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You haue done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror *Caſſius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty,
That they paſſe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certaine ſummes of Gold, which you denyd me,
For I can raiſe no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you denyd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I haue anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes ſo Couetous,
To locke ſuch Raſcall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to peeces.
Caſſ. I denyd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſſ. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend ſhould beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me
Caſſ. You loue me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſſ. A friendly eye could neuer ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſſ. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octauius* come,
Reuenge your ſelues alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſeru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roote
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breaſt: Within, a Heart
Dearer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou beeſt a Roman, take it forth.
I that denyd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'ſt at *Cæſar*: For I know,
When thou did'ſt hate him worſt, thou lou'dſt him better
Then euer thou lou'dſt *Caſſius*
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall haue ſcope:
Do what you will, Diſhonor, ſhall be Humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, ſhewes a haſtie Sparke,
And ſtraite is cold agen.
Caſſ. Hath *Caſſius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caſſ. Do you confeſſe ſo much? Giue me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caſſ. O *Brutus*!
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſſ. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that raſh humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.
Bru. Yes *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucil You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſ. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be,
For I haue ſeene more yeeres I'me ſure then yee.
Caſ. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru Get you hence ſirra: Sawcy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. Ile know his humour, when he knowes his time:
What ſhould the Warres do with theſe Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*
Bru. Lucillius and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelues, & bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to vs.
Bru. Lucius, a bowle of Wine.
Caſ. I did not thinke you could haue bin ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſicke of many greefes.
Caſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no vſe,
If you giue place to accidentall euils.
Bru. No man beares ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſ. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable, and touching loſſe!
Vpon what ſickneſſe?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence,
And greefe, that yong *Octauius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themſelues ſo ſtrong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Euen ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindneſſe *Caſſius*. *Drinks*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine o're-ſwell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Bru. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper heere,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meſſala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octauius, Antony, and *Lepidus*,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speake of seuenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Cassi. *Cicero* one?
Messa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Messala*.
Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala*.
Messa. That me thinkes is strange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Messa. No my Lord
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*. We must die *Messala*
With meditating that she must dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now
Messa Euen so great men, great losses should indure.
Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.
Bru. Well, to our worke aliue What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cassi I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cassi. This it is.
'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse
Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd
From which aduantage shall we cut him off
If at *Philippi* we do face him there.
These people at our backe
Cassi. Heare me good Brother
Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,
That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe.
The Enemy encreaseth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serues,
Or loose our Ventures
Cassi Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*
Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say
Cassi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.
Cassi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come such diuision 'tweene our soules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.
Cassi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother
Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewell every one. *Exeunt*
Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.
Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two
Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir
Bru. I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest
Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumber!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghost Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*.
Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

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Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.
Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.
Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.
Brut. He thinkes he shall rest at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Brut. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brut. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Brut. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow, Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Brut. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Brut. I: saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*: Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull bravery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octauius, lead your Battaile softly on
Vpon the left hand of the even Field.
Oct. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the lefts.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Oct. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius & their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cass. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.
Oct. *Mark Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaile?
Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?
Oct. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octauius*.
Ant. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying long live, Haile *Cæsar*.
Cass. Antony,
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Hony-lesse.
Ant. Not stinglesse too.
Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete:
Whil'st damned *Casca*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cass. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs sweat,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Never till *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cass. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Oct. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have stomackes.

Exit Octauius, Antony, and Army

Cass. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucilius*, heare, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.
Cass. Messala.
Mess. What sayes my Generall?
Cass. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion. Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands;

Who

Who to *Philippi* heere consorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Ravens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeue not so.

Cassi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucillius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.
Loud Alarum.
Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Ollauius*'s wing:
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing some aduantage on *Ollauius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*,
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lou'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thoughte. *Exit.*

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Aboue. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Shout.*
And hearke, they shout for ioy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue so long.
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saueing of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cesars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword —— *Cesar*, thou art reuenged,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Ollauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leaue him.

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Tit. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou dost sinke to night;

So

So in his red blood *Cæsars* day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.
Mess. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'ſt thou shew to the apt thoughtes of men
The things that are not? O Error soone conceyu'd,
Thou never com'ſt vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'ſt the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Mess. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilſt I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.
Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'ſt thou send me forth braue *Cæsius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'ſt thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconſtrued euery thing. (showts
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cæsius*.
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cæsius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart *Dies*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, yong Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?
Mess. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.
Cato He is slaine
Bru. O *Iulius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cæsius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well
It is impoſſible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe moe teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, *Cæsius*: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Thaſſus* send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Leaſt it discomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flauius.

Bru. Yet Country-men. O yet. hold vp your heads.
Cato What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Soune of *Marcus Cato*, hoe
Enter Souldiers and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyeſt, as braue as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeſt.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1 *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant Where is hee?
Luc Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take alriue the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do finde him, or alriue, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize no leſſe in worth; keepe this man safe,
Giue him all kindneſſe. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alriue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Octauius* Tent:
How euery thing is chaune'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this Rocke.
Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.
Bru. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*
Clit What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill my-selfe.
Bru Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Volum. What sayes my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come
Volum. Not so, my Lord.
Bru Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou seeſt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,
Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou thy Sword Hilts, whilſt I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still.
Clit. Fly,

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Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt bin all this while aſleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall haue glory by this loſing day
More then *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attaine vnto
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his liues Hiſtory:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye flye.
Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow.
I prythee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect.
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Stra. Giue me your hand firſt. Fare you wel my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. ——*Cæſar*, now be ſtill
I kild not thee with halfe ſo good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octauius, Meſſala, Lucilius, and the Army.
Oct. What man is that?
Meſſa. My Maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Meſſala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely ouercame himſelfe,
And no man elſe hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou haſt prou'd *Lucillius* ſaying true.
Oct. All that ſeru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.
Oct. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. How dyed my Maſter *Strato*?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it
Meſſa. Octauius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſeruice to my Maſter
Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſaue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæſar*:
He, onely in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand vp,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man.
Oct. According to his Vertue, let vs vſe him
Withall Reſpect, and Rites of Burriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall ly,
Moſt like a Souldier ordered Honourably.
So call the Field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

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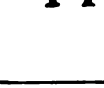
THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. 
HEn ſhall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's loſt, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the ſet of Sunne.
1 Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*
1 I come, *Gray-Malkin*.
All. *Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The neweſt ſtate
Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainſt my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didſt leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art. The mercileſſe *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe twarme vpon him) from the Weſterne Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deſerues that Name)
Diſdayning Fortune, with his brandiſht Steele,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his paſſage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which ne'r ſhrunke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnſeam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders
So from that Spring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No ſooner Iuſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heeles
But the Norweyan Lord, ſurueying vantage,
With furbuſht Armes, and new ſupplyes of men,
Began a freſh aſſault
King. Diſmay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled ſtrokes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell but I am faint,
My Gaſhes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They ſmack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roſſe.
Lenox. What a haſte lookes through his eyes?
So ſhould he looke, that ſeemes to ſpeake things ſtrange.
Roſſe God ſaue the King.
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?
Roſſe From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himſelfe, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a diſmall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with ſelfe-compariſons,
Point againſt Point, rebellious Arme 'gainſt Arme,
Curbing his lauiſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs
King Great happineſſe.
Roſſe. That now *Sweno*, the Norweyes King,
Craues 'compoſition
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes* inch,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our generall vſe.

King No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceiue
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mounch't, & mounch't, and mounch't:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tyger:*
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile do, Ile do, and Ile do.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Weerie Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mach. So foule and faire a day I haue not ſeene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So withered, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to vnderſtand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royall hope.
That he ſeemes wrapt withall: to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*
1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Mach. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King
Stands not within the proſpect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you *Witches vanish.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Mach. Into the Ayre: and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtay'd
Banq Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or haue we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Mach. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Mach And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not ſo?
Banq. To'th' ſelfe-ſame tune and words. who's here?

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy ſucceſſe: and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o'th' ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and every one did beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To giue thee from our Royall Maſter thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

In which addition, hayle most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why do you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loose
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did line the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen.
This supernaturall soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good
If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings.
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single State of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vse.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay vpon your leysure.

Macb. Giue me your fauour.
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: only I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him only,
But signes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, shall shine
On all deseruers. From hence to Enuernes,
And bind vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that be,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. Exit.
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of successe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Messines from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, those weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with hail* King *that shalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of Greatnesse) that thou mightst not loose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings?
Mess. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.
Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make vp his Message.
Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelties: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace betweene
Th'effect, and it. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Must be prouided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely Soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.
Macb. We will speake further.
Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.
Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Martlet does approue,
By his loued Mansonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendent Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
Lady. All our seruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Hermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursh him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.
La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make thew Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Hoboyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But here, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'ld iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still haue iudgement here, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's here in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which o're-leapes it selfe.
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dress't your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluck't my Nipple from his Boneless Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we should faile?
Lady. We faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Limbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor roare,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

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A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Mach. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse.
And shut vp in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters
To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Mach. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Mach. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honour for you.

Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.

Mach Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Mach Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falte Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauishing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suites with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeited Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth

Mach Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I layd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Mach. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Mach. When?

Lady Now.

Mach. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Mach. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbane.

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Mach. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other.
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Mach. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs

Lady. Consider it not so deepely

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.

Mach Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast

Lady What doe you meane?

Mach Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they plucke out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you unattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Goune, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plenties: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against either Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock: And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drinke especially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine. Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.
Macd. I believe, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to'th' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feverous,
And did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you say, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Majestie?
Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:

fice, and then speake your felues: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the Businesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?
Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?
Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may claime this argument for ours?
Donal. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Malice.
Macd. And so doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Mal. What will you doe?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I:
Our separated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.
Mal. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the aymе. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be dainticke of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth entombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?
Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.
Rosse. They did so:

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To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Ross. Is't knowne who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspition of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inuested.

Ross. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Ross Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes fit easier then our new.

Ross. Farewell, Father

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'dst most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Sound sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Mach Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Mach. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For euer knit.

Mach Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Mach We should haue else desir'd your good aduice
(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but we'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Mach. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Mach. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Mach I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Palace-Gate.

Mach Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus.
Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* King:
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Seruant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Mach. Well then,
Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelfe.
This I made good to you, in our laſt conference,
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments; who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Mach. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Doe you finde your patience ſo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Mach. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him cloſ'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you haue a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th' worſt ranke of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incenſ'd, that I am reckleſſe what I doe,
To ſpight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mach. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Mach. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That euery minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my neer'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweepe him from my ſight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my ſelfe ſtruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance doe make loue,
Maſking the Buſineſſe from the common Eye,
For ſundry weightie Reaſons.

2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perforce what you command vs.

1. *Murth.* Though our Liues—

Mach. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will aduiſe you where to plant your ſelues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearneſſe; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleance, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whoſe abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſelues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are reſolu'd, my Lord.

Mach. Ile call vpon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, muſt finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leyſure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorryeſt Fancies your Companions making,
Vſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done,

Mach. We haue ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le cloſe, and be her ſelfe, whileſt our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things diſ-ioynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and ſleepe
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie.
Duncane is in his Graue.
After Liues feſtfull Feuer, he ſleepes well,
Treaſon ha's done his worſt: nor Steele, nor Poyſon,
Malice domeſticque, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on
Gentle my Lord, ſleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Gueſts to Night.

Mach. So ſhall I Loue, and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that we muſt laue
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leaue this.

Mach. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* liues.

Lady But

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Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Mach. There's comfort yet, they are affaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Mach Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and invisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:
So prythee goe with me *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust
1 Then stand with vs
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches
The subiect of our Watch
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th'Court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light
3 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt

Scæna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Mach. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Mach. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host.
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Mach. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Mach. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him
Mac. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.
Mach. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Mach. Thankes for that:
There the grown Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Mach. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both
Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.
Mach. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Please't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?
Mach.

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Mach. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir,
Mach. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moues your Highneſſe?
Mach. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Mach. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat.
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Mach. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan*. O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true feare) would well become
A womans ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
Mach. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graues muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Maws of Kytes.
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Mach. If I ſtand heere, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Mach. Blood hath bene ſhed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crowmes,
And puſh vs from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Mach. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I haue a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile ſit downe: Giue me ſome Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghoſt.
I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
Mach. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protect mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You haue diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Mach. Can ſuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?
La. I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maieſty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Mach. It will haue blood they ſay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene known to moue, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures, and vnderſtood Relations, haue
By Magget Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
Mach. How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La. Did you ſend to him Sir?
Mach. I heare it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall giue way. I am in blood
Steep'd in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
Mach. Come, wee'l to ſleepe: My ſtrange & ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vſe:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1 Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Haue I not reaſon (Beldames) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath been but for a wayward Sonne,
Spight full, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside:
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone,
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall (spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals chiefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haste, shee'l soone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret further: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did grieue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malecolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knyues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Aduise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, has thirty one:
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the ruin'd fatt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eccliפse:

Nose

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one shall share i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locke, whoe euer knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(Howe're you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till deſtruction ſicken: Answer me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 We'l answer.
1 Say, if th'hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's ſweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly ſhow. *Thunder.*
1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.
He Deſcends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder.*
2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*
2 *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.
2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth*. *Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet I'le make aſſurance: double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3 *Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeake not to't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon mettled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall neuer vanquiſh'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſinane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*
Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boodments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe is this? *Hoboyes*
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this? ——A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A ſeauenth? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?
1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we vp his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand eye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.
Macb.

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Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'retooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crowne my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprise,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wisedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest Coz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But float'se vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and none. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's Father-lesse.
Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort,
I take my leaue at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l buy 'em to sell againe.
Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit;
And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do so
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'ld weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickely haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore prattler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect:
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too sauage:
To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messengr*
Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Young fry of Treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

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Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let vs rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I believe, Ile waile;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I will.
What you haue ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would weare the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I haue loſt my Hopes.
Mal. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Childe?
Thoſe precious Motiues, thoſe ſtrong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealoufies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly juſt,
What euer I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall ſtreade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes than euer,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euills, to top *Macbeth*.
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmacking of euery ſinne
That has a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would o're-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelues,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal. With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compoſ'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels vniuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
Sticks deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diuiſion of each ſeuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I ſhould
Powre the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vproare the vniuerſall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake:
I am as I haue ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiõ miſerable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Scepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt ſainted King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe

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Theſe Euils thou repeat'ſt vpon thy ſelfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Childe of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome plucks me
From ouer-credulous haſt: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne,
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before thy heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting foorth:
Now we'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.
A moſt myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my heere remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do: How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere diſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly gift of Prophecie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him not

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Roſſe. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Roſſe. Alas poore Country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macd. Oh Relation, too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the neweſt griefe?

Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Roſſe. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Roſſe. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe. No, they were well at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How goes't?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe. your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?

Roſſe. No minde that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Roſſe. Let not your eares diſpiſe my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heauieſt ſound
That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.

Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deare
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Roſſe. I haue ſaid.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam
At one fell ſwoope?

Mal. Diſpute it like a man.

Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me. Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heauen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords ſentgth ſet him, if he ſcape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our leacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it ſhee laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take forth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agnation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.*
Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and vpon my life faſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heauen knowes what ſhe has knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The hart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I haue knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
Exit Lady.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Diuine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolme*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

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He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feele
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfiſh Theefe.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyle, and ſtart,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It ſelfe, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weale,
And with him powre we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conſequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures,
The minde I ſway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer ſagge with doubt, nor ſhake with feare.
Enter Seruant.
The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-looke.
Ser. There is ten thouſand.
Macb. Geeſe Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers Sir.
Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thoſe Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counſailers to feare. What Soldiers Whey-face?
Ser. The Engliſh Force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am ſick at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I ſay, this puſh
Will cheere me euer, or diſ-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life
Is fallen into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which ſhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muſt not looke to haue: but in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loued but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Sey. What's your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What Newes more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my fleſh be hackt
Giue me my Armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horſes, skirre the Country round,
Hang thoſe that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure of that:
Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet Oblitious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtuft boſome, of that perilous ſtuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelfe.
Macb. Throw Phyſicke to the Dogs, I'le none of't.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, ſend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come ſir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt Doctor, caſt
The Water of my Land, finde her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud againe. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would ſcowre theſe Engliſh hence: hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreſt come to Dunſinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe ſhould hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cozens, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Sey. What wood is this before vs?
Ment. The wood of Birnane.
Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And beare't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoſt, and make diſcouery
Erre in report of vs.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Sey. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes ſtill in Dunſinane, and will indure
Our ſetting downe before't.
Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leſſe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none ſerue with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our iuſt Cenſures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

Industrious Souldiership.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatiue, their vnsure hopes relate,
But certaine issue, strookes must arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?
A Cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time has been, my sences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre
As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She should haue dy'de hereafter;
There would haue been a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, say sir.
Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Birnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.
Macb. Liar, and Slaue.
Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it comming,
I say, a moouing Grone.
Macb. If thou speak'st falſe,
Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Birnane Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gine to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drummes and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, giue the all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.
Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hotter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.
Y. Sey. The deuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyeſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.
Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. Enter Macduffe.
Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine.
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I ſheath a gaine vnbeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seemes

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Seemes bruised. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside vs.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Why should I play the Romane Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better vpon them.
Enter Macduffe.
Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then termes can give thee out. *Fight: Alarum*
Macb. Thou loosest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers wombe
Vntimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Juggling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.
Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.
Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Rosse Your Son my Lord, has paid a soulders debt,
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I have haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.
Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your severall loves,
And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd; What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This and what needfull else
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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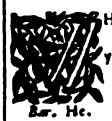
THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Bernardo.



Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe.

Ber. Long liue the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Ber. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sicke at heart.

Ber. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. Bernardo has my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Bernardo*.

Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Ber. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd againe to night.

Ber. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie, And will not let beleefe take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs, Therefore I haue intreated him along With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night, That if againe this Apparition come, He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Ber. Sit downe a-while, And let vs once againe assaile your eares, That are so fortified against our Story, What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe, And let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe, The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost* Looke where it comes againe.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Ber. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale: Is not this something more then Fantasie? What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue Without the sensible and true auouch Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very Armour he had on, When th'Ambitious Norway combated: So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice. 'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre, With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not: But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion, This bodes some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch, So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land, And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward, that this sweaty haft Doth make the Night ioyn-Labourer with the day: Who is't that can informe me

Hor. That can I,

At

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Co-mart
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt againe.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, inuulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I thinke we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect: and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway.
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haſt commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue? What layes *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lords
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighty colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy vayled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham Seemes Madam? Nay it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse. 'Tis vnmanly griefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Corse, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This vnprevailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite again,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Canon 'gainst Self-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it merely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Mar.

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Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.
But what in faith make you from Wittenberge?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsinour*?
We'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bak't-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father.
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This marvell to you.
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Bernardo*) on their Watch.
In the dead waft and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with solemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppress'd and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watch.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But even then, the Morning Cocke crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunke in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I doe liue my honoured Lord 'tis true:
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs, but this troubles me
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, look't he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long? (deed.
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd. (goes.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill walke a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceal'd this sight;
Let it be treble in your silence still:
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues: so, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.
Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but so.
Laer. Think it no more.
For nature crescent does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple wexes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His

His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himſelfe is ſubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnualued perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his ſaying deed: which is no farther,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The chariſt Maid is Prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.
Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.
Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Polon. Yet here *Laertes*? Aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory.
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Beare't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your ſeruants tend
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
Polon. What is't *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomthing touching the L. *Hamlet*.
Polon. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo clearely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perilleous Circumſtance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Polon. Marry I'le teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby.
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelfe more dearly:
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable faſhion.
Polon. I, faſhion you may call it. go too, go too.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.
Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholy Suites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all.
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth,
Haue you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke to't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrewdly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtroake. (ſeaſon,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What

What does this meane my Lord? (roule,
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he drenes his draughts of Rennish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Hora. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marry ist,
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.
Enter Ghost.
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cerements, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hideous? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
Ghost beckons Hamlet.
Hor It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meaner.
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe.
It woues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sommet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?
Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.
Hor He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow: 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Ney, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ghost and Hamlet. (ther.
Ham Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur-
Gho. Marke me
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my selfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst ever thy deare Father loue.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Gho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haste, haste me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Reuenge.
Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham O my Prophetick soule: mine Vncle?
Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With wi..herast of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome always in the afternoone;
Vpon my ſecure hower thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebenon in a Viall,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver, it courſes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lezer-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth Body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once diſpatcht;
Cut off euen in the Bloſſomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, diſappointed, vnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſoeuer thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Againſt thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To prickle and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme ſhewes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you hoſt of Heauen! Oh Earth: what elſe?
And ſhall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my ſinnewes, grow not inſtant Old;
But beare me ſtiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All ſawes of Bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſeruation copied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baſer matter: yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, ſmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I ſet it downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile and be a Villaine;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke;
So Vncle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue ſworn't.

Hor & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heauen ſecure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ſtt't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reueale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?

Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be ſecret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's neere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But he's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſines and deſires ſhall point you:
For euery man has buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion heere:
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham Neuer make known what you haue ſeen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham Nay, but ſweare't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my ſword.

Marcel. We haue ſworne my Lord already.

Ham Indeed, vpon my ſword indeed.

Ghoſt. Sweare. *Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, ſayeſt thou ſo. Art thou there true-
penny? Come on you here this fellow in the ſellerage
Conſent to ſweare.

Hor. Propoſe the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene,
Sweare by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Hic & vbique? Then wee'l ſhift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.

Ghoſt. Sweare. (ſaſt?

Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt worke i'th' ground ſo
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philoſophy But come,
Here as before, never ſo helpe you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe;
(As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull Phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we like to ſpeake; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out to note,

Thus

That you know ought of me: this not to doe.
So grace and mercy at your moſt needs helpe you:
Sweare.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, *come* let's goe together. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and theſe notes *Reynoldo*
Reynol I will my Lord.
Polon. You ſhall doe marueils wiſely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and why, what meanes; and where they keepe
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne. Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord
Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well,
But if 't be he I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.
Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I beliefue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: (ſound,
Marke you your party in converſe; him you would
Having euer ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomthing: where did I leaue?
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.
Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your baite of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With windleſſes, and with aſſaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne yon haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe
Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Muſicke
Reynol Well, my Lord *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it
Polon. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo pitteous and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me. I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelfe,

And

And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any paſſion vnder Heauen,
That does affli& our Natures. I am ſorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accelſe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorrie that with better ſpeed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but triſle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beſhrew my iealouſie:
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, go we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, (& being kept cloſe might moue
More greefe to hide, then haue to vtter loue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Roſincrane, and Guildenſterne.

King. Welcome deare *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The needs we haue to vſe you, did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time: ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the ſupply and profit of our Hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Roſincrance*, and gentle *Guildenſterne*.

Qu. Thankes *Guildenſterne* and gentle *Roſincrance*.
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our preſence and our praiſtiſes
Pleaſant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaſſadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the Father of good Newes

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, ſo ſure
As I haue vſ'd to do: that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh ſpeake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.

King. Thy ſelfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your Sonnes diſtemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother Norwey?

Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polake:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat greeued,
That ſo his Sicknes, Age, and Impoteace
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Polake:
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more conſider'd time we'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reſt, at night we'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſſ*

Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Maieſtie ſhould be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, ſince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tedioutneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad.
Mad call I it: for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.

Pol. Madam, I ſweare I vſe no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pitie,
And pitie it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will vſe no Art.

Mad

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Duue and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia

That's an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe: but you ſhall heare theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moouue:
Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.
O deare Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my groanes; but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt beleeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore moſt deare Lady whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter ſhew'd me:
And more obouse hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue ſo. But what might you think? When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Miſtris) thus I did beſpeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This muſt not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, ſhe tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulſed. A ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſſe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene ſuch a time, I'de faine know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it proou'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time Ile looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beſeech you, both away,
Ile board him preſently. *Exit King & Queene.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extremity for loue: very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall ſlaue ſaies here, that old men haue grey Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it not Honeſtie to haue it thus ſet downe: For you your ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanitie could not
So proſperouſly be deliuer'd of
I will leaue him,
And ſodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildenstarne.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ſt thou *Guildenstarne*? Oh, *Rosencrans*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſte, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deſerued at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Rosin. We thinke not ſo my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count my ſelfe a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerely the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame is ſelfe is but a ſhadow.

Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of ſo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ſtretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: ſhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſeruants: for to ſpeake to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the honeſt way of friendſhip, What make you at *Elſenour*?

Rosin. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and ſure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not ſent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deale iuſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeake.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kinde confeſſion in your lookes; which your modeſties haue not craft enough to colour, I know the good King & Queene haue ſent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preſerued loue, and by what more deare, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Rosin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery of your ſecricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heauily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the Earth, ſeemes to me a ſterill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue o're-hanging, this Maieſticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moouing how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehenſion, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receiue from you: wee coſted them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Maieſty ſhall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight ſhall vſe his Foyle and Target: the Louer ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clowne ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled a'th' ſere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her mynde freely; or the blanke Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Euen thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruſty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an eyrie of Children, little Yaſes, that cryes out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clap't for't: theſe are now the faſhi-

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ſaſhion, and ſo be-ratled the common Stages (ſo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraide of Gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarſe come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the Quality no longer then they can ſing? Will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelues to common Players (as it is like moſt if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their owne Succeſſion.

Roſin. Faith there ha's beene much to do on both ſides: and the Nation holds it no ſinne, to tarre them to Controuerſie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, vnleſſe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Roſin. I that they do my Lord *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is ſomething in this more then Naturall, if Philoſophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elſonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion and Ceremony Let me comply with you in the Garbe, leſt my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew faireſly outward) ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Heerke you *Guildenſterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathing clouts.

Roſin. Happily he's the ſecond time come to them: for they ſay, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Propheſie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you ſay right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you. When *Roſcius* an Actor in Rome —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Aſſe ——

Polon. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiſtorie, Paſtorall: Paſtoricall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Tragicall-Hiſtoricall: Tragicall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Scene indiuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Theſe are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Iſrael, what a Treaſure had'ſt thou?

Pol. What a Treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loued paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paſſing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to paſſe, as moſt like it was: The firſt rowe of the *Pons Chanſon* will ſhew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant ſince I ſaw thee laſt: Com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miſtris? By'rlady your Ladiſhip is nearer Heauen then when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Chopine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Maſters, you are all welcome: we'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we ſee: we'l haue a Speech ſtraight. Come giue vs a taſt of your quality: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *Play.* What ſpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer Acted. or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviare* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whoſe iudgement in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet downe with as much modeſtie, as cunning. I remember one ſaid there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honeſt method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priams* ſlaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo: it begins with *Pyrrhus* The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe Sable Armes Blacke as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horſe, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion ſmear'd With Heraldry more diſmall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geuiles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-ſiſed with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus* Old Grandſire *Priam* ſeekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him, Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His antique Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles Repugnant to command: vnequall match, *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* driues, in Rage ſtrikes wide: But with the whiffe and wind of his fell Sword, Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then ſenſeleſſe *Ilium*, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoopes to his Baſe, and with a hideous craſh Takes Priſoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th'Ayre to ſticke:

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A roſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or he ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turn'd his colour, and has teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: we'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſe. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Noſe? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guiltie Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scæne,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blanch
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſſe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Rosin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Qu. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Rosin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreate your Maieſties
To heare, and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.

Rosin. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my ſelfe (lawfull eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That that he ſuffers for.

Qu. I ſhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good Beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildeneſſe. ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.

Pol *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious ſo pleaſe ye
We will beſtow our ſelues: Reade on this booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions viſage,
And pious Action, we do ſurge o're
The deuell himſelfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiſt'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my moſt painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them. to dye, to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes
That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue ſhuffel'd off this mortall coyle,
Muſt giue vs pauſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life.
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you. well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take theſe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when guers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham That if you be honeſt and faire, your Honeſty
ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honeſtie?

Ham. I truſtie: for the power of Beautie, will ſooner
transforme Honeſtie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honeſtie can tranſlate Beautie into his likeneſſe.
This was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot ſo innoculate our old ſtocke, but we ſhall reliſh
of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'ſt thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt,
but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my beeke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch

Fel-

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Followers as I do, crowling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your prattlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you giidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, ſword, Th'expectancie and Roſe of the faire State, The glaſſe of Faſhion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obſerv'd of all Obſeruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched, That ſuck'd the Honie of his Muſicke Vowes: Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soueraigne Reaſon, Like ſweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harſh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me, T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madneſſe. There's ſomething in his ſoule? O're which his Melancholly ſits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe Will be ſome danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiects, ſhall expell This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines ſtill beating, puts him thus From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I beleeue The Origin and Commencement of this greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*? You needs not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To ſhew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare Of all their Conference. If ſhe finde him not, To England ſend him: Or confine him where Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo.

Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines. Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vſe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, & noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Suite the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtop not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is frō the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Body of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iourney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, & ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man
As ere my Converſation coap'd withall

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why should the poore be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vncle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate the Ayre promise-crammd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'Vniuersity, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Metle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Opha. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Opha. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meane Country matters?

Opha. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Opha. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Opha. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Opha. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Opha. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for I'le haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But by'lady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horse, whose Epuaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Woos the Queene with Gifts. She seemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Opha. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Mischeefe.

Opha Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Opha. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Be not you asham'd to shew, he'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Opha. You are naught, you are naught, I'le marke the Play

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We beg ye your hearing Patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Posie of a Ring?

Opha. 'Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womens loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gone round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite commutuall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is fix'd, my Feare is so.
King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——
Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my breſt:
In second Husband, let me be accurſt,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kiſſes me in Bed.
King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you ſpeak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake.
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe ſticks on the Tree,
But fall vnſhaken, when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelues, what to our ſelues is debt:
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne enactors with themſelues deſtroy:
Where Ioy moſt Reuels, Greefe doth moſt lament:
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on ſlender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange
That euen our Loues ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies.
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend.
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begin,
Our Willes and Fates do ſo contrary run,
That our Deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond Husband wed
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead
Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repoſe locke from me day and night.
Each oppoſite that blankes the face of Ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deſtroy:
Both heere, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake it now
King. 'Tis deepely ſworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.
Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine, *Exit*
Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady proteſts to much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but ſhee'l keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt, no Offence i'th'world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Moſe-trap: Merry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*: you ſhall ſee anon: 'tis a knauiſh peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Maieſtie, and wee that haue free ſoules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could ſee the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worſe.
Ham. So you miſtake Husbands
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.
Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe, no Creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholſome life, vſurpe immediately.

Powres the poyſon in his eares.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th Garden for's eſtate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
Ophe. The King riſes.
Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire.
Qu. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Giue o're the Play.
King. Giue me ſome Light. Away.
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleepe:
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouincall Roſes on my raz'd Shoos, get the a Fellowſhip in a crie of Players ſir.
Hor. Halfe a ſhare.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doſt know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme diſmantled was of Ioue himſelfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Hora. You might haue Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?
Hora. Verie well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſoning?
Hora. I did verie well note him

Enter Roſincrance and Guildenſterne.

Ham Oh, ha? Come ſome Muſick. Come the Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie.
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come ſome Muſicke.
Guild Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you
Ham.

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Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marueilous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor. for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony. I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon. By th'Maſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weaſell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weaſell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends: 'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

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Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte vs. *Exeunt Gent*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloſſet.
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my ſelfe
To heare the Proceſſe. Ile warrant ſhee'l tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meete that ſome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-heare
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may ſhoue by Iuſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.
Enter Hamlet.
Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen,
And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his ſoule Sonne, do this ſame Villaine ſend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſaue Heauen:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*
Enter Queene and Polonius.
Pol. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile ſilence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Enter Hamlet.
Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou haſt thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge:
You go not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Kills Polon tus*
Qu. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Qu. Oh what a raſh, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Qu. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome haue not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.
Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tong,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blaſh of Modeſtie,
Calls Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,

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As from the body of Contraction plucke
The very soule, and sweete Religion make
A rapsodie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow.
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heaues kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what follows.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would your gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That lapst in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away!
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie!
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word which madnesse
Would gambol from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reuelue kisses,

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Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe.
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deare concernings hide. Who would do ſo,
No in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecie,
Vnpeegge the Basket on the houſes top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaide to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life, a foolliſh prating Knave.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate: 'Tis fit we vnderſtand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his braineiſh apprehenſion killes
The vnſeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered?
It will be laide to vs, whoſe providence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Mineralll of Mettels baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Maieſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenſtern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with ſome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his Mother Cloſſets hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſt in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noiſe? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſ. and Guildenſtern.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Roſin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſin. Beleeue what?

Ham That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſukes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he ſaredes what you haue glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a foolliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing ——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loſe:
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all ſmooth, and euen,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſencrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſtone*! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſtern.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worme is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable ſeruice to diſhes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeeke him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quicknesſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and euery thing at beſt
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote.
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haſt
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters conioyning to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pitied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they aym at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia diſtracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maieſty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Oph. *How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?*
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandal ſhoone.

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. *Larded with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's haue no words of this. but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end on't.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cocke they are too blame
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me.
You promis'd me to Wed.
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe bin thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot choſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother ſhall knowne of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude*,
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battalies. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne juſt remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire iudgement

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Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mes. Save your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impitious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by weight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Done.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not move thus.
Ophe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.
Laer. This nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you some Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.
Ophe. *And will he not come again,*
And will he not come again:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole.
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moane,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia.*
Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?
King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by Collaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Ser. Saylors Sir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleſſe you Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them. On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue deale with me, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turne for them.* Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, *and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am* Roſincrance *and* Guildenſterne, *hold their courſe for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp?

King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo conioyned to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driuen into deſperate termes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.——

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?

Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. Laertes you ſhall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I beg ſe leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt aſking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſodaine and more ſtrange returne.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſt-ſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo:
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: If he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſerv'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſeback; but this Gallant

Had

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Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene incorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sanctuarize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose I le annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: I le touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe: Soft, let me see
We'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; I le haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia,*
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that fame would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that willfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo,* it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other

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Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* digg'd; could he digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker, for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church. Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoope of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of eas nesse.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shopped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' ground, as if it were *Cains* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if we had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why dost'n he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? we must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?
Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Clo. Very strangely they say
Ham. How strangely?
Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.
Ham. Vpon what ground?
Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.
Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?
Clo. I faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.
Ham. Why he, more then another?
Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.
Ham. Whose was it?
Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?
Ham. Nay, I know not.
Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yorickes* Scull, the Kings Iester.
Ham. This?
Clo. E'ene that.
Ham. Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. Where be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.
Hor. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?
Hor. E'ene so.
Ham. And smelt so? Puh.
Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.
Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.
Hor. 'Twere to consider: too curiously to consider so.
Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.
Laer. What Cerimony else?
Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.
Laer. What Cerimony else?
Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swayes the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Pebbles, should be throwne on her;
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.
Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling!
Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?
Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.
Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the grave.
Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and make them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The deuill take thy soule.
Ham. Thou pray'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness feare. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Qu. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*
Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.
Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?
Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers
Could not (with all their quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?
King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,
Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.
Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile

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Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make Oſſa like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

King. This is meere Madneſſe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Hamn. Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
We'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamn. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Hamn. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Hamn. Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſon,
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuize no leiſure baited,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Hamn. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Hamn. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Hamn. An earneſt Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Hamn. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was ſemeine,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſterne* and *Roſencrance*, go too't.

Hamn. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Hamn. Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Hamn. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe, I ſee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But ſure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Oſricke. (maske.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Den-

Hamn. I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Hamn. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Hamn. I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonet to his right vſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Hamn. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Hamn. Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſricke.

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Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on six Barbary Horses against six French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus has he and mine more of the same Beauy that I know the drossie age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the odds: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngor'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night,
Stickle fierie off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the odds a'th' weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shall he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Give

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup.
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Sonne shall win.
Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In scuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Osr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
Osr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Springe, *Osricke*,
I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and enuenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strict'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and shot within.
What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Osricke.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*
Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.
Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne* are dead:
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloodie queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
Thaue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much amiſs.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoote.
Exeunt Marching after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Kent, Glouceſter, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes ſeeme ſo to vs: But now in the diuiſion of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of either's moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue ſo often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it, being ſo proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, ſome yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came ſomthing sawcily to the world before he was ſent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good ſport at his making, and the horſon muſt be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he ſhall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glou. I ſhall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we ſhal expreſſe our darker purpoſe.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all Cares and Buſineſſe from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger ſtrengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And you our no leſſe louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſeuerall Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And heere are to be anſwer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diueſt vs both of Rule,
Intereſt of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we, our largeſt bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,
Deerer then eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberſtie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No leſſe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeake? Loue, and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowie Forreſts, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* iſſues
Be this perpetuall. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter?
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that ſelfe-mettle as my Siſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deede of loue:
Only ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſſe
My ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highneſſe loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validitie, and pleaſure
Then that confer'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our laſt and leaſt: to whoſe yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Siſters? ſpeake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

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Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeake againe
Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maieſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt you may marre your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and moſt Honour you.
Why haue my Siſters Husbands, if they ſay
They loue you all? Happily when I ſhall wed.
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I ſhall neuer marry like my Siſters.
Lear But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo vntender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The myſteries of *Hecat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me.
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and auoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her.
I doe inueſt you iointly with *my* power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we ſhall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew, Execution of the reſt,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.
Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldeſt thou do old man?
Think'ſt thou that duetie ſhall haue dread to ſpeake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſſe honour's bound,
When Maieſty falls to folly, reſerue thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration checke
This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwere my life, my iudgement:
Thy youngeſt Daughter do's not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reuerbe no hollowneſſe.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Lear. Now by *Apollo*,
Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vaſſall! Miſcreant.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. *By Iupiter*,
This ſhall not be reuok'd.
Kent Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare
Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,
That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,
We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Loue?
Bur. Moſt Royall Maieſty,
I craue no more then hath your Highneſſe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her ſo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.

Bur. Par-

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Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions.
Le. Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T'assert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is most strange,
That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of fauour: sure her offence
Must be of such vnnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-vouch't affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulenesse,
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'st
Not beene borne, then not t haue pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaues the history vnspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th'insire point, will you haue her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.
Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Duchesse of *Burgundie*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.
Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,
That you must loose a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that respects and Fortunes are his loue,
I shall not be his wife.
Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowreleſſe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnprizd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loosest here a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flourish. Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters.
Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Reg. Prescribe not vs our dutie.
Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:
Well may you prosper.
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*
Gon. Sister, it is not little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (wish vs.
Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the obseruation we haue made of it hath beene little: he alwaies lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but slenderly knowne himselfe.
Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the vnruly way-wardnesse, that infirme and choleriche yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* banishment.
Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend vs.
Reg. We shall further thinke of it.
Gon. We must do something, and i'th' haste. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More compositions, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the base
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Glouceſter

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Baſ. So please your Lordship, none.

Glou. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp y Letter?

Baſ. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baſ. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not ſuch neede to hide it ſelfe. Let's ſee: come, if it bee nothing, I ſhall not neede Spectacles.

Baſ. I beſeech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for ſo much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Gine me the Letter, Sir.

Baſ. I ſhall offend, either to detaine, or giue it: The Contents, as in part I vnderſtand them, Are too blame.

Glou. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſ. I hope for my Brothers iuſtification, hee wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. *This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuenewe for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother.* Edgar.

Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuenewe: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baſ. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baſ. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſweare it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baſ. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſines?

Baſ. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detected, brutiſh Villaine; worſe then brutiſh: Go ſirrah, ſeeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baſ. I do not well know my L. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, til you can derriue from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other preſence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you ſo?

Baſ. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee ſuch a Monſter. *Edmond* ſeeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would vnſtate my ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſ. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wiſedome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Loue cooles, friendſhip falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Palaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King falls from bias of Nature, there's Father againſt Childe. We haue ſeene the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſſe, treacherie, and all ruinous diſorders follow vs diſquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted Kent baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit*

Baſ. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfeits of our own behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on. An admirable euaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre. My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrſa Maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I ſhould haue bin that I am, had the maidenleſt Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſighe like *Tom* o'Bedlam. —— O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſ. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Baſ. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of, ſucceede vnhappily.

When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſ. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baſ. Parted you in good termes? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſ. Bethink your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his preſence, vntill ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſ-

chiefe

chiefe of your person, it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continuance forbeare nce till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do serue you in this businesse:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets vs all at odds: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbrayds vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue said.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it selfe to that full issue
For which I rais'd my likenesse. Now banish'd *Kent*,
If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within, Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'st thou with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue him truely that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as he's for a King, thou art poore enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who would'st thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you —— *Exit.*

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I think the world's asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knight. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saist thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ielous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further into't: but where's my Foole? I haue not seene him this two dayes.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir,

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Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and call my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whoreson dog, you slaue, you cure.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foote-ball player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow. Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length again, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisedome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow has banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foul. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th'fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a doore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'ſt thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nuncle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine Asse on thy backe o're the dirt, thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'ſt thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.
Fooles had ne're leſſe grace in a yeare,
For wiſemen are growne foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Le. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs ſirrah?

Foole. I haue vſed it Nuncle, ere ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine owne breeches, then they
For ſodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nuncle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie ſirrah, wer'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I marueil what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a Foole, and yet I would not be thee Nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontier on? You are too much of late i'th'froume.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crut, nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peaſcod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In rancke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well known vnto you,
To haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull
By what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not eſcape cenſure nor the redreſſes ſleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long, that it's head is bit off by it young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear Are you our Daughter? (doone

Gon. I would you would make vſe of your good wiſe. (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

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Foole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?
Whoop Iugge I loue thee.
Lear. Do's my heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Foole. Lears shadow.
Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'fauour
Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you
To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themselues, and you.
Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.
Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'ſt thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.
Alb. Pray Sir be patient.
Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duetie know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How vgly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear*!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, *my* people.
Alb My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.
Lear. It may be so, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'ſt intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey sterrility,
Dry vp in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, neuer spring
A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thankleſſe Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'lles thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I haue cast off for euer. *Exit*
Gon. Do you marke that?
Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Goneril*,
To the great loue I beare you.
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald*, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.
Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her.
And such a Daughter,
Should sure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit*
Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.
Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.
Gon. Safer then trust too farre;
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?
Stew. I Madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

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And haſten your returne; no,no,my Lord,
This milky gentleneſſe,and courſe of yours
Though I condemne not,yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wiſedome,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildneſſe.
Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gon. Nay then ——
Alb. Well,well,th'event. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, If your Diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your Letter. *Exit.*
Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, were not in danger of kybes?
Lear. I Boy.
Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.
Lear. Ha,ha,ha.
Foole. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple,yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. What can'ſt tell Boy?
Foole. She will taſte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canſt tell why ones noſe ſtands i'th'middle on's face?
Lear. No.
Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either ſide 's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out,he may ſpy into.
Lear. I did her wrong.
Foole. Can'ſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?
Lear. No.
Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile has a houſe.
Lear. Why?
Foole. Why to put's head in,not to giue it away to his daughters,and leaue his hornes without a caſe.
Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my Horſſes ready?
Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeuen Starres are no mo then ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.
Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.
Foole. Yes indeed,thou would'ſt make a good Foole.
Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monſter Ingratitude!
Foole. If thou were my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.
Lear. How's that?
Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue bin old, till thou hadſt bin wiſe.
Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet Heauen: keepe me in temper,I would not be mad. How now are the Horſes ready?
Gent. Ready my Lord.
Lear. Come Boy.
Foole. She that's a Maid now,& laughs at my departure Shall not be a Maid long, vnleſſe things be cut ſhorter. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan, ſeuerally.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan.*
Cur. And your Sir,I haue bin
With your Father,and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*,and *Regan* his Dutcheſſe
Will be here with him this night.
Baſt. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad,I meane the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.
Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward, Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*,and *Albany*?
Baſt. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time.
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*
Baſt. The Duke be here to night? The better beſt, This weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe, My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother, And I haue one thing of a queazie queſtion Which I muſt act,Briefeneſſe,and Fortune worke.
Enter Edgar.
Brother, a word, deſcend Brother I ſay, My Father watches: O Sir,fly this place, Intelligence is giuen where you are hid; You haue now the good aduantage of the night. Haue you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall*? Hee's comming hither,now i'th' night,i'th' haſte, And *Regan* with him,haue you nothing ſaid Vpon his partie 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany*? Aduiſe your ſelfe.
Edg. I am ſore on't,not a word.
Baſt. I heare my Father comming,pardon me In cunning,I muſt draw my Sword vpon you: Draw,ſeeme to defend your ſelfe, Now quit you well. Yeeld,come before my Father,light hoa,here, Fly Brother,Torches,Torches,ſo farewell. *Exit Edgar.* Some blood drawne on me,would beget opinion Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue ſeene drunkards Do more then this in ſport; Father,Father, Stop,ſtop,no helpe?

Enter Gloſter, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*,where's the villaine?
Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark,his ſharpe Sword out, Mumbling of wicked charmes,conioring the Moone To ſtand auſpicious Miſtris.
Glo. But where is he?
Baſt. Looke Sir,I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villaine,*Edmund*?
Baſt. Fled this way Sir,when by no meanes he could.
Glo. Purſue him,ho: go after. By no meanes,what?
Baſt. Perſwade me to the murther of your Lordſhip. But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainſt Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bood
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his vnnaturall purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſodainely he fled.

Glou. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land ſhall he remaine vncaught
And found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſall
Of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practiſe:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall ſpirits
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports I le barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue dae note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) I le worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard ſtrangeneſſe.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender; how doſt my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No marualle then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th'expence and waſt of his Reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my Siſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.

Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*;
Edmund, I heare that you haue ſhewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Baſt. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did betray his practiſe, and receiu'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours,
Nature's of ſuch deepe truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you Sir truely, how euer elſe.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, threadding darke ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt though it fit
To anſwere from our home: the ſeuerall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needfull counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craues the inſtant vſe.

Glo. I ſerue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flourſh.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward ſeuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'ſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What do'ſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuted-hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſeruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a Bawd in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,

for

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop o'th' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royalties of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King

Corn. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth'trade.

Corn. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd at suite of his grey-beard,

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnneccessary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnbolted villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my grey-beard, you wagtaile?

Corn. Peace sirrah,
You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Corn. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword, Who weares no honestly: such smiling rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine, Which are t'intrince, t'vnloose: smooth every passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes, Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes With every gall, and varty of their Masters, Knowing nought (like dogges) but following: A plague vpon your Epileptick visage, Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole? Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine, I'ld driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glost How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Then I, and such a knaue.

Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knaue? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine, I haue seene better faces in my time, Then stands on any shoulder that I see Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow, Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect A sawcy roughnes, and constraines the garb Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he, An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth, And they will take it so, if not, he's plaine. These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainenesse Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Then twenty silly ducking obseruants, That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity, Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire On flickring *Phoebus* front.

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much: I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late To strike at me vpon his misconstruction, When he compact, and flattering his displeasure Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd, And put vpon him such a deale of Man, That worthied him, got praises of the King, For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued, And in the fleshment of this dead exploit, Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards But *Aiax* is their Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Braggart, We'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King. On whose imployment I was sent to you, You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice Against the Grace, and Person of my Master, Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog, You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour, Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so, The King his Master, needs must take it ill That he so slightly valued in his Messenger, Should haue him thus restrained.

Corn. Ile answere that.

Reg. My Sister may receiue it much more worse, To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure, Whose disposition all the world well knowes Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard, Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle. A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Giue

Giue you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common saw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately been informd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to giue
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusuall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserue my selfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and perfecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me proofe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.
Pins, Wodden-pricket, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheepe-Cotes, and Mills,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Prairs
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home.
And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th'neckes, Monkies by th'loynes, and Men by th'legs: when a man ouerlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Iuno*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do vpon respect such violent outrage:
Resolue me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My duetie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistris, salutations;
Deliuer'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which heere it suffers.

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that way,
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, ner turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th' Stockes for that question, thoud'st well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. We'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes vpward, let him drawhee after: when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a Foole giues it.
That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,
And follo wes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine.
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Glouster.

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear.

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Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are ſicke, they are weary,
They haue trauell'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My deare Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'ld ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'ſt thou vnderſtand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeake, commands, tends, ſer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and bloods (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that —
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelues,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit heere? This act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practiſe only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Go tell the Duke, and's wife, I'd ſpeake with them:
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.
Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear Oh me my heart! My riſing heart! But downe.
Fool. Cry to it Nuncke, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when ſhe put 'em i'th' Paſte alue, ſhe knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his
Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
Lear *Regan*, I think your are. I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultereſſe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Siſters naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou'lt not beleeue
With how deprau'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſcant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siſter in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligations. If Sir perchance
She haue reſtrained the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleares her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is vnneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are vnſightly tricks:
Returne you to my Siſter.
Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
Corn. Fye ſir, fie.
Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powerfull Sunne,
To fall, and blaſter.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the rath moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſters: this approoues her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtocke my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelues are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th' Stockes?
Corn. I ſet him there Sir: but his owne Diſorders
Deſeru'd

Deserv'd much leſſe aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, ſeeme ſo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and ſoiourne with my Sister,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainement.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity o'th'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerleſſe tooke
Our youngeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life a ſoote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſampler
To this deteſted groome.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell:
We'l no more meete, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague ſore, or imbolled Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*.
Mend when thou can'ſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Siſter,
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhe doe's.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainſt ſo great a number? How in one houſe
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to ſlacke ye,
We could controll them; If you will come to me,
(For now I ſpie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number? What, muſt I come to you
With fiue and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of praiſe, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty.

And thou art twice her Loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Haue a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reaſon not the need: our baſeſt Beggers
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous.
Allow not Nature, more than Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beaſtes. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me here (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe Daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not ſo much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they ſhalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
Storme and Tempeſt.
But this heart ſhal break into a hundred thouſand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe: O Foole, I ſhall go mad. *Exeunt.*

Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This houſe is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Gloſter*?

Enter Gloſter.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He cals to Horſe, but will I know not whether.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to giue him way, he leads himſelfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to ſtay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do ſorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's ſcarce a Buſh.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their Schoole-Maſters: ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd, wiſedome bids feare.

Corn. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o'th'ſtorme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme ſtill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, ſeuerally.

Kent. Who's there beſides foule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, moſt vnquietly

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or ceaſe.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart-ſtroake iniuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuiſion
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and ſet high; Seruants, who ſeeme no leſſe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin ſeene,
Either in ſnuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Againſt the old kinde King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theſe are but furniſhings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-walls; open this Purſe, and take
What it containes. If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As feare not but you ſhall) ſhew her this Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme ſtill. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's ſpout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulphrous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Crache Natures moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Fool. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houſe, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters bleſſing, heare's a night pitties neither Wiſemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpout Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe.
I never gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and diſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainſt a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any;
The Head, and he ſhall Louſe: ſo Beggers marry many.
The man yͤ makes his Toe, what he his Hart ſhould make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiſeman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not ſuch nights as theſe: The wrathfull skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of Fire, ſuch burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I never
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee vndiuulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuſtice. Hide thee, thou Bloody hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceſtuous. Caytiffe, to pieces ſhake
That vnder couert, and conuenient ſeeming
Haſt practiſ'd on mans life. Cloſe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the Tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe,
(More harder then the ſtones whereof 'tis raiſ'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Denyd me to come in) returne, and force
Their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe. Where is this ſtraw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

Fool. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile ſpeake a Prophecie ere I go:
When Priеſts are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors
No Hereticques burn'd, but Wenches Suitors;
When euery Caſe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Vſurers tell their Gold i'th Field,

And

And Bawdes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then ſhal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who liues to ſee't,
That going ſhalbe us'd with feet. (time.
This prophecie *Merlin* ſhall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Glocſter, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing: when I deſired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; ſay you nothing. There is diuiſion betweene the Dukes, and a worſſe matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloſſet, theſe iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King. I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leſſe is threatned me) the King my old Maſter muſt be relieued. There is ſtrange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Baſt. This Curteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeemes a faire deſeruing, and muſt draw me
That which my Father loſes: no leſſe then all,
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The iuriany of the open nights too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme ſtill*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skinne: 'tis to thee, (bosome
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dſt meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempeſt in my mind,
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beates there, Filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will puniſh home,
No, I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whoſe franke heart gaue all,
O that way madneſſe lies, let me ſhun that:
No more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Prythee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thine owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but I'le go in,
In Boy, go firſt. You houſeleſſe pouerties, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in, I'le pray, and then I'le ſleepe.
Poore naked wretches, whereſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pitileſſe ſtorme,
How ſhall your Houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loop'd, and window'd raggednes defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Phyſicke, Pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heauens more juſt.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom*.
Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe me.
Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?
Foole. A ſpirite, a ſpirite, he ſayes his name's poore *Tom*.
Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? Come forth.
Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the ſharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, go to thy bed and warme thee.
Lear. Did'ſt thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?
Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knaues vnder his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, ſet Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horſe, ouer foure inch Bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a Traitor. Bleſſe thy fiue Wits, *Tom* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, bleſſe thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blaſting, and taking, do poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there again, and there. *Storme ſtill.*
Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paſſe?
Could'ſt thou ſaue nothing? Would'ſt thou giue 'em all?
Foole. Nay, he reſeru'd a Blanket, elſe we had bin all ſham'd.
Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue ſubdu'd
To ſuch a lownes, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Iudicious puniſhment, 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelicane Daughters.
Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.
Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.
Edgar. Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iuſtice, ſweare not, commit not, with

with meere ſworne Spouſe ; ſee not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd *my* haire, wore Gloues in *my* cap; ſeru'd the Luſt of *my* Miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkeneſſe with her. Sworne as many Oathes, as I ſpake words, & broke them in the ſweet face of Heauen. One, that ſlept in the contriuing of Luſt, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falſe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand Hog in ſloth, Foxe in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madneſſe, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes, Nor the ruſtling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſey*: let him trot by. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grame, then to anſwere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the Worme no Silke; the Beaſt, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll, the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but ſuch a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Fool. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to ſwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Lechers heart, a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at firſt Cocke: Hee gives the Web and the Pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you ſeeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Newt, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; ſwallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the ſtanding Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body:

Horſe to ride, and weapon to weare:
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deare,
Haue bin Toms food, for ſeuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeneſſe is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glou. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is growne ſo vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer T'obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their Iniunction be to barre *my* doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you, Yet haue I ventured to come ſeeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philoſopher, What is the cauſe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this ſame learned Theban: What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wits begin t'vnſettle.

Glou. Canſt thou blame him? *Storme ſtill*
His Daughters ſeeke his death: Ah, that good Kent, He ſaid it would be thus: poore baniſh'd man: Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend I am almoſt mad my ſelfe. I had a Sonne, Now out-law'd from my blood: he ſought my life But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend) No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee, The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this? I do beſeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him; I will keepe ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him: Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came, His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fomme, I ſmell the blood of a Brittiſh man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord, I may be cenſored, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, ſomething feares mee to thinke of.

Corne. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death: but a prouoking merit ſet a-worke by a reprouable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be iuſt? This is the Letter which he ſpoake of; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens! that this Treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn.

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Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter: ſeeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehenſion.

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſeuer in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee: and thou ſhalt finde a deere Father in *my* loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſſe.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Frateretto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that he's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that ſees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much, They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: ſee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white: Tooth that poyſons if it bite: Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile, Tom will make him weepe and waile, For with throwing thus my head; Dogs leape the hatch, and all are fled. Do, de, de, de: ſeſe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry.

Lear Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard-hearts. You ſir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines: ſo, ſo, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning.

Foole. And I'le go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes; I haue o're-heard a plot of death vpon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in't, And driue toward Douer friend, where thou ſhalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Maſter, If thou ſhould'ſt daily haſte an houre, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard, and Seruants.

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: ſeeke out the Traitor Glouſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund*, keepe you our Siſter company: the reuenges we are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduiſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Glouſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouſter hath conuey'd him hence Some fiue or ſix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate, Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boaſt To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit*

Corn. *Edmund* farewell: go ſeek the Traitor Gloſter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life Without the forme of Juſtice: yet our power Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not controll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces? Good my Friends conſider you are my Gheſts: Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him, Villaine, thou ſhalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie, Theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from my chin Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt. With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours

You

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You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands
You haue ſent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glou. I haue a Letter gueſtingly ſet downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppoſ'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glou. To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him anſwer that.
Glou. I am tyed to th'Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg Wherefore to Douer?
Glou Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Anointed fleſh. ſticke boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that ſterne time,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the Key.
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance ouertake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold ſ Chaire,
Vpon theſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me ſome helpe. ——O cruell! O you Gods.
Reg One ſide will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn If you ſee vengeance
Seru Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a Childe
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'ld ſhake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
Corn. My Villaine?
Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A peaſant ſtand vp thus?
Kills him
Ser Oh I am ſlaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchefe on him. Oh
Corn. Left is ſee more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luſter now?
Glou. All darke and comfortleſſe?
Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treaſons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and proſper him
Reg. Go thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouſter.*
How ſi't my Lord? How looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeleſſe Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arr . *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt
The loweſt, and moſt deſected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnſubſtantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haſt blowne vnto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.
Enter Glouſter, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
Old. O my good Lord, I haue beene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe foureſcore yeeres.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Old. You cannot ſee your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeene,
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my touch,
I'ld ſay I had eyes againe.
Old. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can ſay I am at the worſt?
I am worſe then ere I was.
Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay this is the worſt
Old. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Old. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th'laſt nights ſtorme, I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then ſcarſe Friends with him.
I haue heard more ſince:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play Foole to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelfe, and others. Bleſſe thee Maſter.
Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?
Old. I, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: If for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring ſome couering for this naked Soule,
Which I'le importune to leade me.
Old. Alacke ſir, he is mad

Glou.

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Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.
Old. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. *Exit*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I must:
Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleede.
Glou. Know'ſt thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ſtyle, and gate; Horſeway, and foote-path:
poore Tom hath bin ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſſe
thee good man ſonne, from the foule Fiend.
Glou. Here take this purſe, whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale ſo ſtill:
Let the ſuperfluous, and Leſt-dieted man,
That ſlaues your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould vndoo exceſſe,
And each man haue enough. Doſt thou know Douer?
Edg. I Maſter.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookeſ fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the miſery thou do'ſt beare
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no leading need.
Edg. Giue me thy arme,
Poore Tom ſhall leade thee *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Baſtard, and Steward.
Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Maſter?
Stew. Madam within, but neuer man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Gloſters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I informe'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeemes pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſiue
Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the Cowiſh terror of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake: He'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer: our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his powres.
I muſt change names at home, and giue the Diſtaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This truſtie Seruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miſtreſſes command. Weare this; ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſſe, if it durſt ſpeake
Would ſtretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.
Baſt. Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My moſt deere Gloſter.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans ſeruices are due,
My Foole vſurpes my body.
Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.
Enter Albany.
Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.
Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'ſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye-diſcerning
Thine Honor, from thy ſuffering.
Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell:
Proper deformitie ſeemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vaine Foole.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucſter.
Alb. Gloucſters eyes.
Meſ. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppoſ'd againſt the act: bending his Sword
To his great Maſter, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and emong'ſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue
You Iuſtices, that theſe our neather crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But (O poore Gloucſter)
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craues a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your Siſter.
Gon. One way I like this well.
But being widdow, and my Gloucſter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not ſo tart. Ile read, and anſwer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Meſ. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?
Meſ. I my good Lord: 'twas he informe'd againſt him
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.
Alb. Gloucſter, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.
Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, ſinging alowd.
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell

Dorneſll, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corne. A Centery ſend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can meas wiſedome
In the reſtoring his bereaued Senſe; he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our ſofter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.
Corel. All bleſt Secrets,
All you vnpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans deſires: ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouern'd rage, diſſolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.
Enter Meſſenger.
Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Britiſh Powres are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: Therfore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.
Reg. But are my Brothers Powres ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?
Stew I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance, Gloſters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts againſt vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th'Enemy
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my duetie in this buſines.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnſeale the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather——
Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue ſtrange Eliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I, Madam?
Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding: Y'are: I know't.
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmund*, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cures him off.
Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Glouceſter, and Edgar.
Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labour.
Glou. Me thinkes the ground is eeuen.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou did'ſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Samphire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glou Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.
Glou. Let go my hand.
Heere Friend's another purſe: In it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do triſle thus with his diſpaire,
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,
My teares, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne or ſelfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not, how conceit may rob
The Treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paſt. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, ſpeake:
Thus might he paſſe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?
Glou. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had'ſt thou beene ought
But Goſſamore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dſt ſhiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'ſt breath:
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not, ſpeak'ſt, art ſound.
Ten Maſts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
Glou. But haue I falne, or no?
Edg. From the dread Sommet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednes depriu'd that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, ſo: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You ſtand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poore vnfortunate Begger.
Edg. As I ſtood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was ſome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it ſelfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould ſay
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear.
But who comes heere?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accommodate
His Maſter thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelfe.
Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!
Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that reſpect. Ther's your Preſſe-money. That ſellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouſe: peace, peace, this peece of toaſted Cheeſe will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.
Edg. Sweet Marioram.
Lear. Paſſe.
Glou. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white haires in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To ſay I, and no, to euery thing that I ſaid: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words: they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Ague-proofe.
Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:
Is't not the King?
Lear. I, euery inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the ſmall gilded Fly
Do's lecher in my ſight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glouſters baſtard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lowfull ſheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond ſimpring Dame, whoſe face betweene her
Forkes preſages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's ſhake
the head to heare of pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor the ſoyled Horſe goes too't with a more riotous appetite. Downe from the waſte they are Centaures, though Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkeneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit; burning, ſcalding ſtench, conſumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce of Ciuet; good Apothecary ſweeten my imagination: There's money for thee.
Glou. O let me kiſſe that hand.
Lear. Let me wipe it firſt,
It ſmelles of Mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall ſo weare out to naught.
Do'ſt thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, doe thy worſt blinde Cupid, Ile not loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.
Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not ſee.
Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What with the Caſe of eyes?
Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heauy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.
Glou. I ſee it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Iuſtice railes vpon yond ſimple theefe. Heark in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Iuſtice, which is the theefe: Thou haſt ſeene a Farmers dogge bark at a Begger?
Glou. I Sir.
Lear. And the Creature run from the Curre: there thou might'ſt behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Raſcall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why doſt thou laſh that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind, for which thou whip'ſt her. The Vſurer hangs the Cozener. Through

rough caster'd clouches great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place fiunes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to seale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Boots: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Aire We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke: It were a delicate stratagem to shoo A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in proofe, And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir. Your most deere Daughter ——

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well, You shall haue ransome. Let me haue Surgeons, I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe? Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely, Like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be lustfull: Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa. *Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your fauour: How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry Stands on the hourely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blowes Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes, Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand, Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Hearties thankes: The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor, Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Least that th'infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin so long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor' ye, or ise try whether your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill pecke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse; If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me, To *Edmund* Earle of Glouster: seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine, As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris, As badnesse would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you. Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry He had no other Deathsman. Let vs see: Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and supply the place for your Labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate Seruant. Goneril.

Oh indigestion! a Gouernor's will, A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brother: heere in the sands Thee Ile rake vp, the post vnsanctified Of murtherous Lechers: and in the mature time, With this vngracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad: How stiffe is my vilde sense That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract, So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my griefes, And woes, by wrong imaginations lose

Drum afarre off.

The

The knowledge of themselues.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile beshow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I liue and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And every measure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.
Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
I prythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.
Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam sleepes still.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.
Gent. So please your Maiesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants.

Gent. I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.
Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Haue in thy Reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princesse.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
And wast thou fain'd (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.
Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit I know, when did you dye?
Cor. Still, still, farre wide.
Gent. He's scarse awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pitty
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.
Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*
Cor. And so I am: I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue some cause, they haue not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further setling.
Cor. Will please your Highnesse walke?
Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and foolish. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And self-reproouing, bring his constant pleasure.
Reg. Our Sisters man is certainely miscarried.
Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?
Baſt. In honour'd Loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sifter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Reg. Why is this reuſond?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemie:
For theſe domeſticke and particular broiles,
Are not the queſtion heere.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Sifter you'le go with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt conuenient, pray go with vs.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle. I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loues you.
Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it:
When time ſhall ſerue, let but the Herald cry,
And I'le appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy paper

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and Forces,
By diligent diſcouerie, but your haſt
Is now vrg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Sifters haue I ſworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the ſting
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Sifter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, we'l vſe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to deſcant. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarums within. Enter with Drummes and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on.
Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures firſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Sifters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe: So we'l liue,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and we'l talke with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: And we'l weare out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelues throw Incenſe.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, ſhall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes.
The good yeares ſhall deuoure them, fleſh and fell,

Ere

Ere they shall make vs weepe?
Weele see 'em starue first: come. *Exit.*

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our impreſt Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inuested, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is bespoke.

Gon. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Glostar*,
Let the Trompet sound:
If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile ne're trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world he's
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Reg. My sicknesse growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper sound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Army, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Glostar, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Againe. 3 *Trumpet.*

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th'Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduersary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-

Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him? (ster?

Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my speech offend a Noble heare,
Thy armemay do thee Iustice, heare is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

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A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Thou lyest.

Bast. In wisedome I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdaine and spurne:
Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarely bruise,
This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gon. This is practise *Gloster*,
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An vnknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, read thine owne euill:
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Bast. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.

Bast. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Nobilenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woefull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolue,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smookes, it came euen from the heart of——O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.
This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.
Touches vs not with pitty: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seest thou this obiect *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herselfe.

Alb. Euen so: couer their faces.

Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
(Be briefe in it) to'th Castle, for my Wife
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.

Edg. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,
That she for-did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vse them so,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,

If

If that her breath will mift or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues: if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorrowes
That euer I haue felt.
Kent. O my good Maſter.
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kents* your Friend.
Lear. A plagues vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue ſau'd her, now ſhe's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha:
What is't thou ſaiſt? Her voice was euer ſoft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue ſeene the day, with my good biting Fauchion
I would haue made him ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th beſt, Ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, ſhe lou'd and haſed,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight, are you not *Kent*?
Kent. The ſame: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le ſtrike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lear. Your are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe.
All's cheerleſſe, darke, and deadly,
Your eldeſt Daughters haue fore-done themſelues,
And deſperately are dead
Lear. I ſo I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he ſaies, and vaine is it
That we preſent vs to him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edg. Very boodleſſe.
Meſſ. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will reſigne,
During the life of this old Maieſty
To him our abſolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and ſuch addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends ſhall
Taſte the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deſeruings. O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why ſhould a Dog, a Horſe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vnde this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you ſee this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*
Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.
Edg. Looke vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gon indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.
Alb. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſineſſe
Is generall woe: Friends of my ſoule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtaine.
Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, ſhortly to go.
My Maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay no.
Edg. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay:
The oldeſt hath borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.
Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if ſ ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dreame
Of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rode. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Citie,
(In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worſſe a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purpoſes)
Euades them, with a bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre,
Non-ſuites my Mediators. For certes, ſaies he,
I haue already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
For-ſooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire Wife)
That never ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the diuiſion of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinſter. Vnleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As Maſterly as he. Meere prattle (without practiſe)
Is all his Soulderſhip. But he (Sir) had th'election:
And I (of whom his eies had ſeene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Cipres, and on others grounds
Chriſten'd, and Heathen) muſt be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caſter,
He (in good time) muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Auntient.
Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curſe of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heire to th'firſt. Now Sir, be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I in any iuſt terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him to ſerue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Maſters Aſſe,
For nought but Prouender, & when he's old Caſhier'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhowes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themſelues Homage.
Theſe Fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe. For (Sir)
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but *my* ſelfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But ſeeming ſo, for *my* peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonſtrate
The native act, and figure of *my* heart
In Complement extreme, 'tis not long after
But I will weare *my* heart vpon *my* ſleeue
For Daws to peck at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rouſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenſe her kinſmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy.
Yet throw ſuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rode. Heere is her Fathers houſe, I'le call aloud.
Iago. Do, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is ſpied in populus Cities.
Rode. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your houſe, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.
Bra. Above. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?
Rode. Signior is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for ſhame put on your Gowne,

Your

Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſoule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.

Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worſſer welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honeſt plainneſſe thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſſe
(Being full of Supper, and diſtempring draughtes)
Vpon malitious knauerie, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my houſe is not a Grange.

Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule, I come to you

Ia. Sir: you are one of thoſe that will not ſerue God, if the deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſeruice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter couer'd with a Barbary horſe, you'le haue your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le haue Courſers for Cozens: and Gennets for Germaines.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere. I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing. But I beſeech you
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſſe claſpes of a Laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and ſaucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeue
That from the ſence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I ſay againe, hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her Duties, Beauties, Wits, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelfe.
If ſhe be in her Chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light. *Exit.*

Iag. Farewell: for I muſt leaue you.
It ſeemes not meete, nor wholeſome to my place
To be produced, (as if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafetie caſt-him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now ſtands in Act) that for their ſoules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Buſineſſe. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for neceſſitie of preſent life,
I muſt ſhow out a Flag, and ſigne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but ſigne) that you ſhal ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſſe. Now *Roderigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore ſaid thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceiues me
Paſt thought:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of the blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery houſe Ile call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, I will deſerue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue ſlaine men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuffe o'th'conſcience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke iniquitie
Sometime to do me ſeruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking termes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd.
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what reſtraint or greeuance,

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The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.
Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Services, which I have done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (unbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.
Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Lawes*, I thinke no.
Othel. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.
Cassio. Ancient, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carrack.
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.
Cassio. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cassio. To who?
Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?
Othel. Have with you.
Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Holla, stand there.
Rode. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You, *Roderigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.
Othe. Keepe up your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
For I'le refer me to all things of Sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Darreling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'incurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. I'le have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking:
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant:
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answere this your charge?
Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.
Othe. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That gives them Credite.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned,
My Letters say, a Hundred and seaven Galleis.
Duke. And mine a Hundred forty.
2. *Sena.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they jumpe not on a just accompt,
(As in these Cases where the aymne reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, 'tis possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In fearefull sense.
Sayler within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
Enter Sayler.

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Officer. A Meſſenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the buſineſſe?

Seiior. The Turkiſh Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in falſe gaze, when we conſider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our ſelues againe but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the Turke is ſo vnskillfull,
To leaue that lateſt, which concernes him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitleſſe.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The *Ottomites*, Reuzen'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inuoynted them with an after Fleete.

1. *Sen.* I, ſo I thought: how many, as you gueſſe?

Meſſ. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſtie and moſt Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cypres:
Marcus Luccheſe is not he in Towne?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Poſt, Poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not ſee you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counſaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath raiſ'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of ſo flood-gate, and orc-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, ſo prepoſtrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe read, in the better letter,
After your owne ſenſe: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt Potent, Graue, and Reuerend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Maſters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is moſt true: true I haue married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of Peace;
For ſince theſe Armes of mine, had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now, ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd
Their deereſt action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe. Yet, (by your gratious patience)
I will a round vnvarniſh'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of Loue
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit ſo ſtill, and quiet, that her Motion
Bluſh'd at her ſelfe, and ſhe, in ſpighe of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what ſhe fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe Perfection ſo could erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen
To find out practiſes of cunning hell
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with ſome Drams, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wrought vpon her.
To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Teſt
Then theſe thin habits and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne ſeeming, do preſer againſt him.

Sen. But *Othello*, ſpeake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courſes
Subdue, and poyſon this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion
As ſoule, to ſoule affordeth?

Othel. I do beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her ſpeake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

Oth. Auncient, conduct them:
You beſt know the place.
And tell ſhe come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confeſſe the vices of my blood,
So iuſtly to your Graue eares, Ile preſent

How

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How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Oth. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue paſt.
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh daies,
To'th very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances:
Of moouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th' imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,
And ſold to ſlauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours hiſtorie.
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Deſarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whoſe head touch heauen,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,
And of the Canibales that each others eate,
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whoſe heads
Grew beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline
But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her hence
Which euer as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'ld come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe. Which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage diſate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intirely: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſefull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith 'twas ſtrange: 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my Storie,
And that would woo her. Vpon this hint I ſpake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her, that ſhe did pitty them.
This only is the witch-craft I haue vs'd
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vſe,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake?
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Deſ. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue here a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband;
And ſo much duetie, as my Mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, than get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your ſake (Iewell)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other Child,
For thy eſcape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a griſe, or ſtep may helpe theſe Louers.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Miſcheefe that is paſt and gon,
Is the next way to draw new miſchiefe on.
What cannot be preſerv'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The robb'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the Thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a bootleſſe griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile.
We looſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing bearес,
But the free comfort which from thence he hearес.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore Patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are Equinoctiall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruiſed heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.
Duke. The Turke with a moſt mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we haue there a Subſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiencie; yet opinion, a more ſouereigne Miſtris of Effects, throwes a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtubborne, and boyſtrous expedition.
Oth. The Tirant Cuſtome, moſt Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Couch of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacritie,
I finde in hardneſſe: and do vndertake
This preſent Warres againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With ſuch Accommodation and beſort
As leuels with her breeding.
Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Deſ. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt Gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your proſperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſſe.
Duke. What would you *Deſdemona*?
Deſ. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and ſtorme of Fortunes,

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May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello's* vllage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and Fortunes conſecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim ſhall ſupport
By his deere abſence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defonct, and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good ſoules, that you thinke
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculatiue, and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt, and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and baſe adueriſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall priuately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: th'Affaire cries haſt:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of qualitie and reſpect
As doth import you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needfull, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haſt eies to ſee:
She has deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit*

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the beſt aduantage.
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To ſpend with thee. We muſt obey the the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iago. If thou do'ſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillyneſſe to liue, when to liue is torment: and then haue we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himſelfe. Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our ſelues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or ſowe Lettice: Set Hiſope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or diſtract it with many: either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues had not one Scale of Reaſon, to poize another of Senſualitie, the blood, and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct vs to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But we haue Reaſon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall ſtings, or vnbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy ſelfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could neuer better ſteed thee then now. Put Money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vſurp'd Beard. I ſay put Money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor be his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, put but Money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purſe with Money. The Food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhalbe to him ſhortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body ſhe will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damne thy ſelfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canſt: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow betwixt an erring Barbarian, and ſuper-ſubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy ſelfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make Money: I haue told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let vs the conſunctiue in our reuenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Euentes in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe delliuered. Traueſe, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
If I would time expend with ſuch Snipe,

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But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She has done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me for now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by'th Nose
As Asses are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Bulwarkes:
If it hath rusht as vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Mortize. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like molestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not ensheltred, and imbay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Ladies: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Veronessa*, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cass. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Ile,
That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of very expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfeited to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouernor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchiu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall.

Cassio. Has had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left to the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Sennights speed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Aemilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

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Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly heere.
Def. Oh, but I feare:
How loſt you company?
Caſſio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But heark'e, a Saile.
Mon. A Saile, a Saile.
Gent. They giue this greeting to the Citadell:
This likewiſe is a Friend.
Caſſio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of Curteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe giue you ſo much of her lippes,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes on me,
You would haue enough.
Def. Alas: ſhe has's no ſpeech.
Iago. Iafaith too much:
I finde it ſtill, when I haue leaue to ſleepe.
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You haue little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended: Players in your Huſwiferie, and Huſwiues in your Beds.
Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to worke.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Deſde. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Def. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam.
Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?
Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is deliuer'd.
If ſhe be faire, and wiſe: faire-neſſe and wit,
The ones for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Def. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?
Iago. *If ſhe be blacke, and therein haue a wit,*
She'le find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Def. Worſe, and worſe.
Æmil. How if Faire, and Fooliſh?
Iago. *She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,*
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.
Deſde. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's Foule, and Fooliſh.
Iago. *There's none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,*
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wiſe-ones do.
Deſde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her merrie, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe.

Iago. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd:
Neuer lacky Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
'Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flie:
She that in wiſedome neuer was ſo frayle,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne'r diſcloſe her mind,
See Suiters following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer ſuch wightes were)
Def. To do what?
Iago. *To ſuckle Fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.*

Deſde. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Do not learne of him *Æmilia*, though he be thy husband. How ſay you (*Caſſio*) is he not a moſt prophane, and liberall Counſailor?
Caſſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may reliſh him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had beene better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now againe you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Curteſie: 'tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cloſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Caſſio 'Tis truely ſo.
Def. Let's meete him, and receiue him.
Caſſio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth O, my faire Warriour.
Def. My deere *Othello*.
Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To ſee you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euery Tempeſt, come ſuch Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.
Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Euen as our dayes do grow.
Othe. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content.
It ſtoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this and this the greateſt diſcords be
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile ſet downe the peggs that make this Muſicke, as honeſt as I am.

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Othe. Come: let vs to the Caſtle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Iſle?
(Honey) you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue among'ſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthineſſe
Do's challenge much reſpect. Come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt Othello and Deſdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt Valiant, (as they ſay baſe men being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is native to them) liſt-me: the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy ſoule be inſtructed. Marke me with what violence ſhe firſt lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies. To loue him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart thinke it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to enflame it, and to glue Satiety a freſh appetite. Louelineſſe in fauour, ſimpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will finde it ſelfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, gorge, diſreliſh and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Caſſio* do's: a knaue very voluble no further conſcionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine ſeeming, for the better compaſſe of his ſalt, and moſt hidden looſe Affection? Why none, why none: A ſlipper, and ſubtle knaue, a finder of occaſion: that he's an eye can ſtampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Aduantage neuer preſent it ſelfe. A deuliſh knaue: beſides, the knaue is handſome, young: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A peſtilent complect knaue, and the women hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeue that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figges-end. The Wine ſhe drinkes is made of grapes. If ſhee had beene bleſs'd, ſhee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curteſie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule Thoughts. They met ſo neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and maine exercile, th'incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue Brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Caſſio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſodaine in Choller: and haply may ſtrike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I muſt fetch his Neceſſaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Caſſio* loues her, I do well beleeue't:
That ſhe loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant, louing Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona*
A moſt deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, (though peraduenture
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soule
Till I am euen'd with him, wife, for wife.
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt into a Ielouzie ſo ſtrong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Caſſio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer ſeene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkiſh Fleete: euery man put himſelfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, ſome to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For beſides theſe beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feaſting from this pre-

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prefixt houre of nine, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Beside the Ile of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*. *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Otho. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night. Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do. But notwithstanding with my personall eye Will I looke to't.

Otho. *Iago*, is most honest: *Michael*, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest, Let me haue speech with you. Come my deare Loue, The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you. Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she ha's? Methinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye: And yet me thinker right modest.

Iago. And when she speakes, Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and neere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*. I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wish Courtesie would inuent some other Custome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Cas. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weaknesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him With that which he hath drunke to night already, He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence As my yong Mistris dogge. Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo*, Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd. Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch. Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites, (That hold their Honours in a wary distance, The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle): Haue I to night flusher'd with flowing Cups, And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approue my dreame, My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Cas. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already.

Mon. Good-faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Canakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Canakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, man's life's but a span,
why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoe) are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.

Iago Oh sweet England.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Sixe pence all too deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy auld Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's those things. Well: heau'n aboue all: and there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must not be saued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mont. To th'Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*, And giue direction. And do but see his vice, 'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,

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The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pitie of him:
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Iland.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his evills: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now *Roderigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Mont. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I, for this faire Iland,
I do love *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this evill. But hearke, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Roderigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.
Mont. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Cas. A Knave teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knave into a Twiggen-Bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?
Mont. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.
Cassio Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.
Mont. Come, come: you're drunke.
Cassio. Drunke?
Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for ever

Enter Othello, and Attendants

Othel. What is the matter heere?
Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.
Othe. Hold for your lives.
Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carve for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago* that lookes dead with grieving,
Speake: who began this? On thy love I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, even now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Devesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breasts,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peevish odds.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civill:
The gravitie, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you valace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you.
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Unlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves, it be a sinne
When violence assailes us.
Othe. Now by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (having my best judgement collied)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Mannage private, and domestique Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially Affin'd, or leagu'e in office,
Thou dost deliver more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pawse
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not passe.

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Oth. I know *Iago*
Thy honeſtie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.
Deſ. What is the matter (Deere?)
Oth. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vil'd braule diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. *Exit.*
Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?
Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.
Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue loſt my Reputation. I haue loſt the immortall part of myſelfe, and what remaines is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.
Iago. As I am an honeſt man I had thought you had receiued ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing. You haue loſt no Reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a looſer. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now caſt in his moode, (a puniſhment more in policie, than in malice) euen ſo as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? And ſpeake Parrot? And ſquabble? Swagger? Sweare? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones owne ſhadow? Oh thou inuiſible ſpirit of Wine, if thou haſt no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?
Caſ. I know not.
Iago. Is't poſſible?
Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemie in their mouthes, to ſteale away their Braines? that we ſhould with ioy, pleaſance, reuell and applauſe, transforme our ſelues into Beaſts.
Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
Caſ. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelfe.
Iago. Come, you are too ſeuere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country ſtands I could heartily wiſh this had not befalne: but ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.
Caſ. I will aske him for my Place againe, he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a diuell.
Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.
Caſ. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?
Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himſelfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, ſhall grow ſtronger, than it was before.
Caſſio. You aduiſe me well.
Iago. I proteſt in the ſinceritie of Loue, and honeſt kindneſſe.
Caſſio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona* to vndertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.
Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.
Caſſio. Good night, honeſt *Iago*.

Exit Caſſio.

Iago. And what's he then.
That ſaies I play the Villaine?
When this aduiſe is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th'inclyning *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suite. She's front'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptiſme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her Appetite ſhall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counſell *Caſſio* to this parallell courſe,
Directly to his good? Diuelliſh of hell,
When diuels will the blackeſt ſinnes put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare:
That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to do him good,
She ſhall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall en-maſh them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunes, but one that fillies vp the Cry. My Money is almoſt ſpent; I haue bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the iſſue will

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my pains: And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did ever heale but by degrees? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time: Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hath cashier'd *Cassio*: Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe: Content thy selfe, a-while. In troth 'tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done: My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris: Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I will content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall so likes your Musicke, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We haue none such, sir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mu.*

Cassio Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend: I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, there's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife: My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona* Procure me some accesse.

Iago. Ile send her to you presently: And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse May be more free. *Exit.*

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorie For your displeasure: but all will sure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in: I will bestow you where you shall haue time To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago and Gentlemen.

Otho. These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam do: I warrant it grieues my Husband, As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow. Do not doubt *Cassio* But I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam, What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*, He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady, That policie may either last so long, Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet, Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,

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I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it:
To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Board a Shrift,
Ile interlarde euery thing he do's
With Cassio's suite: Therefore be merry Cassio,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Emil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Cass. Madam, Ile take my leaue.
Des. Why stay, and heare me speake.
Cass. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.
Oth. I do beleeue 'twas he.
Des. How now my Lord?
I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That errs in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.
Oth. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.
Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Des. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Citadell.
Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Saue that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T'incurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mamm'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath ta'ne your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.
Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poyse, and difficult weighte,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.
Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.
Des. Emilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?
Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from first to last:
Why dost thou aske?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my Lord?
Oth. Honest? I, Honest.
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What dost thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchost me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean somthing:
I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What didd'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou do'st:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.
Oth. I thinke so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.
Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughes

The

The worſt of words.
Iago Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Act of duetie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vſe my Thoughts? Why ſay, they are vild, and falſe?
As where's that Palace, wherein no foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has't that breast ſo pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehenſions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you.
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpy into Abuſes, and of my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honeſty, and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o're,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſoundly loues?
Oth. O miſerie.
Iago Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches fineleſſe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealouſie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exſufflicate, and blow'd Surmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, theſe are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt.
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealouſie.
Ia. I am glad of this: For now I ſhall haue reaſon
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſſio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe vnknowne.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that ſo young could giue out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirites:
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iago. Truſt me, I feare it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do ſee, y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are moou'd.
Oth. No, not much moou'd:
I do not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.
Iago Long liue ſhe ſo;
And long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmell in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerue.
Leaue me *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.
Oth. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.
Iag.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreate your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;
For sure he fills it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to hold him off a-while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech you Honor.

Oth. Feare not my gouernment.

Iago. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Qualities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destinie vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleeue't.

Des. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Æmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she reserues it euermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing ——

Æmil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Æmil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?

Æmil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, that you haue beene
so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, she'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Cassio*'s Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the Iealious, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarse found to distaste:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello,

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: It harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Cassio*'s kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfeit,
Farewell: *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Ocular proofe,

Or

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'ſt bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't: or (at the leaſt) ſo proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Senſe?
God buy you: take mine Office. O wretched Foole,
That lou'ſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice!
Oh monſtrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, ſith Loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for Honeſtie's a Foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not:
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue ſome proofe. My Name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were ſatisfied.
Iago. I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How ſatisfied, my Lord
Would you the ſupper-viſion groſſely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Proſpect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do ſee them bouſter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groſſe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you might haue't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.
Iago. I do not like the Office.
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So looſe of Soule, that in their ſleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Caſſio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the roottes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg o're my Thigh,
And ſigh, and kiſſe, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am ſure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It ſpeakes againſt her with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the Slaue had forty thouſand liues.
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I ſay: your minde may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whoſe Icie Current, and compulſiue courſe,
Ne'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Propontick, and the Helleſpont:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witneſſe that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſſe euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee too't.
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not aliue.
Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Requeſt.
But let her liue.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Scena

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Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him bidde him come hither. tell him, I haue mou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Emilia?*

Emil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneſſe, As iealious Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not iealious?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be Cal'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardneſs to diſſemble! How do you, *Desdemona?*

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand. This hand is moiſt my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart: Hot, hot, and moyſt. This hand of yours requires A ſequeſter from Liberty: Faſting, and Prayer, Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe deuout, For heere's a young, and ſweating Diuell heere That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) ſay ſo: For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot ſpeake of this: Come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe Chucke?

Des. I haue ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeake with you.

Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſorry Rheume offends me: Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue. She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it, 'Twould make her Amiable, and ſubdue my Father Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it, Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me, And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd) To giue it her. I did ſo; and take heede on't, Make it a Darling, like your precious eye To loſe't, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition, As nothing elſe could match.

Des. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true. There's Magicke in the web of it: A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world The Sun to courſe, two hundred compaſſes, In her Propheticke furic ſow'd the Worke: The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke, And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull Conſerv'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer ſeene't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Heauen bleſſe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not loſt. but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I ſay it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Des. Why ſo I can: but I will not now: This is a tricke to put me from my ſuite, Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe. My minde miſ-giues.

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des A man that all his time Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue; Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Inſooth. you are too blame.

Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*

Emil. Is not this man iealious?

Des. I ne'u ſaw this before. Sure, there's ſome wonder in this Handkerchiefe, I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes vs a man: They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food, They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Looke you, *Caſſio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis ſhe muſt doo't: And loe the happineſſe! go, and importune her.

Des.

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exist, and be a member of his loue, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Intirely honour, I would not be delayd. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde, That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransome me into his loue againe, But to know so, must be my benefit: So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, And shut my selfe vp in some other course To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*) My Aduocation is not now in Tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him, Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd. So helpe me euery spirit sanctified, As I haue spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blanke of his displeasure For my free speech. You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will: and more I will Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now: And certainely in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre, And like the Deuill from his very Armes Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then: I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State, Either from Venice, or some vnhatch'd practise Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Hath puddled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things, Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such obseruancy As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*, I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am) Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse, And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Æmil. But Iealious soules will not be answer'd so; They are not euer Iealious for the cause, But Iealious, for they're Iealious: it is a Monster Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about: If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite, And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *Exit*

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you Friend *Cassio.*)

Cassio. What make you from home? How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*? Indeed (sweet Loue) I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*. What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights? Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres More tedious then the Diall, eight score times? Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*: I haue this while with leaden thoughts been prest, But I shall in a more continuate time Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca* Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this? This is some Token from a newer Friend, To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause: Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go too, woman: Throw your vilde guesses in the Diuels teeth, From whence you haue th'em. You are iealious now, That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance; No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cassio. I know not neither: I found it in my Chamber, I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded (As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied: Take it, and doe't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall, And thinke it no addition nor my wish To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me. I pray you bring me on the way a little, And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good. I must be circumstanc'd. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed, An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme? It is hypocrisie against the Diuell: They that meane vertuously, and yet do so, The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip: But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers, She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too: May she giue that?

Iago.

Iago. Her honor is an Effence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.
Otho. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saydst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious house:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.
Iago. I: what of that?
Otho. That's not so good now.
Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
Conuinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.)
Otho. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'le vn-sweare.
Otho. What hath he said?
Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Otho. What? What?
Iago. Lye.
Otho. With her?
Iago. With her? On her: what you will.
Otho. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome: Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Traunce.*
Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meere reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: *Othello.*

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?
Cas. What's the matter?
Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday
Cas. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?
Otho. Dost thou mocke me?
Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
Otho. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.
Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monster.
Otho. Did he confesse it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;
And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Otho. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And layd good 'scuses vpon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe.
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scorne
That dwell in euery Region of his face
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Otho. Do'st thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody
Iago. That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Hoswife, that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:
And his vnbookish Iealousie must conster
Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen kilies me.
Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickely should you speed?
Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe.
Otho. Looke how he laughes already.
Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man so.
Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me
Otho. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
Iago. Do you heare *Cassio*?
Otho. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.
Iago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ho, ha, ha.
Otho. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?
Cas. I marry. What? A customer: prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.
Otho. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.
Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.
Cas. Prythee say true.
Iago. I am a very Villaine else.
Otho. Haue you scoar'd me? Well.
Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise

Oth. *Iago* becomes me: now he begins the ſtory.

Caſſio. She was heere euen now: ſhe haunts me in euery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſſio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me. So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe plaſter him to my Chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dogge, I ſhall throw it to.

Caſſio. Well, I muſt leaue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Fooke to take it: I muſt take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you ſhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, & I muſt take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobby-horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſſio. How now, my ſweete *Bianca*? How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that ſhould be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to ſupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l rayle in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſſio. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: ſay no more.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*

Iago. And did you ſee the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: ſhe gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: ſhe might lye by an Emperours ſide, and commend him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muſitian. Oh ſhe will ſing the Sauageneſſe out of a Beare: of ſo high and plenteous wit and inuention?

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times: And then of ſo gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certaine: But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it *Iago*.

Iago. If you are ſo fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her patent to offend, for 'tis touch not you, it comes not to no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poyſon, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expoſtulate with her: leaſt her body and beauty vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, Euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: The iuſtice of it pleaſes: very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his vndertaker: You ſhall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant ſomething from Venice, 'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiſſe the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you Signior: Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Caſſio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Deſ. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will ——

Lod. He did not call: he's bade in the paper, Is there diuiſion 'twixt my Lord, and *Caſſio*?

Deſ. A moſt vnhappy one: I would do much T'attone them for the loue I beare to *Caſſio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be th'Letter mou'd him. For as I thinke, they do commend him home, Depuring *Caſſio* in his Gouernment.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Deſ. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. Why, ſweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Deſ. I haue not deſeru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice, Though I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't. 'Tis very much, Make her amends: ſhe weepes.

Oth. Oh diuell, diuell: If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocodile: Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you.

Lod. Truely obedient Lady: I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her backe.

Oth.

Othe. Miſtris.
Def. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wiſh, that I would make her turne.
Sir, ſhe can turne, and turne and yet go on
And turne againe. And ſhe can weepe, Sir, weepe
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away
Ile ſend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Caſſio ſhall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? Is he not light of Braine?
Iago. He's that he is. I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What? Strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well: yet would I knew
That ſtroke would proue the worſt.
Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honeſtie in me to ſpeake
What I haue ſeene, and knowne. You ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Othe. You haue ſeene nothing then?
Æmil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did ſuſpect.
Othe. Yes, you haue ſeene *Caſſio*, and ſhe together.
Æmi. But then I ſaw no harme: and then I heard,
Each ſyllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Othe. What? Did they neuer whiſper?
Æmil. Neuer my Lord.
Othe. Nor ſend you out o'th'way?
Æmil. Neuer.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Maſk, nor no-
Æmil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?
Othe. That's ſtrange.
Æmil. I dar'ſt (my Lord) to wager, ſhe is honeſt:
Lay downe my Soule at ſtake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuſe your boſome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureſt of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia*
She ſaies enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Bawd
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtile Whore:
A Cloſſet Lockeand Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'le kneele, and pray: I haue ſeene her do't.

Enter Deſdemona and Æmilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Othe. Pray you Chuckle come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes: looke in my face.
Def. What horrible Fancie's this?
Othe Some of your Function Miſtris:
Leaue Proteſtants alone, and ſhut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any bod ycome:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery. May diſpatch. *Exit Æm*
Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import
I vnderſtand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife
Othello Come ſweare it: damne thy ſelfe, leſt
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themſelues ſhould
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd, ſwear
thou art honeſt
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell
Def. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Othe Ah *Deſdemona*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of theſe teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue loſt him,
I haue loſt him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmoſt hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his ſlow, and moſing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my current runnes,
Or elſe dries vp: to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ciſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Def. I hope my Noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo louely faire, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete,
That the Senſe akes at thee,
Would thou had'ſt neuer bin borne.
Def Alas, what ignorant ſin haue I committed?
Othe. Was this faire Paper? This moſt goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

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Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stopps the Nose at it, and the Moone winkes:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?
Des. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a Whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sau'd.
Oth. Is't possible?
Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then.
I took you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Æmilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.
Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Des. With who?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Des. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady
Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meete I should be us'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misvse?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach young Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such
Iago Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Æmil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Des. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Æmi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cosening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What likelyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scurvy Fellow
Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th'West.
Iago. Speake within doore.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Des. Alas *Iago*,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme,
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forsweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But never taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.
Des. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meane,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodor. Every day thou daffs me with some deuise *Iago*, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conueniencie, then supplyest me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly suffred.
Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodor.

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I haue wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is fearesy: and begin to finde my selfe fopp'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue said now.

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Roderigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I graunt indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now then euer (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treachery, and deuise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you meane removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high Supper time: and the night growes to waste. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Ladouico, Desdemona, Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodou. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be returne'd forth-with: dismisse your Attendant there: look't be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Æmi. How goes it now? He looks gentler then he did.

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.

Æmi. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I, would you had neuer seene him.

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds.
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Æmil. Come, come: you talke.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and she lou'd proou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it expres'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabantio*: prythee dispatch.

Æmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Ludouico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speakes well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poore Soule sat singing by a Sicamour tree.*
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay thee)
willough, willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. *I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?*
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neyther here, nor there
Def. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'ſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me *Emilia*)
That there be women do abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kinde?
Emil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.
Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Emil. Why, would not you?
Def. No, by this Heauenly light.
Emil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might do't as well i'th'darke.
Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Emil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.
Def. Introth, I thinke thou would'ſt not.
Emil. Introth I thinke I ſhould, and vndoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe ſuch a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for meaſures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
bands Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I ſhould ven-
ture Purgatory for't.
Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
Def. I do not thinke there is any ſuch woman.
Emil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as
would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they ſlacke their duties,
And powre our Treaſures into foreaigne laps;
Or elſe breake out in peeriſh Iealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint vpon vs: Or ſay they ſtrike vs,
Or ſcant our former hauing in deſpight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue ſome Grace,
Yet haue we ſome Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue ſenſe like them: They ſee, and ſmell,
And haue their Palates both for ſweet, and ſowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And haue not we Affections?
Deſires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vſe vs well: elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct vs ſo.
Def. Good night, good night:
Heauen me ſuch vſes ſend,
Not to pick bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. Heere, ſtand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe moſt firme thy Reſolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy ſtand.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me ſatisfying Reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Roderigo*,
He calles me to a reſtitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be: if *Caſſio* do remaine,
He hath a daylie beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there ſtand I in much perill:
No, he muſt dye. But ſo, I heard him comming.
Enter Caſſio.
Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyeſt.
Caſ. That thruſt had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'ſt:
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am ſlaine.
Caſſio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.
Enter Othello.
Oth. The voyce of *Caſſio*. *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. It is euen ſo.
Caſ. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honeſt, and iuſt,
That haſt ſuch Noble ſenſe of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnbleſt Fate hyches: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, thoſe Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted;
Thy Bed luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with Luſts blood be ſpotted.
Exit Othello.
Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.
Caſ. What hoa? no Watch? No paſſage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance, the voyce is very direfull.
Caſ Oh helpe.
Lodo Hearke.
Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.
Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: Let's thinke't vnſafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come: then ſhall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago.
Lod. Hearke.
Gra Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with Light, and
Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyſe is this that cries on murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Heere, heere: for heauens ſake helpe me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lodo. The ſame indeede, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you heere, that cry ſo greeuously?
Caſ. *Iago*? Oh I am ſpoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iago. O me, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?
Caſ. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Caſſio. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men i'th'dorke?
Where be theſe bloody Theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall prooue vs, praiſe vs.
Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Caſſio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Caſ. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my ſhirt.
Enter Bianca.
Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*: Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that haue thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to ſeeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Trash
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good *Caſſio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Roderigo? No: Yes ſure: Yes, 'tis *Roderigo*.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my Manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you *Caſſio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. Roderigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well ſaid, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Miſtris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies ſlaine heere (*Caſſio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Aire.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miſtris?
Do you perceiue the gaſtneſſe of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
Do you ſee Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineſſe will ſpeake
Though tongues were out of vſe.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Iago. Caſſio hath beene ſet on to the darke
By *Roderigo*, and Fellowes that are ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlaine, and *Roderigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentlemen: alas good *Caſſio*.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythee *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. O did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? Fie vpon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go ſee poore *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come Miſtris, you muſt tell's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Deſdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cauſe, it is the Cauſe (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Starres,
It is the Cauſe. Yet I'le not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers, than Snow,
And ſmooth as Monumentall Alabaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'ſt Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Roſe,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs muſt wither. Ile ſmell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Iuſtice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne're ſo fatall. I muſt weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This ſorrow's heauenly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.
Deſ. Who's there? *Othello*?
Oth. I *Deſdemona*.
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Deſdemona*?
Deſ. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend! I would not kill thy Soule.
Deſ. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I do.
Deſ. Then Heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Def. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle ſo.
Why I ſhould feare, I know not.
Since guiltineſſe I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes.
Def. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I and for that thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether-lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very Frame:
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'ſt to *Caſſio*.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: ſend for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Preſently.
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor chooke the ſtrong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Def. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I ſaw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'ſt ſtone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I ſaw the Handkerchiefe.
Def. He found it then:
I never gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confeſſe a truth
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Def. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No: his mouth is ſtopp'd:
Honeſt *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had ſtomacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtriue.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawſe
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smoothers her.*
Æmilia at the doore.
Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noiſe is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, ſo.
Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would ſpeake a word
with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſſio*'s death:
The noiſe was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall ſhe come in? Were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe. No, what's beſt to do?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'l ſure ſpeake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh inſupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beſeech you
That I may ſpeake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Æmilia.
Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Caſſio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil No. *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And ſweet Reuenge growes harſh.
Def. O falſely, falſely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie ſpeake againe,
Sweet *Deſdemona*, oh ſweet Miſtris, ſpeake.
Def. A guiltleſſe death, I dye.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def No body: I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murdred?
Æmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth You heare her ſay her ſelfe, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo: I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angell ſhe, and you the blacker Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'ſt belye her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh ſhe was heauenly true.
Oth. Caſſio did top her: Aſk thy husband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iuſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Æmil.

Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That she was falſe to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe bin true,
If Heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
I'ld not haue ſold her for it
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told meon her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſinne
That ſtickes on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, Woman?
I ſay, thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, Woman;
I ſay thy Husband: Do'ſt vnderſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honeſt, honeſt *Iago*.
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as dirt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſproue this Villaine, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou did'ſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you euer tell him,
She was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee falſe with *Caſſio*?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Iago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtris?
Go too, charme your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Æmil. And your reports haue ſet the Murder on.
Othello. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Act.
Æmil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I ſmell't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: Ile kill my ſelfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth Oh, oh, oh.
Æmil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was foule!
I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopp'd:
I know this act ſhewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemona*:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turne:
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with *Caſſio*, hath the Act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firſt gaue her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Æmil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Æmil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Triſle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Æmil. She giue it *Caſſio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.
Æmil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a Foole
Do with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in Heauen,
But what ſerues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Æmil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villaine take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit.*

Oth.

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Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Puny whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould Honor out-liue Honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song bode Lady?
Hearke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muſicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſte: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true:
So ſpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.
Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I muſt come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop. But (oh vaine boaſt)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd:
Heere is my iourneys end, heere is my butt
And very Sea-marke of my vtmoſt Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a loſt feare:
Man but a Ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now: how doſt thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we ſhall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the poſſeſſion of this Heauenly ſight:
Blow me about in windes, roaſt me in Sulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Deſdemon*! dead *Deſdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Caſſio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt vnfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I looke down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'ſt a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Othel. I am not ſorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſſe to die.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a curſed Slaue,
What ſhall be ſaide to thee.
Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death.
Oth. I.
Caſ. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cauſe.
Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my Soule and Body.
Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will ſpeake word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir,
You ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Roderigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*, to be vndertooke
By *Roderigo*.
Oth. O Villaine!
Caſſio. Moſt Heathenish, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now, heere's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it ſeemes
Roderigo meant t'haue ſent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatis fi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe:
How came you (*Caſſio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?
Caſſio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himſelfe confeſt it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!
Caſſio. There is beſides, in *Roderigo*'s Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caſt: and euen but now he ſpake
(After long ſeeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Cruelтie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe Priſoner reſt,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice.
Then muſt you ſpeake,
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Ieallous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumciſed Dogge,
And ſmote him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is ſpoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſſ thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe. *Dyes*
Caſſio.

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Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan Dogge!
More fell than Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poyſons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ſeize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they ſucceede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines the Cenſure of this hellifh villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My ſelfe will ſtraight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(:*.*:)

Thello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.*
Caſſio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Deſdemona, *wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

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THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
O're-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his breft, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony*.
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the scarse-bearded *Cæsar* haue not sent
His powreful Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fuluias* Proceſſe? (*Cæsars* I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsars* homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rang'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: whose euery passion fully striues
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that he approues the common Lyer, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd so to'th'Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa

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Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good fir, giue me good Fortune

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meaces in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentiue.

Char. Huſh.

Sooth. You ſhall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune: Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octauius Cæſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Sooth. You ſhall out-liue the Lady whom you ſerue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue ſeene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wiſhes had a wombe, & fore-tell euery wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your ſheets are priuie to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme preſages Chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus preſageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an o'ily Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune,

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more weight: good *Iſis* I beſeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeſſe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man loſe Wiu'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Iſis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themſelues Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Eno. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpoſ'd to mirth, but on the ſodaine A Rom'ne thought hath ſtrooke him.

Enobarbus?

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Heere at your ſeruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs. *Exeunt.*

Meſſen. Fulvia thy Wife,

Firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*?

Meſſen. I: but ſoone that Warre had end,

And the times ſtate

Made friends of them, ioyning their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*,

Whoſe better iſſue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the firſt encounter droue them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſſ. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.

Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Meſ. Labienus (this is ſtiffe-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Aſia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner ſhooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whil'ſt ——

Ant. Anthony thou would'ſt ſay.

Meſ. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phraſe, and taunt my faults

With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice

Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lye ſtill, and our illes told vs

Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Meſ. At your Noble pleaſure. *Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Sicion* how the newes? Speake there

1. *Meſ.* The man from *Sicion*,

Is there ſuch an one?

2. *Meſ.* He ſtayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

Theſe ſtrong Egyptian Fetters I muſt breake,

Or loſe my ſelfe in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. *Meſ. Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed ſhe.

Meſ In *Sicion*, her length of ſickneſſe,

With what elſe more ſerious,

Importeth thee to know, this bearer.

Ant. Forbeare me

There's a great Spirit gone. thus did I deſire it:

What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

We with it ours against. The present pleasure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gone,
The hand could pluck her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more than the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an vnkindnesse is to them. if they suffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die. It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some louing act vpon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine as well as Ioue.

Ant. Would I had never seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall, would haue discredited your Trauaile.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Fuluia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd here cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres.
Let our Officers
Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue given the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our Slippery people,
Whose Loue is as our hate, ready to the deliuerer,
Till he deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courser's heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.
Eno. I shall do't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is,
Whose with him, what he does:
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dancing: if in Myrth, report
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.
Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him dearely,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.
Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.
Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.
Ant. Now my dearest Queene.
Cleo. Pray you stand further from mee.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good newes.
What sayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.
Ant. The Gods best know.
Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in sweering shake the Thronged Gods)
Who haue beene false to *Fuluia*?
Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselues in swearing.
Ant. Most sweet Queene,
Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Bliss in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.
Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'ſt know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Heare me Queene:
The ſtrong neceſſity of Time, commands
Our Seruices a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vſe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domeſticke powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: The hated growne to ſtrength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as haue not thriued
Vpon the preſent ſtate, whoſe Numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe growne ſicke of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fuluias* death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fuluia* dye?
Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leyſure read
The Garboyles ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhee died.
Cleo. O moſt falſe Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fuluias* deoth, how mine receiu'd ſhall be.
Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I beare: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall giue th'aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.
Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which ſtands
An honourable Triall.
Cleo. So *Fuluia* told me.
I prythee turne aſide, and weepe for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.
Ant. You'l beat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meerly.
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. Ile leaue you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſſe your ſubiect, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelfe.
Cleo 'Tis ſweating Labour,
To beare ſuch Idleneſſe ſo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Laurell victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe
Be ſtrew'd before your feete.
Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.

Caeſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fiſhes, drinkes, and waſtes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchſafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abſtracts of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not thinke
There are, euills enow to darken all his goodneſſes
His faults in him, ſeeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blackneſſe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaſt: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.
Caeſ. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the ſtreets at noone, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaues that ſmels of ſweate: Say this becomes him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyles, when we do bearе
So great waight in his lightneſſe. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full ſurfets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drummes him from his ſport, and ſpeakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.
Meſ. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of thoſe
That only haue feard *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.
Caeſ. I ſhould haue knowne no leſſe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall ſtate
That he which is was wiſht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde

To rot it ſelfe with motion.
Meſ. *Cæſar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ſerue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Veſſell can peepe forth: but 'tis as ſoone
Taken as ſeene: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Then could his Warre reſiſted.
Cæſar. *Anthony*,
Leaue thy laſcinious Vaſſailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Modena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirſius, and *Pauſa* Conſuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could ſuffer. Thou did'ſt drinke
The ſtale of Horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy palliat the did daine
The roughеſt Berry, on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'ſt eate ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I ſpeake it now)
Was borne ſo like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickely
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did ſhew our ſelues i'th'Field, and to that end
Aſſemble me immediate counſell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idleneſſe.
Lep. To morrow *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. Til which encounter, it is my buſines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you ſhal know mean time
Of ſtirres abroad, I ſhall beſeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.
Cæſar. Doubt not ſir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, & Mardian.
Cleo. *Charmion.*
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora.*
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleepe out this great gap of time:
My Anthony is away.
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O'tis Treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. What's your Highneſſe pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honeſt to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horſe?
Oh happy horſe to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do braſely Horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou moou'ſt.
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle.
(For ſo he cals me:) Now I feede my ſelfe
With moſt delicious poyſon. Thinke on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou was't here: aboue the ground, I was
A morſell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aſpect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæſar.
Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did (deere Qu een)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes
This Orient Pearle. His ſpeech ſticks in my heart
Cleo. Mine eare muſt pluckе it thence.
Alex Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foote
To mend the petty preſent, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd ſo hye, that what I would haue ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumbe by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between ſ extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad nor merrie.
Cleo. Oh well diuided diſpoſition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmion*: 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his loy, but betweene both.
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'ſt thou ſad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I Madam, twenty ſeuerall Meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thicke?
Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to ſend
to *Anthonie*, ſhall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmion*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmion*, euer loue *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that braue *Cæſar*!
Cleo. Be chaſt'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.
Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By Iſis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* Paragon againe:
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My Saſſad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

Hee

he ſhall haue euery day a ſeuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iuſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of iuſteſt men.

Men. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their Throne, decayes the thing we ſue for.

Men. We ignorant of our ſelues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wiſe Powres
Deny vs for our good: ſo finde we profit
By loſing of our Prayers.

Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creſſent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæſar* gets money where
He looſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis falſe

Men. From *Silvius*, Sir

Pom He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* ſoften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Luſt with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feaſts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleſſe ſawce his Appetite,
That ſleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulneſſe——

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is moſt certaine, that I ſhall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen leſſe matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue doon'd his Helme
For ſuch a petty Warre: His Souldierſhip
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Luſt-wearied *Anthony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Anthony* ſhall well greet together:
His Wife that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His Brother warr'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by *Anthony*

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How leſſer Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we ſtand vp againſt them all:
'Twer pregnant they ſhould ſquare betweene themſelues,
For they haue entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the feare of vs
May Cement their diuiſions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely ſtands
Our liues vpon, to vſe our ſtrongeſt hands
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ambaſſadors and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Ambaſſadors*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Amb. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelfe: if *Cæſar* moue him,
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæſars* head,
And ſpeake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonie's* Beard,
I would not ſhaue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate ſtomacking.

Amb. Euery time ſerues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt giue way.

Amb. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion: but pray you ſtirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Amb. And yonder *Cæſar*

Enter Cæſar, Mecenas, and Agrippa

Ant. If we compoſe well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke *Ventidius*

Cæſar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amiſſe,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt termes,
Nor curſtneſſe grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. *Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit ſir.

Cæſ. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concerne you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their concluſion
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſines, my Brother never
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you, did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike againſt my ſtomacke,
Hauing alike your cauſe. Of this, my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'l picke a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,

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It muſt not be with this.

Caſ. You praiſe your ſelfe, by laying defects of Iudgement to me: but you patcht vp your excuſes.

Anth. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend thoſe Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit, in ſuch another,
The third o'th'world is yours, which with a Scantlin,
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. Would we had all ſuch wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vnvaluable, her Garbelles (*Caſar*)
Made out of her impotrance: which not wanted
Shrodneſſe of policie to: I greeting grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you are vſt,
But ſay I could not helpe it?

Caſar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelfe, which was as much
As to haue aſkt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Caſar. You haue broken the Article of your oath,
which you ſhall never haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Caſar*.

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him ſpeake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on *Caſar*,
The Article of my oath.

Caſar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poyſoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty,
Shall not make poore my greatneſſe, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Ptolme*,
To haſte me out of Egypt, made Warres here,
For which my ſelfe, the ignorant motiue, do
Farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoope in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis Noble ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the preſent needs,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's Loue for the inſtant, you may when you haue no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you ſhall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing elſe to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, only ſpeake no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Anth. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeake no more.

Eno. Go too then: your Conſiderate ſtone.

Caſar. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remaine in friendſhip, our conditions
So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope ſhould hold vs ſtaunch from edge to edge
Ath'world: I would perſue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Caſar*.

Caſar. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mothers ſide, admir'd *Octauia*? Great *Marke Anthony* is now a widdo'wer.

Caſar. Say not ſo *Agrippa*, if *Cleopatra* heard you, your ſpeeche were well deſerued of raſhneſſe.

Anth. I am not marryed *Caſar*: let me heare *Agrippa* further ſpeake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-ſlipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octauia to his wife: whoſe beauty claimes
No worſe a husband then the beſt of men: whoſe
Vertue, and whoſe generall graces, ſpeake
That which none elſe can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ielouſies which now ſeeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Caſar* ſpeake?

Caſar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is touche,
With what is ſpoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay *Agrippa*, be it ſo,
To make this good?

Caſar. The power of *Caſar*,
And his power, vnto *Octauia*.

Anth. May I neuer
(To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairely ſhewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And ſway our great Deſignes.

Caſar. There's my hand;
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue ſo deerely. Let her liue
To ioyne our Kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great
Of late vpon me. I muſt thanke him only,
Leaſt my remembrance, ſuffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lep. Time cals vpon's,
Of vs muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeekes out vs

Anth. Where lies he?

Caſar. About the Mount-Miſena.

Anth. What is his ſtrength by land?

Caſar. Great, and encreaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.

Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,
Yet ere we put our ſelues in Armes, diſpatch we
The buſineſſe we haue talkt of.

Caſar. With moſt gladneſſe,
And do inuite you to my Siſters view,

Whe

Whether straight he lead you.

Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not ſickneſſe ſhould detaine me.

Flowriſh. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Maecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Maecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mece. We haue cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well diſgeſted: you ſtaid well by't in Egypt.

Eno. I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenance: and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares roſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelue perſons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerued noting.

Maecenas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt vp his heart vpon the River of Sidnis.

Agri. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and ſo perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-ſicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faſter;
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her owne perſon,
It beggerd all diſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whoſe winde did ſeeme,
To glooe the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A ſeeming Mer-maide ſteeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inuiſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty caſt
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* ſent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt:
Which ſhe entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom ne're the word of no woman heard ſpeake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaſt;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke ſtreete,
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſſe powre breath forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, muſt leaue her vtterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtome ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vildeſt things
Become themſelues in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſſe her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.

Mece If Beauty, Wiſedome, Modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelfe my gueſt, whilſt you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octauia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your boſome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee ſhall
Bowe my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*
Read not my blemiſhes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th'Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.

Cæſar. Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Soothſaier.

Anth. Now ſirrah: you do wiſh your ſelfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe

Anth. Say to me, whoſe Fortunes ſhall riſe higher
Cæſars or mine?

Sooth. *Cæſars*. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) ſtay not. by his ſide
Thy Dæmon that thy ſpirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæſars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make ſpace enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to looſe: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beares thee gainſt the oddes. Thy Luſter thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay againe, thy ſpirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventigius* I would ſpeake with him. *Exit.*
He ſhall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, ſtill of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoope) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.
Enter Ventigius.
You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and receive't. *Exeunt*

Enter Lepidus, Maecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selves no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.
Agr. Sir *Marke Anthony*, will e're but kisse *Octauia*,
and weele follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.
Maec. We shall: as I conceive the journey, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'le win two dayes upon me.
Both. Sir good successe.
Lep. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Loue.
Omnes. The Musicke, hoa.
Enter Mardian the Eunuch.
Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come *Charmian*.
Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.
Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?
Mardi. As well as I can Madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is shewed,
Though't come too short
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'River there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy iawes. and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha's are caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with fervencie drew vp.
Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,
Enter a Messenger.
Ramme thou thy fruitefull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.
Mes. Madam, Madam.
Cleo. *Anthonyo's* dead.
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and here
My bleweſt veines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.
Mes. First Madam, he is well.
Cleo Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah marke, we vse
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill uttering throate.
Mes. Good Madam heare me.
Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull, so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.
Mes. Wilt please you heare me?
Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.
Mes. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mes. And Friends with *Cæsar*.
Cleo. Th'art an honest man.
Mes. *Cæsar*, and he, are greater Friends then ever.
Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.
Mes. But yet Madam.
Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
But yet is as a Iayler to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.
Mes. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound vnto *Octauia*.
Cleo. For what good turne?
Mes. For the best turne i'th'bed.
Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.
Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octauia*.
Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.
Strikes him downe.
Mes. Good Madam patience.
Cleo. What say you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,
She hales him vp and downe.
Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Mes. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage.
And I will boot thee with what guift beside
Thy modestie can begge.
Mes. He's married Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long. *Draw a knife.*
Mes. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*
Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe
Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger againe.
Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message

An

An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselues, when they be felt.
Mes. I haue done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yes.
Mes. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?
Mes. Should I lye Madame?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeare most vgly: He is married?
Mes. I crane your Highnesse pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia*.
Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.
Char. Good your Highnesse patience.
Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd *Cæsar*.
Char. Many times Madam
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmion*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmion*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me *Charmion*,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber
Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.
Cæsar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
If't will tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That else must perish heere.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Iulius Cæsar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meane
To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.
Cæsar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou can'ft not feare vs *Pompey* with thy sailes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ft
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o're-count me of my Fatherrs house:
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the present) how you take)
The offers we haue sent you.
Cæsar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But weigh what it is worth imbrac'd
Cæsar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhacke edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*.
And am well studied for a liberall thanke,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,
Ant. The beds i'th East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I haue gained by't.
Cæsar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune casts vpon my face,
But in my bosome shall she neuer come,
To make my heart her vassaile.
Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crane our composion may be written
And seal'd betweene vs,
Cæsar. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I *Pompey*.
Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
heard that *Iulius Cæsar*, grew fat with feasting there.
Anth. You haue heard much.
Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Apollodorus* carried——
Eno No more that: he did so.
Pom. What I pray you?
Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæsar* in a Mactis.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ft thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Four

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Foure Feasts are reward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I never lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsoeuere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Antony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cæsar* Sister is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I would not Prophesie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and still conuersation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the sighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Cæsar*, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Musicke playes.
Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be men: some o'th'their Plants are rooted already, the least winde i'th'world will blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raises the greatest warre betweene him & his discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will do me no seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pittifully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.
Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lownesse, or the mesne: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harueſt.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Ant. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramisis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; It is iust so high as it is, and moues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou will heare mee,

Rise

Rides from thy Moore.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be ſilly Lords.

Anth. Theſe Quicke-ſands *Lepidus*, Keepe off, them for you ſinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſaiſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How ſhould that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup, Thou art if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Ioue: What ere the Ocean pales, or ſky inclippes, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors Are in thy veſſell. Let me cut the Cable, And when we are put off, fall to their throates: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, thou ſhouldſt haue done, And not haue ſpoke on't. In me 'tis villanie, In thee, 't had bin good ſeruice: thou muſt know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour: Mine Honour is, Repent that ere thy tongue, Hath ſo betraide thine act. Being done vnknowne, I ſhould haue found it afterwards well done, But muſt condemne it now: deſiſt, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow Thy pall'd Fortunes more, Who ſeekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*

Ant. Beare him aſhore,

Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno Here's to thee *Menas*

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encreaſe the Reeles.

Men Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it: ſtrike the Veſſell ho. Here's to *Cæſar*

Cæſar. I could well forbeare't, it's monſtrous labour when I waſh my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cæſar. Poſſeſſe it, Ile make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, foure dayes, then drinke ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha my braue Emperour, ſhall we daunce now the Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands, Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteep't our ſenſe, In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands: Make battery to our eares with the loud Muſicke,

The while, Ile place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing. The holding every man ſhall beate as loud, As his ſtrong ſides can volly

Muſicke Plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinky eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.

Cæſar. What would you more? *Pompey* goodnight. Good Brother Let me requeſt you of our grauer buſineſſe Frownes at this leaſure. Gentle Lords let's part, You ſee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe* Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue Spleet's what it ſpeakes: the wilde diſguiſe hath almoſt Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight. Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the ſhore.

Anth. And ſhall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father houſe. But what, we are Friends? Come downe into the Boate.

Eno Take heed you fall not *Menas*. Ile not on ſhore, No to my Cabin: theſe Drummers, Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell To theſe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.

Sound a Flowriſh with Drummes.

Eno. Hoo ſaies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou ſtroke, and now Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body, Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*, Paies this for *Marcus Craſſus*

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*, Whil'ſt yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme, The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Medio, Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters, whether The routed flie So thy grand Captaine *Anthony* Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*, I haue done enough. A lower place note well May make too great an act. For learne this *Silius*, Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerues away. *Cæſar* and *Anthony* haue euer wonne More in their officer, then perſon. *Saſſius* One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant, For quicke accumulation of renowne, Which he atchiu'd by th'minute, loſt his fauour. Who does i'th' Wars more then his Captaine can, Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition (The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choiſe of loſſe Then gaine, which darkens him. I could do more to do *Antonius* good, But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

S hould my performance perish.
Ron. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.
Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name, That magicall word of Warre we have effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The ne're-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We have vaded out o'th Field.
Ron. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what haft The weight we must convey with's, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What art the Brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes To part from Rome: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sicknesse.
Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cæsar*.
Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.
Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.
Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?
Eno. Spake you of *Cæsar*? How, the non-pareill?
Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!
Eno Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar* go no further.
Agr Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loues *Cæsar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*: Hoo Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot Thinke, speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo, His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæsar*, Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loues.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle. *Sound.* This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Anth. No further Sir.
Cæsar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vse me well in't. Sister, prosse such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*, Let not the peece of Vertue which is set Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our love To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortresse of it: for better might we Have lou'd without this meane, if on both parts This be not cherisht.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.
Cæsar. I have said.
Ant. You shall not finde, Though you be therein curious, the least cause For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you, And make the hearts of Romanes seure your ends: We will heere part.
Cæsar. Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort: farethee well.
Oct. My Noble Brother.
Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring, And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.
Oct. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—
Cæsar. What *Octauia*?
Oct. Ile tell you in your eare.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tongue, The Swannes downe feather That stands vpon the Swell at the ebb full Tide: And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will *Cæsar* weepe?
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a Horse so he be being a man
Agri. Why *Enobarbus*: When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead, He cried almost to roaring: And he wept, When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.
Eno. That yeare indeed, he was troubled with a rume, What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, Believe't till I weepe too.
Cæsar. No sweet *Octauia*, You shall heare from me still: the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come, Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue, Looke heere I have you, thus I, let *Loue* go, And give you to the Gods.
Cæsar. Adieu be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light To thy faire way.
Cæsar. Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Octauia.*
Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Halfe afeard to come.
Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger as before.
Alex. Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile have: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou neere.
Mes. Most gracious Maiestie.
Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octauia*?
Mes I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam in Rome, I looke her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mes. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speake she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish What Maiestie is in her gate, remember If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.
Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her stature are as one. She is wes a body, rather then a life, A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certaine?
Mes. Or I have no obseruance.
Char. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't, There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.
Mess. Madam, she was a widdow.
Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, ha, ha.
Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie.
Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mes. Round, even to fault in essence.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?
Mes. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing Madam.
Cleo. The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and serving you so long.
Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excuseable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented them most narrow measure to me,
When the best hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octau. Oh my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mocke me prepostly,
When I shall pray: Oh bleſſe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſſe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octauia*,
Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserue it: if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your so branchleſſe. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest haſt,
So your desires are yours.
Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men
Should soader vp the Rift.
Ant. When it appeares to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be so equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?
Eros. There's strange Newes come Sir.
Eno. What man?
Eros. *Cæsar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.
Eno. This is old, what is the successe?
Eros. *Cæsar* hauing made vse of him in the warres gainſt *Pompey*: presently denied him riualty, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.
Eno. Then would thou hadſt a paire of chaps no more, and throw betweene them all the food thou haſt, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*, And threats the throate of that his Officer, That murdred *Pompey*.
Eno. Our great Navies rig'd.
Eros. For Italy and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*, My Lord desires you presently: my Newes I might haue told heareafter.
Eno. Twillbe naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.
Eros. Come Sir, *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.

Cæs. Contemning Rome he has done all this, & more In Alexandria: here's the manner of't: I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd, *Cleopatra* and himselfe in Chaires of Gold Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat *Cæsarion* whom they call my Fathers Sonne, And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Luſt Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her, He gaue the ſtabliſhment of Egypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.
Mece. This in the publike eye?
Cæs. I'th'common shew place, where they exercise, His Sonnes bitter proclaimed the King of Kings, Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd, Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: she In th'abiliments of the Goddeſſe *Iſis* That day appear'd, and oft before gaue audience, As 'tis reported so.
Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already, Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accuſations.
Agri. Who does he accuſe?
Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in Cicilie *Sextus Pompeius* spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o'th'Iſle. Then does he say, he lent me Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd, And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.
Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the Meſſenger gone: I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

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That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but all in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mar. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.
Caf. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.
Enter Octauia with her Traine.
Octa. Haile *Cæsar*, and my L. haile most deare *Cæsar*.
Cæsar. That euer I should call thee Caste-away.
Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.
Caf. Why haue you stolne vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cæsars* Sister. The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th'way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue prevented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Caf. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him.
Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.
Caf. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?
Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæsar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bocchus the King of Lybia, *Archelaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adallas*,
King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comagene, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoonia,
With a more larger List of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
Caf. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're *your* content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcome to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mar. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs.
Octa. Is it so sir?
Caf. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne so patience. My dear'st Sister. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.
Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well: is it, is it.
Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
We be there in person.
Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerely lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Manage this warre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.
Enter Anthony and Canidius.
Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not strange *Canidius*,
That from Tarentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Canidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what else?
Can. Why will my Lord, do so?
Ant. For that he dares vs too't.
Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.
Can. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muleters, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Cæsars* Fleete,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meerely to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. I haue fifty Sailes, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is diſcried,
Cæsar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange that his power ſhould be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten plankes: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Sold.*

Sold. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Sold. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe
whole, do you not?

*Ven. Adorcus Octauius, Marcus Iuſtius,
Publicola*, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſars*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Sold. They ſay, one *Taurus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor cals *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, ſome. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar with his Army, marching.

Cæſ. *Taurus*?

Tau. My Lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Preſcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæſars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. *exit.*

*Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
ſtage, and Taurus the Lieutenant of Cæſar the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarrus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their ſixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddeſſes, all the whol ſynod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loſt
With very ignorance, we haue kiſt away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our ſide, like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproſie o're-take) i'th'midſt o'th fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Ione,
Hoiſts Sailes, and flyes.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer ſaw an Action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelfe.

Eno. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinkes moſt lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himſelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moſt groſſely by his owne.

Eno. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cæſar* will I render
My Legions and my Horſe, ſixe Kings already
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the winde againſt me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Haue loſt my way for euer. I haue a ſhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my ſelfe, and haue inſtructed cowards
To runne, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my ſelfe reſolu'd vpon a courſe,
Which has no needs of you. Be gone,
My Treaſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for raſhneſſe, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Haue Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not ſad,
Nor make replyes of loathneſſe, take the hint
Which my deſpaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it ſelfe, to the Sea-ſide ſtraight way:
I will poſſeſſe you of that ſhip and Treaſure.

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Leave me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I have loſt command,
Therefore I pray you. Ile ſee you by and by. *Sits downe*
Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.
Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do moſt deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit downe: Oh *Iuno*.
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſſe.
Eros. Sir, ſir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His ſword e'ne like a dancer, while I ſtrooke
The leane and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practiſe had
In the braue ſquares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtaine me: Oh.
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir ariſe, the Queene approaches,
Her haire's declin'd, and death will ceaſe her, but
Your comfort makes the refuſe.
Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A moſt vnnoble ſwerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haſt thou lead me Egypt, ſee
How I conuey my ſhame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in diſhonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull fayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O're my ſpirit
The full ſupremacie thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy beckie, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant Fell not a teare I ſay, one of thoſe rates
All that is wonne and loſt: Giue me a kiſſe,
Euen this repayes me.
We ſent our Schoolemaſter, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: ſome Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We ſcorne her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Dolabella, with others.

Cæſ. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.
Dola *Cæſar*, 'tis his Schoolemaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moones gone by.
Enter Ambaſſador from Anthony.
Cæſar. Approach, and ſpeake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.
Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Leſſons his Requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſſe thy Greatneſſe,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæſ. For *Anthony*,
I haue no eares to his requeſt. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Deſire ſhall faile, ſo from
From Egypt drive her all-diſgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhee performe,
She ſhall not ſue vnheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Cæſ. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promiſe
And in our Name, what ſhe requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong; but want will periſhe
The ne're touch'd Veſtall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeakes
In euery power that moones.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. *exeunt.*
Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.
Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus*?
Eno. Thinke, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony* or we in fault for this?
Eno. *Anthony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whoſe ſeuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Haue nickt his Captaine-ſhip, at ſuch a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion? 'Twas a ſhame no leſſe
Then was his loſſe, to courſe your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Navy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.
Enter the Ambaſſador, with Anthony.
Ant. Is that his anſwer? *Amb.* I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene ſhall then haue courteſie,
So ſhe will yeeld vs vp.
Ant. He ſayes ſo.
Amb. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæſar* ſend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wiſhes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head my Lord?
Ant.

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rofe
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular. His Coine, Shipo, Legions,
May be a Coward, whose Miniſters would prenaile
Vnder the ſeruice of a Childe, as ſoone
As't'h'Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Compariſons a-part,
And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
Our ſelues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: tyde batter'd *Cæſar* will
Vnſtitch his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'Shew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'de
His Iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him ſir.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, begynne to ſquare.
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſars* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further then he is *Cæſars*.

Cleo. Go on right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The ſcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerued.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.

Eno. To be ſure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leakie
That we muſt leaue thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deereſt quit thee. *Exit Enob.*

Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him? for he partly begges
To be deſir'd to giue. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his Fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his ſpirites
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your ſelfe vnder his ſhrowd, the vniuerſall Land-

Cleo. What's your name? (lord.

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Moſt kinde Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath muſ'd of taking kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou

Thid. One that but performes (Fellow)
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To haue command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muſſe. Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I finde them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe heere, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. *Marke Anthony.*

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæſars* ſhall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were halfe blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a lern of women, to be abas'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler ere,
But when we in our viciouſneſſe grow hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe Gods ſeele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. Oh, ſir, come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morſell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæſars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, beſides what hotter houres
Vnregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Baſan to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue ſauage cauſe,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A baker'd necke, which do's the Hangmen thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
Enter a Seruant with Thidias.
Ser. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?
Ser. He did aske fauour.
Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feuer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchsed Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*
Cleo. Haue you done yet?
Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.
Cleo. I must stay his time?
Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen engender hailе,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Cæsarion smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye graueleſſe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.
Ant. I am satisfied:
Cæsar sits downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my braue Lord.
Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
Of me for ieſts: But now, I le set my teeth,
And send to darkeneſſe all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more;
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.
Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Antony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.
Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night I'le force
The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I le make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Syth. *Exeunt.*
Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Dooue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart: when valour preyes on reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army, Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personall Combat.
Cæsar to *Antony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time]
Laugh at his Challenge.
Mece. Cæsar must thinke,
When one to great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.
Cæs. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd *Marke Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore *Antony*. *Exeunt*

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius*?
Eno. No?
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land I le fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.
Eno. I le strike, and cry, Take all.
Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night
Enter 3 or 4. Seruitors.
Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.
Cleo. What meanes this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.
Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Antony*: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done.
Omnes.

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Omnes. The Gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l ſerue another Maſter. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſeruice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aſke no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.
Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this diſcomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Aſſe, am Onyon-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transforme us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my deareſt Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe,
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather I'le expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne conſideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.
1 Nothing: what newes?
2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1 Well ſir, good night.
They meete other Soldiers.
2 Soulder's, haue carefull Watch.
1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themſelues in every corner of the Stage.
2 Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand vp.
1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpoſe.
Muſicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.
2 Peace, what noiſe?
1 Liſt liſt.
2 Hearke.
1 Muſicke i'th' Ayre.
3 Vnder the earth.
4 It ſignes well, do's it not?
3 No.
1 Peace I ſay: What ſhould this meane?
2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.
1 Walke, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?
2 How now Maiſters? *Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?
1 I, is't not ſtrange?
3 Do you heare Maſters? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyſe ſo farre as we haue quarter.
Let's ſee how it will giue off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis ſtrange, *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armes *Eros*.
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we braue her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'le helpe too, *Anthony*.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this.
Sooth-law I'le helpe: Thus it muſt bee.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thriue now.
Seeſt thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To daff for our Repoſe, ſhall heare a ſtorme.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Diſpatch. O Loue,
That thou couldſt ſee my Warres to day, and knew'ſt
The Royall Occupation, thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A Workeman in't.
Enter an Armed Soldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To buſineſſe that we loue, we riſe betime,
And go too't with delight.
Sold. A thouſand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Shout.*
Trumpets Flouriſh.
Enter Captaines, and Soulders.
Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come giue me that, this way, well-ſed.
Faire theee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiſſe: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhamefull checke it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanicke Complement, I'le leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'le bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great Warre in ſingle fight:
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*

Trumpets ſound. *Enter Anthony and Eros.*

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.
Ant. Would thou, & thoſe thy ſcares had once prevaild
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Had'ſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that have reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue ſtill
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Whoſe gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Euthurbus*.
Hee

He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæsars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What sayest thou?
Sold. Sir he is with *Cæsar*.
Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Most certaine.
Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Cæs. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Antony* be tooke alive:
Make it so knowne.
Agrip. *Cæsar*, I shall.
Cæsar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
Prone this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.
Cæs. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did dis wade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cæsar*,
And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will ioy no more.
Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.
Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.
Eno. I giue it you.
Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Ioue. *Exit*
Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will do't. I feele
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*
Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.
Agrip Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
Cæsar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarum.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had droue them home
With clowtsabout their heads. *Far off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retyre.
Scar. We'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for six scotches more.
Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each man like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congelement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd gashes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.
Giue me thy hand,
To this great Fairy, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleede thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harneesse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords.
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare vncaught.
Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.
Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drinke Carowses to the next dayes Fate

Which

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Which promiſes Royall perill. Trompeters
With brazen dinne blaſt you the Cities eare,
Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this houre,
We muſt returne to th'Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattaile
By'th'ſecond houre i'th'Morne.

1. Watch. This laſt day was a ſhrew'd one too's.

Eno. Oh beare me witneſſe night.

2 What man is this?

1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
When men reuolted ſhall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

2 Peace: Heark'e further.

Eno. Oh Soueraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
The poyſonous damps of night diſpunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
A Maſter leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1 Let's ſpeake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he ſpeakes
May concerne *Cæſar*.

2 Let's do ſo, but he ſleepes.

Cent. Sweounds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for ſleepe.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake ſir, awake, ſpeake to vs.

1 Heare you ſir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
We'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall ſtay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcouer,
And looke on their endeauour. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land,
Which as I take't we ſhall, for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt aduantage. *exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does ſtand. I ſhall diſcouer all.
Ile bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. *exit*

Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra*'s Sailes their neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not ſpeake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loſt:
This foule Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They caſt their Caps vp, and Carouſe together
Like Friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes ſocky Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprize ſhall I ſee no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wiſhes, do diſ-Candie, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soule of Egypt! this grane Charme,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whoſe Boſome was my Crowner, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loſſe.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Loue?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall giue thee thy deſeruing,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee vp to the ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his Charriot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter-like be ſhewne
For poor'ſt Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy viſage vp
With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, ho!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Lichas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heauieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: The Witch ſhall die,
To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* ho! *exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh he's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theſſaly
Was neuer ſo imboſt.

Char. To'th'Monument there locke your ſelfe,
And ſend him word you are dead:

The

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The Soule and Body rise not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.
Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe.
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it(prythee)pitteously. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.
Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A towred Citadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vesper's Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thought
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros It does my Lord.
Ant My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annext vnto't
A Million moe, (now lost.) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cæsars*, and false play'd my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betrai'd me,
And shall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spoke
Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*.
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*
Off, plucke off,
The seuen-fold shield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleuse my sides.
Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent,
Crack thy friable Case. Apace *Eros*, apace
No more a Soldier: bruised pecces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros! I come my Queene. *Eros!* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghosts gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseneſſe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Cæsar* tells
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th'inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Do't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost aymc, and could not.
Ant. *Eros*,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleach'd Armes, bending downe
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'de
To penetrative shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Cæsar* drawne before him, branded
His Baseneſſe that ensued.
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.
Ant. Lo thee.
Eros. My sword is drawne.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.
Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.
Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now *Eros*. *Kills himselfe.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Antonius* death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

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Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Not I.

3 Nor any one. *exeunt*

Dercetas. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This sword but shewne to *Cæsar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony?*

Derce. There *Diomed* there.

Dio. Lives he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed?*
Draw thy sword, and give me,
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord:
My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is she? (feare

Dio. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Propheſying
Of what hath come to paſſe: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not live to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I have led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And have my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou moust'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæsar's* Valour hath o'erthrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely:
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: not th'Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp.
Assist good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede:
How heavy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heavinesse,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fooles, Oh come, come, come,

They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye where thou hast liu'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I wearе them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
Of *Cæsar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me.
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince o'th' world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Stye? Oh see my women:
The Crowne o'th' earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are levell now with men: The odder is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
We'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away.
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breefest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with his Counsell of Warre.

Cæsar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.
Dol. *Cæsar*, I shall
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.
Cæs. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?
Decr. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthie
Best to be serv'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleaseth not, I yeild thee vp my life.
Cæsar. What is't thou say'st?
Dec. I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into civill streets,
And Citizens to their denes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world
Dec. He is dead *Cæsar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.
Cæs. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer spirit never
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see himselfe.
Cæsar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The basenesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
Enter an Æggptian.
Whence are you?
Æggp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.
Cæsar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leane to be vngentle
Æggp. So the Gods preserue thee. *Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.
Pro. Cæsar I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius*?
All. Dolabella.
Cæs. Let him alone: for I remember now
How he's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts vp change;
Which ſleepes, and never palates more the dung,
The beggers Nurſe, and *Cæſars*

Enter Proculeius

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what faire demands
Thou meanſt to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would haue a Queence his begger, you muſt tell him,
That Maieſty to keepe *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome: If he pleaſe
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me ſo much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheere:
You're fallne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependancie, and you ſhall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in aydes for kindneſſe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The Greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This He report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your ſelfe ſuch wrong, who are in this
Releas'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your ſelfe: Let the World ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke ſir,
If idle talke will once be neceſſary
Ile not ſleepe neither. This mortall houſe Ile ruine,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know ſir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Nor once be chaſtic'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyſt me vp,
And ſhew me to the ſhowting Varlotarie
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me ſtarke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: Be gentle to her.
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeake, what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'r imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you haue heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter ſir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderſtand not, Madam.

Cleo I dreampt there was an Emperor *Antony*.
Oh ſuch another ſleepe, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein ſtucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courſe, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Moſt Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges beſtrid the Ocean, his reard armes
Crefted the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery
Walk'd Crowues and Crowneta: Realmes & Iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one ſuch
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuffe
To vie ſtrange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
An *Antony* were Natures peece, 'gainſt Fancie,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your loſſe is as your feare, great; and you beare it
As anſwering to the weight, would I might neuer
Ore-take paſſi'de ſucceſſe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a griefe that ſhakes
My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you ſir:
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew

Cleo. Nay pray you ſir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will I know't. *Flourſh.*

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there *Cæſar*.

Caf. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Del. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſar. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I muſt obey.
Cæſar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cauſe ſo well
To make it cleare, but do confeſſe I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſar. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then enforce:
If you apply your ſelfe to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonius courſe, you ſhall bereaue your ſelfe
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which Ile guard them from.
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your ſignes of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good Lord.
Cæſar. You ſhall aduiſe me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reſerv'd
To my ſelfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.
Seleu. Madam, I had rather ſeele my lippes,
Then to my perill ſpeake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you haue made known
Cæſar. Nay bluſh not *Cleopatra*, I approue
Your Wiſedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Cæſar*: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours.
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truſt
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goeſt thou backe, & ſhalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leſſe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely baſe!
Cæſar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Seruant ſhould
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady trifles haue reſerv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For *Liuia* and *Octauia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th'Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt haue mercy on me.
Cæſar. Forbeare *Seleucus*.
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merites, in our name
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæſar. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you haue reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th'Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill be't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeue
Cæſars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be chear'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queene,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelfe ſhall giue vs counſell: Feede, and ſleepe
Our care and pitty is ſo much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſar. Not ſo: Adieu. *Flouriſh.*
Exeunt Cæſar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be Noble to my ſelfe.
But hearke thee *Charmion*.
Iras. Finiſh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye th againe,
I haue ſpoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Del. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold ſir.
Cleo. *Dolabella.*
Del. Madam, as thereto ſworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will be ſend before,
Make your beſt vſe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. *Dolabella*, I ſhall remaine your debtor.
Del. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæſar*. *Exit*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.
Now *Iras*, what thinkſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet ſhall be ſhewne
In Rome aſwell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, ſhall we be enclowded.
And forc'd to drinke their vapour
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage vs, and preſent
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneſſe
I'th'poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. Ile neuer ſee't? for I am ſure mine Nailes
Are ſtronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most abſurd intents.

Enter Charmion.

No where *Charmion*.
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beſt Attyres. I am againe for *Cidnus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmion*, we'l diſpatch indeede,)
And when thou haſt done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noiſe within.

Wherefore's this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guard. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardſman.*
What poore an Inſtrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman and Clowne.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the parties that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething giuen to lye, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the byting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truely, ſhe makes a verie good report o'th'worme: but he that will beleeue all that they ſay, ſhall neuer be ſaued by halfe that they do: but this is moſt fallinable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow You muſt thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeede, there is no goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the deuell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the deuell dreſſe her not. But truly, theſe ſame whoreſon deuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery ten that they make, the deuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forſooth: I wiſh you ioy o'th'worm. *Exit*

Cleo Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypta Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lacke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmion*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aſpicke in my lippes? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Diſſolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may ſay
The Gods themſelues do weepe.

Cleo. This proues me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortall wretch,
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Aſſe, vnpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breaſt,
That ſuckes the Nurſe aſleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay——— *Dyes.*

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A Laſſe vnparaleld'. Downie Windowes cloſe,
And golden Phœbus neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes awry,
Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard ruſhing in, and Dolabella.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Cæſar* hath ſent
Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoe,
All's not well: *Cæſar's* beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*: call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmion*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmion dyes*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæſar*.

Dol. Oh ſir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Cæſar. Braueſt at the laſt,
She leuell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not ſee them bleede.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that brought his Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſar. Poyſon'd then.
1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar*:
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſodaine dropt.
Cæſar. Oh Noble weakeneſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, 'twould appeare
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.
Dol. Heere on her breſt,
There is a vent of Blood, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1 *Guard.* This is an Aſpickes traile,
And theſe Figge-leaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.
Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels mee
She hath purſu'de Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A payre ſo famous: high euents as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is
No leſſe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order, in this great Solemnacy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

YOu do not meet a man but Frowners.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You speake him farre.

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas minist'red,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest. Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to'th'King?

1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleeue you.

1 We must forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes

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That locke vp your restraine. For you Posthumus,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You leand'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisedome may informe you.
Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.
Qu. You know the peril:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*
Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Always reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourely shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe.
Post. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tenderneſſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'ſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filerio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.
Enter Queene.
Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.
Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And sear'e vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweeteſt, faireſt,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losſe; ſo in our triſles
I ſtill winne of you. For my ſake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayreſt Priſoner.
Imo. O the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee againe?
Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.
Post. Alacke, the King.
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, auoyd hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthineſſe, thou dyeſt. Away,
Thou'rt poyſon to my blood.
Post. The Gods protect you,
And bleſſe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharpe then this is.
Cym. O diſloyall thing,
That ſhould'ſt repayre my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yeares age on me.
Imo. I beſeech you Sir,
Harme not your ſelfe with your vexation,
I am ſenſeleſſe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.
Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in diſpaire, that may paſt Grace.
Cym. That might'ſt haue had
The ſole Sonne of my Queene.
Imo. O bleſſed, that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a Begger, would'ſt haue made my
Throne, a Seate for baſeneſſe.
Imo. No, I rather added a luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almoſt the ſumme he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt Sir: Heauen reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.
Enter Queene.
Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.
Qu. Beſeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our ſelues, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt aduice.
Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*
Enter Piſanio.
Qu. Fye, you muſt giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Piſa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Maſter.
Qu. Hah?
No harme I truſt is done?
Piſa. There might haue beene,
But that my Maſter rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My ſelfe by with a Needle, that I might prickle
The goer backe. Why came you from your Maſter?
Piſa. On his command: he would not ſuffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left theſe Notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine ſo
Piſa. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.

Qu.

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Qu. Pray walke a-while.
Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord.
For this time leave me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt: the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuse mee.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you always: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I have seene small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come. Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Haven,
And question'dst every Saile: if she should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Glouse, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still waving, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Crescent note, expected to prooue so worthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was leſſe furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I have seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable divorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully

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to extend him,be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat,for taking a Begger without leſſe quality. But how comes it,he is to ſoiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you,as ſuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir we haue knowne togither in Orleance.

Poſt. Since when,I haue bin debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be euer to pay,and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir,you o're-rate my poore kindneſſe,I was glad I did atteone my Countryman and you:it had beene pitty you ſhould haue beene put together,with ſo mortall a purpoſe,as then each bore, vpon importance of ſo ſlight and triuiall a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather ſhun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by ſuch two,that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other,or haue falne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of vs fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſſe attemptable then any, the rareſt of our Ladies in Prauncc.

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill,and I my mind

Iach You muſt not ſo farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſth. Being ſo farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profeſſe my ſelfe her Adorer,not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had beene ſomething too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if ſhe went before others. I haue ſeene as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeue ſhe excelled many: but I haue not ſeene the moſt pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her,as I rated her: ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteeme it at?

Poſt. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Miſtris is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſolde or giuen,or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſer,or merite for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too,ſo your braue of vnprizeable Eſtimations,the one is but fraile, and the other Caſually. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy,containes none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue ſtore of Theeues,notwithſtanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere,Gentlemen?.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With fiue times ſo much conuerſation,I ſhould get ground of your faire Miſtris, make her go backe,euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Poſt. No,no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence,then her Reputation. And to beare your abſence heerein to, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion,and I doubt not you ſuſtaine what y'are worthy of,by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſth. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerue more; a puniſhment too

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too ſodainely,let it dye as it was borne,and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach Would I had put my Eſtate,and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I haue ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſaile?

Iach. Yours,whom in confidence you thinke ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is,with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine ſo reſeru'd.

Poſthum. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it

Iach You are a Friend, and therein the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſerue it from tainting; but I ſee you haue ſome Religion in you,that you feare.

Poſthu. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you beare a graue purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches,and would vnder-go what's ſpoken,I ſweare.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne betweene's. My Miſtris exceedes in goodneſſe,the hugeneſſe of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I haue enioy'd the deareſt bodily part of your Miſtris:my ten thouſand Duckets are yours,

&c.

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So is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; She your Jewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: provided. I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs have Articles betwixt vs: only thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and give me directly to vnderstand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnseduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: wee will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and starue: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who has the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. *Exit Ladies.*

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the mooners of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Having thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my Iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she has
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) she'l prouse on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntil I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue. *Exit.*

Qu. Weepes the fit(still) thou?
Doft thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor has's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I chiefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisa.*
Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Parker cruell, and a Stepdame falſe,
A Peeliſh Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd: O, that Husband,
My ſupreame Crowne of griefe, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theeſe-ſtoine,
As my two Brothers, happy: but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire that's glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How meane ſo ere, that haue their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fye

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greetes your Highneſſe dearely.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, moſt rich:
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue loſt the weger. Boldneſſe be my Friend:
Arme me Audpcitie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you valiue your truſt. Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'reſt, and takes it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and ſhall finde it ſo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thankes faireſt Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To ſee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fixe Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles ſo precious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'iudgement:
For Idiots in this caſe of fauour, would
Be wiſely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neate Excellence, oppoſ'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſſe,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That ſatiate yet vnſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ranening firſt the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deare Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beſeech you Sir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's ſtrange and peeuiſh.

Piſa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome. Exit.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beſeech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he diſpoſ'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleaſant: none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to ſadneſſe, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke ſighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knowes
By Hiſtory, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be-will's free houres languiſh:
For aſſured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know ſome men are much too blame

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himſelfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'ſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly

Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what wracke diſcerne you in me
Deſerues your pitty?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuer with more openneſſe your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

Iach. That others do,
(I was about to ſay) enioy your —— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeake on't.

Imo You do ſeeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be ſure they do. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Diſcouer to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop

Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe every touch) would force the Feelers ſoule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only heere, ſhould I (damn'd then)

Slauer

S lauer with lippes as common as the ſtayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falſhood (falſhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illeſtrious as the ſmoakie light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch reuolt.
Iuo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Britaine.
Iach. And himſelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my mooteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.
Iuo. Let me heare no more.
Iach. O deereſt Soule: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me ſicke. A Lady
So faire, and faſten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature. Such boyl'd ſtuffe
As well might poyſon Poyſon. Be reueng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.
Iuo. Reueng'd:
How ſhould I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue ſuch a Heart, that both mine eares
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reueng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your deſpight, vpon your purſe: reuenge it.
I dedicate my ſelfe to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Iuo. What hoa, *Piſanio?*
Iach. Let me my ſeruice tender on your lippes.
Iuo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'ſt haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites here a Lady, that diſdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Piſanio?*
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall thinke it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio?*
Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerues thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit. Bleſſed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miſtris, onely
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all mens hearts are his.
Iuo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor ſets him off,
More then a mortall ſeeming. Be not angrie
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaſteſſe. Pray your pardon.
Iuo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thankes: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my ſelfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.
Iuo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beſt Feather of our wing) haue mingled ſummes
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor.
Which I (the Factor for the reſt) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquiſite forme, their valewes great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange
To haue them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.
Iuo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, onely for this night.
I muſt aboord to morrow.
Iuo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beſeech: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Iuo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.
Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night,
I haue out-ſtood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Preſence.
Iuo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had ſuch lucke? when I kiſt the Iacke vpon an vp-caſt, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorſon Iacke-an-Apes, muſt

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must take me vp for ſweering, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

2. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is diſpoſ'd to ſweare: it is not for any ſtanders by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog: I gaue him ſatisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue ſmell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am moſt vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queene my Mother: every Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I muſt go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayeſt thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordſhip ſhould vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordſhip onely.

Clot. Why ſo I ſay.

1. Did you heare of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a ſtrange Fellow himſelfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A baniſht Raſcall; and he's another, whatſoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordſhips Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go ſee this Italian: what I haue loſt to day at Bowles, Ile wreake to night of him. Come, go.

2. Ile attend your Lordſhip. *Exit.*

That ſuch a crafty Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Aſſe: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princeſſe,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hateful then the foule expulſion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, he'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnſhak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maiſt ſtand
T'enioy thy baniſh'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helen?*

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by foure o'th'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beſeech yee. *Sleepes.*

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets ſing, and mans ore-labor'd ſenſe
Repaires it ſelfe by reſt: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did ſoftly preſſe the Ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The Chaſtitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How braſely thou becom'ſt thy Bed; freſh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kiſſe, one kiſſe. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids,
To ſee th'incloſed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder theſe windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my deſignes
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and ſuch pictures: There the window, ſuch
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why ſuch, and ſuch: and the Contents o'th'Story.
Ah, but ſome naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thouſand meaner Moueables
Would teſtifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.
O ſleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Senſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As ſlippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſſe outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the Conſcience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left breſt
A mole Cinque-ſpotted: Like the Crimſon drops
I'th'bottome of a Cowſlippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treaſure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why ſhould I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Troyus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Truncke againe, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke ſtrikes

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſſe, the moſt coldeſt that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious when you winne.

Clo

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Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muſicke would come: I am adviſed to give her Muſicke a mornings, they ſay it will penetrate. *Enter Muſitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo: we'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but I'le never give o're. Firſt, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful ſweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate ſings,
and Phœbus gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will conſider your Muſicke the better: if it do not, it has a voyce in her eares which Horſe-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of unpaued Eunuch to boot, can never get. *Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.*

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was vp ſo earely: he cannot chooſe but take this Seruice I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maieſty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our ſtern daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſay'd her with Muſicke, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time Muſt weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then ſhe's yours.

Qu. You are moſt bound to th'King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your ſelfe To orderly ſolicity, and be friended With aptneſſe of the ſeaſon: make denials Encreaſe your Services: ſo ſeeme, as if You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your diſmiſſion tends, And therein you are ſenſeleſſe.

Clot. Senſeleſſe? Not ſo.

Meſ. So like you (Sir) Ambaſſadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now; But that's no fault of his: we muſt receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himſelfe, his goodneſſe fore-ſpent on vs We muſt extend our notice: Our deere Sonne, When you have given good morning to your Miſtris, Attend the Queene, and vs, we ſhall have need T'employ you towards this Romane. Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be vp, I'le ſpeake with her: if not Let her lye ſtill, and dreame: by your leaue hoa, I know her women are about her: what If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes *Diana's* Rangers falſe themſelues, yeeld vp Their Deere to th'ſtand o'th Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaues the Theefe: Nay, ſometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoe? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderſtand the caſe my ſelfe. By your leaue. *Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La That's more Than ſome whoſe Taylors are as deere as yours, Can iuſtly boaſt of: what's your Lordſhips pleaſure?

Clot. Your Ladies perſon, is ſhe ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you What I ſhall thinke is good. The Princeſſe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireſt, Siſter your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you ly'e out too much paines For purchaſing but trouble: the thankes I gaue, Is telling you that I am poore of thankes, And ſcarſe can ſpare them.

Clot. Still I ſweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deepe with me: If you ſweare ſtill, your recompence is ſtill That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yeeld being ſilent, I would not ſpeake. I pray you ſpare me, Faith I ſhall vnfold equall diſcourteſie To your beſt kindneſſe: one of your great knowing Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madneſſe, 'twere my ſin, I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do: If you'l be patient, I'le no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much ſorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being ſo verball: and learne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do here pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am ſo neere the lacke of Charitie To accuſe my ſelfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make't my boaſt.

Clot. You ſinne againſt Obedience, which you owe your Father. for The Contract you pretend with that baſe Wretch, One, bred of Alмes, and foſter'd with cold diſhes, With ſcraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none: And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their ſoules (On whom there is no more dependancie But Brats and Beggery) in ſelfe-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

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The consequence o th'Crowne, and must not, foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuerie, a Squares Cloth,
A Pandar; not so eminent.
Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Clot. The South-Fog rot him.
Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio,

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
Of any King in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning. Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search.
Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?
Imo. I, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceiue, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leaue you Sir,
To'th'worst of discontent. *Exit.*
Clot. Ile reuenge'd:
His meanest Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine hers.
Phil. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they failing
I must die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
O're-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'le grant the Tribute. send th'Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romanes, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.
Post. I do beleeue
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That 'mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phi. See *Iachimo*.
Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made
The speedinesse of your returne.
Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon
Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.
Post. Their tenure good I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I haue lost it,
I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t'enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Post. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.
Post. Make not sure
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor.
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparant
That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or loses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so neere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleeue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l

You'l giue me leaue to ſpare, when you ſhall finde
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Cydnus* ſwell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtriue
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt iuſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or doe your Honour iniury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaſte *Dian*, bathing: neuer ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dombe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roofe o'th Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be giuen to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaues
The wager you haue laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
Poſt. Ioue——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtript it from her Arme: I ſee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gaue it me,
And ſaid, ſhe prtz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhee?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, abhorr'd falſe.
Phi. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring.
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More euident then this: for this was ſtolne.
Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true I am ſure
She would not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworne, and honourable: they induc'd to ſteale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinencie
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themſelues betweene you.
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin coked by him.
Iach. If you ſeeke
For further ſatisfying, vnder her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gaue me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This ſtaine vpon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you heare more?
Poſt. Spare your Arithmeticke,
Neuer count the Tornes: Once, and a Million.
Iach. Ile be ſworne.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach Ile deny nothing.
Poſt O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale.
I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before
Her Father Ile do ſomething. *Exit.*
Phi. Quite beſides
The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelfe.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. O Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as vn-ſunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

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Or leſſe; at firſt? Perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boore, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:
Luſt, and rankе thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Coueting's, change of Prides, Diſdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe ſo old as that. I'le write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Haze, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Ceſar* with vs?

Luc. When *Iulius Ceſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lies in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Ceſars* prayſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feates deſerving it) for him,
And his Succeſſion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yearely three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be ſo euer.

Clot. There be many *Ceſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it ſelfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noſes.

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſtore.
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The natural bravery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But ſuche them vp to th' Top-maſt. A kinde of Conqueſt
Ceſar made here, but made not here his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with ſhame
(The firſt that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-ſhels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As eaſily gainſt our Rockes. For loy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibulan*, who was once at point
(O giglot Fortune) to maſter *Ceſars* Sword,
Made Lud-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no ſuch *Ceſar*, other of them may haue crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibulan*, I doe not ſay I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Ceſar* can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moone in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Ceſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th' World, againſt all colour here,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelues to be, we do. Say then to *Ceſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whoſe vſe the Sword of *Ceſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repayre, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed.
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the firſt of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himſelfe a King.

Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Ceſar*
(*Ceſar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, than
Thy ſelfe Domeſticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me them. Warre, and Confuſion
In *Ceſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Looke
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my ſelfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*.
Thy *Ceſar* knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much vnder him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to reade, would ſhew the Britaines cold:
So *Ceſar* ſhall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe ſpeake.

Clot. His Maieſty bidds you welcome. Make paſtime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek vs afterwards in other termes, you ſhall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, our Crowes ſhall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So ſir.

Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remoue, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Poſthumus reading of a Letter.

Poſt. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What I haue her accuſe? *Lonatus*:
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is falce into thy eare? What falſe Italian,
(As poyſonous tongu'd,as handed)hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyall? No.
She's puniſh'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddeſſe-like,then Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Vertue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her,is now as lowe,as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I ſhould murther her,
Vpon the Loue,and Truth,and Vowes;which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be ſo,to do good ſeruice,neuer
Let me be counted ſeruiceable How looke I,
That I ſhould ſeeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue ſent her,by her owne commaund,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: ſenſeleſſe bauble,
Art thou a Feedarie for this Act; and look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Loe here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Piſanio*?

Pſ. Madam,heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who,thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
Oh,learn'd indeed were that Aſtrocomer
That knew the Starres,as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relliſh of Loue,
Of my Lords health,of his content: yet not
That we two are aſunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable,that is one of them,
For it doth phyſicke Loue,of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax,thy leaue: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Lockes of counſaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you caſt in priſon,yet
You claſpe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

Iuſtice and your Fathers wrath (ſhould he take me in his Dominion;could not be ſo cruell to me,as you: (oh the dereſt of Creatures)would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your owne Loue,will out of this aduiſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſſe,that remaines loyall to his Vow,and your encreaſing in Loue.* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou *Piſanio*?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read,and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke,why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Piſanio*,
Who long'ſt like me,to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate)but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond,beyond: ſay,and ſpeake thicke
(Loues Counſailor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To th'ſmothering of the Senſe)how farre it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford. And by'th'way
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy,as
Tinherite ſuch a Hauen. But firſt of all,
How we may ſteale from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuſe: but firſt,how get hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that hereafter. Prythee ſpeake,
How many ſcore of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre,and houre?

Pſ. One ſcore'twixt Sun,and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why,one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could neuer go ſo ſlow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horſes haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go,bid my Woman faigne a ſickneſſe,ſay
She'le home to her Father; and prouide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier then would fit
A Franklins Huſwife.

Pſa. Madam,you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me(Man) nor heere,nor heere;
Nor what enſues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away,I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Armiragus.

Bel. A goodly day,not to keepe houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes,this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd ſo high,that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on,without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We houſe i'th'Rocke,yet vſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Aruir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine ſport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſen's,and ſets off.
And you may then reuolue what Tales I haue told you,
Of Courts,of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice,is not Seruice; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we finde
The ſharded-Beetle,in a ſafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler,then attending for a checke:
Richer,then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then ruſtling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him,that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncroſs'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofe you ſpeak: we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'neſt; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt)ſweeter to you
That haue a ſharper knowne. Well correſponding
With your ſtiffe Age; but vnto vs,it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Priſon,or a Debtor,that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arui. What ſhould we ſpeake of
When we are old as you? When we ſhall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cane,ſhall we diſcourſe

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The freezing houres away? We haue leene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is so chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And fing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you fpeake.
Did you but know the Cittles Vfurres,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whofe top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or fo flippery, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that only feemes to feeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'fearch,
And hath as oft a ſlandr'ous Epitaph,
As Record of fayre Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerue, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Eirſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whoſe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whoſe falſe Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: ſo
Followed my Baniſhment, and theſe twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and theſe Demeſnes, haue beene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honeſt freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,
This is not Hoasers Language; he that ſtrikes
The Venſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th'Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will feare no poyſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th'Caue, wherein the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the reache of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius* Ioue,
When on my three-foot ſtoole I ſit, and tell
The warlike feates I haue done, his ſpirits flye out
Into my Story: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foote on's neccke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he ſweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himſelfe in poſture
That acte my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruiragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rowz'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*. Heauen and my Conſcience knowes
Thou did'ſt vniuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I ſtole theſe Babes.
Thinking to barre thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her grace:
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Peſanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came fro horſe, the place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I haue now. *Peſanio*, Man:
Where is *Poſthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelfe-explication. Put thy ſelfe
Into a hauiour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe
Vanquiſh my ſtayder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance ſtil. My Huſbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out crafted him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pef. Pleaſe you reade,
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune

Imogen readet

Thy Miſtris (Peſanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weeke Surmiſes, but from proofe as ſtrong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Peſanio) muſt act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers: let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpoſe: where, if thou feare to ſtrike, and to make me certaine it is done, thou are the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyall.

Pef. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his Bed? What is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's falſe to's bed? Is it?

Pef. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I falſe? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,
Thou did'ſt accuſe him of Incontinence,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Piſa. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synons* weeping
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From moſt true wretchednesſe. So thou, *Poſthumus*
Wilt lay the Leuen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and periur'd
From thy great fayle: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe *my* obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greeſe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.

Piſ. Hence vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt dye.
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,
That craues my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away.
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid
Do feele the Treaſon ſharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That didd'ſt ſet vp *my* diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt hereafter finde
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtraine of Rareneſſe: and I greeue *my* ſelfe,
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſed'g'd by her,
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding
When I deſire it too.

Piſ. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this buſineſſe,
I haue not ſlept one winke.

Imo. Do'ſt, and to bed then

Piſ. Ile wake mine eye-balles firſt.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'ſt vndertake it? Why haſt thou abas'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court.
For my being abſent? whereunto I neuer
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haſt ranne thy ſtand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?

Piſ. But to win time
To looſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I haue conſider'd of a courſe: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, ſpeake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falſe ſtrooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But ſpeake.

Piſ. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Piſ. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
Land ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Piſa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſigne of it. For 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Piſ. If you'l backe to'th'Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing:
That *Cloten*, whoſe Loue-ſuite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muſt you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine ſeemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neſt, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

Piſ. I am moſt glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambaſſador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appeare it ſelfe, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelfe-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yes, happily, neere
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nie (at leaſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he moones.

Imo. Oh for ſuch meanes,
Though perill to my modeſtie, not death on't
I would aduenture.

Piſ. Well then, heere's the point:
You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceneſſe
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty ſelfe) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anſwer'd, ſawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheeke,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan:* and forget
Your labourſome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.
Imo. Nay be breefe?
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Pſ. Firſt, make your ſelfe but like one.
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you in their ſeruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelfe, deſire his ſeruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Muſicke, doubtleſſe
With ioy he will imbrace you: for he's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away.
There's more to be conſider'd: but we'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.
Pſ. Well Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell,
Leaſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: if you are ſicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt
Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre and ſo farewell.
Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir
My Emperor hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our ſelfe
To ſhew leſſe Soueraignty then they, muſt needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike
Luc. So Sir I deſire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leaue not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue croſt the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*
Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wiſhes in it.
Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſſe:
The Powre that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.
Qu. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſſe,
But muſt be look'd too ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Romen, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too ſlight in ſufferance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Maieſty,
Forbeare ſharpe ſpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtroke;
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe Sir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giuen to'th'lowd of noiſe, we make.
Qu. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmitie,
She ſhould that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory
Cym Her doores lock'd?
Not ſeene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue falſe. *Exit.*
Qu. Sonne, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old Seruant
I haue not ſeene theſe two dayes. *Exit.*
Qu Go, looke after:
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he beleeues
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply diſpaire hath ſeiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, ſhe's flowne
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*: gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonor, and my end
Can make good vſe of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Britiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?
Clot. 'Tis certaine ſhe is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-ſtall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clo. I loue, and hate her: for ſhe's Faire and Royall,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Women, from every one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſelles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her iudgement,
That what's elſe rare, is chaſtly'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles ſhall—

Enter Piſanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.

Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Cloſe Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many waights of baſeneſſe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is ſhe Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Diſcouer where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Piſ. Then Sir:
This Paper is the hiſtorie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's ſee't: I will purſue her
Euen to *Auguſtus* Throne.

Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Piſ. Ile write to my Lord ſhe's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe returne agen.

Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I thinke.

Clo. It is *Poſthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but do me true ſeruice: vndergo thoſe Imployments wherein I ſhould haue cauſe to vſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clo. Wilt thou ſerue mee? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Poſthumus*, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerue mee?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the ſame Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Miſtreſſe.

Clo. The firſt ſeruice thou doſt mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy firſt ſeruice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haure: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine *Poſthumus* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaide vpon a time (the bitterneſſe of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhee held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, then my Noble and naturall perſon; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe will I raviſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to his contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Luſt hath dined (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath deſpis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?

Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Haven?

Piſ. She can ſcarſe be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I haue commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my deſigne. Be but duetious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Piſ. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſſe: for true to thee,
Were to proue falſe, which I will neuer bee
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow
You Heauenly bleſſings on her: This Fooles ſpeede
Be croſt with ſlowneſſe; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I ſee a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my ſelfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſicke,
But that my reſolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: ſuch I meane,
Where they ſhould be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not miſſe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones ſcarſe tell true. To lapſe in Fulneſſe
Is ſorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'falſe Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to ſinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis ſome ſauage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneſſe euer
Of Hardineſſe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, ſpeake: if ſauage,

Take,

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Take, or lend. Hoa? No anſwer? Then Ile enter.
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, he'l ſcarſely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* haue prou'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the Feaſt: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our ſtomackes
Will make what's homely, ſauoury: Weerineſſe
Can ſnore vpon the Flint, when reſtie Sloth
Finders the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelfe.
Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l browze on that
Whil'ſt what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victuailes, I ſhould thinke
Heere were a Faiery.
Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineneſſe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters harme me not:
Before I entred heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue ſtolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, ſo ſoone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.
Gui. Money? Youth.
Arui. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to dust,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty Gods.
Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Haue dyed, had I not made it.
Bel. Whether bound?
Imo. To Milford-Hauen.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy; he imbark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.
Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor meaſure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to ſtay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your Groome in honeſty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'ld giue to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt Friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin ſo, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leſſe, and ſo more equall ballaſting
To thee *Poſthumus*.
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſſe.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coſt, what danger: Gods!
Bel. Hearke Boyes.
Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themſelues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere theſe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'ld change my ſexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes wee'l go dreſſe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Diſcourſe is heauy, faſting: when we haue ſupp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So farre as thou wilt ſpeake it.
Gui. Pray draw neere.
Arui. The Night to th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke leſſe welcome.
Imo. Thankes Sir
Arui. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
'Gainſt the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres againſt
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this buſineſſe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long liue *Cæſar*.
Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?
2. *Sen.* I.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1. *Sen.* With thoſe Legions
Which I haue ſpoke of: whereunto your leuie
Muſt be ſupplyant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clo I am neere to th'place where they ſhould meet,
if *Piſanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments ſeruice me? Why ſhould his Miſtris who was made by him
that

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that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (ſaying reuerence of the Word) for 'tis ſaide a Woman's fitneſſe comes by fits: therein I muſt play the Workman, I dare ſpeake it to my ſelfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaſſe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leſſe young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerſant in generall ſeruices, and more remarkeable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperfeuerant Thing loues him in my deſpight. What Mortalitie is? *Poſthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy ſhoulders) ſhall within this houre be off, thy Miſtris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my ſo rough vſage: but my Mother hauing power of his teſtineſſe, ſhall turne all into my commendations. My Horſe is tyed vp ſafe, out Sword, and to a ſore purpoſe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very deſcription of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
We'l come to you after Hunting.
Arui. Brother, ſtay heere:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſicke,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.
Imo. So ſicke I am not, yet I am not well.
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeeme to dye, ere ſicke. So pleaſe you, leaue me,
Stickе to your Iournall courſe: the breach of Cuſtome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſicke,
Since I can reaſon of it: pray you truſt me heere,
Ile rob none but my ſelfe, and let me dye
Stealing ſo poorely.
Gui. I loue thee: I haue ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.
Bel. What? How? how?
Arui. If it be ſinne to ſay ſo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers faults: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you ſay,
Loue's reaſon's, without reaſon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't ſhall dye, I'd ſay
My Father, not this youth.
Bel Oh noble ſtraine!
O worthineſſe of Nature, breed of Greatneſſe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Baſe things Syre Baſe;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this ſhould bee,
Doth miracle it ſelfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.
Arui. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arui. You health. ——— So pleaſe you Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou diſproou'ſt Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as ſweet Fiſh.
I am ſicke ſtill, heart-ſicke; *Piſanio*,
Ile now taſte of thy Drugge
Gui. I could not ſtirre him:
He ſaid he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt
Arui. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid hereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:
We'l leaue you for this time, go in, and reſt.
Arui. We'l not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſicke,
For you muſt be our Huſwife.
Imo Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit*
Bel. And ſhal't be euer.
This youth, how ere diſtreſt, appeares he hath had
Good Anceſtors.
Arui. How Angell-like he ſings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Characters,
And ſawc'ſt our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin ſicke,
And he her Dieter.
Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A ſmiling, with a ſigh; as if the ſighe
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From ſo diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.
Gui. I do note,
That greeſe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their ſpurres together.
Arui. Grow patient,
And let the ſtinking-Elder (Greeſe) vntwine
His periſhing roote, with the encreaſing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde thoſe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare ſome Ambuſh:
I ſaw him not theſe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother ſearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountaineers?
I haue heard of ſuch. What Slaue art thou?
Gui. A thing
More ſlauiſh did I ne're, then anſwering
A Slaue without a knocke.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art.

Why

Why I should yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Knowst me not by my Clooathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those clooathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.
Clot. Thou injurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine.
Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me sooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.
Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Lud's-Towne* set your heads:
Yeeld Rascticke Mountaineer. *Fights and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arui. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarse made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand he'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Lud's-Towne*.
Bel. We are all vndone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?
Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and swearre
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.
Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidele's* sickenesse
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I feare 'twill be reuenge'd;
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone purs'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek vs through
And put vs to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arui. Poore sicke *Fidele*,
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
I'd lec a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. O thou Goddesse,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still is's strange
What *Cloten* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

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I haue ſent *Cloten* Clot-pole downe the ſtreame,
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoſtage
For his returne. *Solemne Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence euen now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeake before. All ſolemne things
Should anſwer ſolemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made ſo much on. I had rather
Haue ſkipt from ſixteene yeares of Age, to ſixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue ſeene this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, fayreſt Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelfe.
Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could ſound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might'ſt eaſieſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'ſt haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a moſt rare Boy, of Melancholly
How found you him?
Arui. Starke, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart, being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where?
Arui. O'th'floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too lowd.
Gui. Why, he but ſleepes:
If he be gone, he'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arui. With fayreſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*,
Ile ſweeten thy ſad graue: thou ſhalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primroſe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe———
Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'graue.
Arui. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arui. Be't ſo:
And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the manniſh cracke, ſing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vſe like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot ſing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Phanes that lye.
Arui. We'l ſpeake it then.
Bel. Great greefes I ſee med'cine the leſſe: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one duſt, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Therſites body is as good as *Aiax*,
When neyther are alriue.
Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
We'l ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th'Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arui. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.
Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arui. *Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tyrants ſtroake,
Care no more to clowde and cake,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arui. *Nor th'all-dreaded Thunder-ſtone*
Gui. *Feare not Slander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arui. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.*
Both. *All Louers young, all Louers muſt,*
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſer harme thee,*
Arui. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.*
Arui. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſummation haue,*
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obſequies:
Come lay him downe.
Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we vpon you ſtrew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firſt, ha's them againe:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their paine. *Exeunt.*

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Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing.
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble still with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercurialll: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face——
Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that Irregulous divell *Cloten*,
Hath heere cut-on my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
From this most bravest vessell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Have laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gave me, which hee said was precious
And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to'th' Senses? That confirmes it home:
This is *Pisanio's* deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seeme to those
Which chance to finde us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, have croft the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Haven, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Service: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o'th' winde.
Luc. This forwardnesse
Makes our hopes fayre. Commend our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.
Soot. Last night the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Divination)
Successe to th' Roman hoast.
Luc. Dreame often so,
And never false. Soft hoa, what trunckt is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worth by building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's alive my Lord.
Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good: serve truly: never
Finde such another Master.
Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele Sir.
Luc. Thou doo'st approove thy selfe the very same:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.
Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave
And on it said a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertaine me.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave: Come, Armes him: Boy he's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

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A moderate, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this preſent? It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeeme ſo ignorant, we'l enforce it from thee
By a ſharpe Torture.

Pof. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtris,
I nothing know where ſhe remaines: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes returne. Beſeech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall performe
All parts of his ſubiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome:
We'l ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our iealouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coaſt, with a ſupply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the Counſaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſſe (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put thoſe Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it ſeekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Piſa. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlaine. 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor heare I from my Miſtris, who did promiſe
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens ſtill muſt worke
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent warres ſhall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or I'le fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyſe is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arm. What pleaſure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Muſt, or for Britaines ſlay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vſe, and ſlay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
We'l higher to the Mountaines, there ſecure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newneſſe
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and to extort from's that
Which we haue done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor ſatisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Romane horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares ſo cloyd importunely as now,
That they will waſte their time vpon our noote,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſeru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopeleſſe
To haue the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summers Tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your ſelfe
So out of thought, and thereto ſo ore-growne,
Cannot be queſtion'd,

Arui. By this Sunne that ſhines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I never
Did ſee man dye, ſcarſe ever look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venſon?
Never beſtrid a Horſe ſaue one, that had
A Rider like my ſelfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am aſham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his bleſt Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens I'le go,
If you will bleſſe me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So ſay I, Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lines you ſet)
So ſlight a valewation) ſhould reſerue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there I'le lye.
Lead, leade; the time ſeems long, their blood thinks ſcorn
Till it flye out, and ſhew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poſthumus alone.

Poſt. Yea bloody cloth, I'le keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you ſhould take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wiues much better then themſelues

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iuſt ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liu'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and ſtrooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond illes with illes, each elder worſe,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your beſt willes,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miſtris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpoſe. Ile diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeden, and ſuite my ſelfe
As do's a *Britaine* Peazant: ſo Ile fight
Againſt the part I come with: ſo Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My ſelfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
To ſhame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
The faſhion leſſe without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Poſthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and go out. Then enter againe in Skirmiſh Iachimo and Poſthumus: he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaues him.

Iac. The heauineſſe and guilt within my boſome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeſſe of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue ſubdu'de me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I were mine) are titles but of ſcorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we ſcarſe are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his reſcue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowes vs, but
The villany of our feares.
Gui. Arm. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britaines. They Reſcue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and ſaue thy ſelfe:
For friends kil friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As wars were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did.
Though you it ſeemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himſelfe
Of his wings deſtytute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines ſeene; all flying
Through a ſtrait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with ſlaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: ſtrooke downe
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merrely through feare, that the ſtrait paſſe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned ſhame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Poſt. Cloſe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeſt one I warrant) who deſeru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two ſtriplings (Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, then to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then thoſe for preſeruation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cryed to thoſe that fled.
Our *Britannes* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkneſſe fleete ſoules that flye backwards; ſtand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſaue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Nobleneſſe, which could haue turn'd
A Diſtaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a ſinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
A ſtop i'th' Chaſe; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confuſion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they ſtopt Eagles: Slaues
The ſtrides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some ſlaine before ſome dying; ſome their Friends
Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe that would dye, or ere reſiſt, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

Lor

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Preſerv'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Poſt. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe. He be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You haue put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble miſery
To be i'th'Field, and aſke what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue ſau'd their Carkaſſes? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet died too. I in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he ſtrooke. Being an vgly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters then we
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Penſioner to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue reſum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the verieſt Hinde, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Anſwer be
Britaines muſt take. For me, my Ranſome's death,
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by ſome meanes for *Imogen.*

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome ſhall not returne to tell
What Crowes haue peckt them here: he brags his ſeruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus Piſanio and Romane Captiues. The Captaines preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Gaoler

Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Paſture.
2. *Gao.* I, or a ſtomacke.
Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's ſicke o'th'Gowt, ſince he had rather
Groane ſo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'ſure Phyſician, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre theſe Locker. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More then my ſhanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Inſtruments to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Deſir'd, more then conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the greater part, take
No ſtricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clemente then vile men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A fifth, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Twixt man, and man, they waigh not euery ſtampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures ſake.
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell theſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
Ile ſpeake to thee in ſilence.

Solemne Muſicke. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Poſthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Poſthumus) with Muſicke before them. Then after other Muſicke follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poſthumus) with wounds as they died in the warres. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpight on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whoſe face I never ſaw:
I dy'de whil'ſt in the Wombe he ſtaide,
attending Nature's Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt haue bin, and ſhielded him,
from this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but lookt on me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'ſt his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Anceſtrie,
moulded the ſtuffe ſo faire:
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could ſtand vp his parralell,
Or fruitfull obiect be?
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt could deeme
his dignitie.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and caſt from her,
his deereſt one:
Sweete *Imogen*?
Sic. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*, ſlight thing of Italy

To taint his Noble heart & braine, with needlesse iealousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th'others vilany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seates we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Iupiter, ℣ King of Gods, why hast ℣ thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Meerits due, being all to dolours turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.
Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an Eagle. he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.
Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your never-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent:
Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Breſt, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And so away: no farther with your diuine
Expreſſe Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. *Ascends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thankes Iupiter.
Sic. The Marble Pauement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
Let vs with care performe his great behest. *Vanish*
Poſt. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſſe, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,
And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Booke? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.
Reades.
Whẽ as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, without seeking finde, and be imbrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, be ioynted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Poſthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.
'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for simpathy.
Enter Gaoler.
Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Poſt. Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago.
Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee ready for that, you are well Cook'd.
Poſt. So if I proue a good repaſt to the Spectators, the dish payes the shot.
Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bils, which are often the sadneſſe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Braine, both empty: the Braine the heauier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawne of heauineſſe. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it sommes vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the discharge: your neckes (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so the Acquittance followes.
Poſt. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.
Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go.
Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not seene him so pictur'd: you muſt either bee directed by some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your selfe that which I am sure you do not know. or iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l never returne to tell one.
Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and will not vſe them.
Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man of old haue the best vſe of eyes, to see the way of blindneſſe: I am sure hanging's the way of winking.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.
Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.
Gao. Ile be hang'd then.
Poſt. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for

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for the dead.

Gui. Vnleſſe a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaues deſire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be ſome of them too that dye againſt their willes; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Gallowſes: I ſpeake againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the Gods haue made Preſeruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe ragges, ſham'd gilded Armes, whoſe naked breſt
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I neuer ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promiſt nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Piſa. He hath bin ſearch'd among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) ſhe liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neyther true, nor modeſt,
Vnleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe, I muſt report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worſe than a Phyſician
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelfe. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Prythee ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe never lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatneſſe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to loue
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight prevented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poyſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worſe. She did confeſſe ſhe had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpoſ'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
Orecome you with her ſhew; and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But ſayling of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſſe deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purpoſes: repented
The euils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Diſpayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautifull:
Mine eares that beare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had beene vicious
To haue miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Romane priſoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue ra'd out, though with the loſſe
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen haue made ſuite
That their good ſoules may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our ſelfe haue granted,
So think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accidence: had it gone with vs,
We ſhould not when the blood was cool, haue threatned
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our lines
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus liues to thinke on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranſom'd: Neuer Maſter had
A Page ſo kinde, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occaſions, true,
So feate, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requeſt, which I'le make bold your Highneſſe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue ſerv'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I haue ſurely ſeene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Maſter, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate. I'le giue it:

You

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Yes, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.
Luc. I do not bid thee beggo my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No,no,alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life,good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelfe.
Luc. The Boy diſdaines me,
He leaues me,ſcornes me: briefely dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles,and Boyes.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou Boy?
I loue thee more,and more: thinke more and more
What's beſt to aske. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highneſſe, who being born your vaſſaile
Am ſomething neerer
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate,if you pleaſe
To giue me hearing.
Cym. I,with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Maſter: walke with me: ſpeake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
Arui. One Sand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing alone.
Bel. Peace,peace, ſee further: he eyes vs not, forbeare
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would haue ſpoke to vs.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtris:
Since ſhe is liuing, let the time run on,
To good,or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Giue anſwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatneſſe, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. One ſpeake to him.
Imo. My boone is that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'ſt baniſh: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Noble Sir,as'e li'd (thee,
Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter?what of him? Renew thy ſtrength
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt liue,while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: ſtriue man, and ſpeake.
Iach. Vpon a time, (vnhappy was the clocke
That ſtrooke the houre:) it was in Rome, accurſt
The Manſion where: 'twas at a Feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyſon'd(or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heau'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were,and was the beſt of all
Amongſ't the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing vs praiſe our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerua*,
Poſtures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities,that man
Loues woman for, beſides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairneſſe, which ſtrikes the eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter
Iach. All too ſoone I ſhall,
Vnleſſe thou would'ſt greeue quickly. This *Poſthumus*
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miſtris picture, which,by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles,or his deſcription
Prou'd vs vnſpeaking ſorres.
Cym. Nay,ſay,to'th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaſtity, (there it begines:)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And ſhe alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wager'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainſt this,which then he woo
Vpon his honour'd finger) to aſſume
In ſuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo,had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poſte I in this deſigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte Daughter,the wide difference
Twixt Amorous,and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Moſt vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practiſe ſo preuayl'd
That I return'd with ſimuler proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus,and thus: auouching notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay ſome markes
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I ſee him now.
Poſt. I ſo thou do'ſt,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe,any thing
That's due to all the Villaines paſt,in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord,or knife,or poyſon,

Some

Some vpright Iuſticer. Thou King, ſend out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worſe then they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a leſſer villaine then my ſelfe,
A ſacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe her ſelfe.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt myre vpon me, ſo:
The dogges o'th'ſtreet to bay me: every villaine
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſſe then 'twas. O *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Poſt. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou ſcornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pi ſ. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Miſtris: Oh my Lord *Poſthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſth. How comes theſe ſtaggers on me?

Piſa. Wake my Miſtris.

Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do meane to ſtrike me
To death, with mortall ioy.

Piſa. How fares my Miſtris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight.
Thou gau'ſt me poyſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Piſa. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulpher on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter ſtill.

Imo. It poyſon'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confeſt,
Which muſt approue thee honeſt. If *Poſthumus*
Haue (ſaid ſhe) given his Miſtris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, ſhe is ſeru'd,
As I would ſerue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poyſons for her, ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no eſteeme. I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine ſtuffe, which being tane, would ceaſe
The preſent powre of life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature, ſhould againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is ſure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Poſt. Hang there like fruite, my ſoule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Fleſh, my Childe?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeake to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere ſo ſtrangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile ſpeake truth. Lord *Cloten*
Vpon my Ladies miſſing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcouer'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Maſters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he poſtes
With vnchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honour, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, ſhould from my lips
Plucke a hard ſentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I haue ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A moſt inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me!
With Language that would make me ſpurne the Sea,
If it could ſo roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am ſorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſſe man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had euer ſcore for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpaid for
By taſting of our wrath? How of deſcent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he ſpake too farre.

Cym. And thou ſhalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two on's are as good
As I haue given out him. My Sonnes, I muſt
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadſt (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? He is a baniſh'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed a baniſh'd man,

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I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not saue him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I haue receyu'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: for't may giue my kindnesse
Better I arise. I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
Is selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,
Hauing receyu'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason, Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polydor*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Aruiragus*.
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Vpon his neckе a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Ne're Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arui. I my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

Cor. By the Queenes Dreames the swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so we'l hold thee euer.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did relieue me:
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o're-ioy'd
Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The fariorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought,
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finish.

Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That euer swore her Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Soothsayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.
Luc. Philarmonus.
Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.
Luc Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

WHen as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and be imbraced by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after revive, be injoynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is thy moſt conſtant Wife, who euen now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnſought, were cliſt aboue
With this moſt tender Aire.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* ſtolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuin'd
To the Maieſtucke Cedar ioyn'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Caeſar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iuſtice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid moſt heauy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of yet this ſcarſe-cold-Battaile, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to Weſt, on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelfe, and in the Beames o'th Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Caeſar*, ſhould againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines heere in the Weſt.
Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smokes climbe to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittiſh Enſigne waue
Friendly together: ſo through *Lud's-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feaſts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceaſe
(Ere bloodie hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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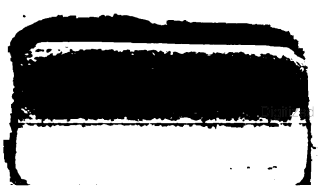

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